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THE NORTHERN D'ENTRECASTEAUX

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK
TORONTO MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN BOMBAY

HUMPHREY MILFORD

PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY

WAGIFA ISLAND, FROM INAFANI

HOT SPRINGS AND SULPHUR DEPOSITS, YAMALELI,
SEYMOUR BAY

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THE NORTHERN D'ENTRECASTEAUX;

BY

Diamond
D. JENNESS, M.A. (OXON.)
F.R.A.I.

AND THE LATE

REV. A. BALLANTYNE

SOMETIME METHODIST MISSIONARY AT BWAIDOGA, PAPUA

WITH A PREFACE BY

R. R. MARETT

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1920

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PREFACE

THE author of this Report came up to Balliol in 1908, having previously graduated with first-class honours in Classics in his native University of New Zealand. While reading at Oxford for *Literae Humaniores* he found time to qualify for the Diploma in Anthropology, and obtained it in 1910 in company with Messrs. C. M. Barbeau and W. D. Wallis—thus forming one of a trio of which our nascent School of Anthropology might well be proud. It presently appeared that Mr. Jenness was willing to try his hand at anthropological exploration in the little-known D'Entrecasteaux Group, off south-east New Guinea. Here a sister of his resided with her husband, the Rev. A. Ballantyne, who was in charge of the chief Methodist Mission Station at Bwaidoga on Goodenough Island. The Committee of Anthropology was therefore very glad to help Mr. Jenness to realize this laudable design by appointing him Research Student, and raising a modest fund to cover his travelling expenses and provide certain scientific instruments such as a phonograph and a tintometer. Towards this fund the University of Oxford itself provided £50 out of the Common Fund, and Balliol, Magdalen, and Brasenose Colleges, severally, subscribed a like sum; various contributions of lesser amount being received from six other Colleges (University, Exeter, Lincoln, Corpus

Christi, Christ Church, and Jesus), and from three private individuals—the late Sir William Anson, Sir Arthur Evans, and Mr. Henry Balfour.

Despite the fact that the postal service between Bwaidoga and Oxford tends to be somewhat irregular, Mr. Jenness managed to keep me constantly informed of the progress of his work; and I could wish that space allowed me to do justice to his experiences as recounted in his letters. As it is, a few bare details must suffice. On his way from Sydney he visited Port Moresby, and was very kindly received by the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. J. H. Murray, who has done so much to prove how an applied anthropology can assist the administration of native affairs. * Mr. Jenness reached Samarai on December 1, 1911. While waiting here for the pearl-trader's cutter that was to take him on to Goodenough, he gets to work with his anthropological instruments on the native patients in the hospital, and is put out a little on finding that a shock of frizzly hair makes it hard to get one's head-measurements right to the last millimetre. Bwaidoga is reached on the 11th. It is not an ideal time for exploration, because last summer's drought has brought about a famine, and the natives are restlessly scouring the neighbourhood in search of food. It is not easy to induce them to drop in at the Mission to pass the time of day and talk about customs. One hears a good deal for the next six months about the prevailing scarcity, which likewise affects the Mission. At one moment the flour and the dripping have run out; they are glad to shoot parrots for the pot; shoals of fish are seen out to sea, but they are not easily caught; and so on. Another source of trouble is the climate; though Mr. Jenness

is always cheerful, and inclined to make a joke of it. Malaria with its attendant mosquitoes, prickly heat, scrub itch, boils, sores that develop out of the least scratch and are aggravated by salt-water—such are some of the plagues which white man and native alike must endure. Add to these the heavy rains, especially annoying when a tour is in progress and there are swollen streams to be crossed.

Touring, indeed, proves the ideal method of anthropological research. Mr. Ballantyne has tramped over the greater part of the islands; has crossed Fergusson twice; has visited almost every village in Goodenough, though new ones are constantly turning up in out-of-the-way spots; in fact, has explored the whole country short of the high peaks. To accompany him, too, is to find the native at home; for the name 'mission-ali' is a passport everywhere. Of one journey Mr. Jenness writes: 'I seemed to get right down into native life. We had sing-songs at night. . . . It was weird to sit in the circle around the fire, with twenty or thirty natives about me swaying their heads and bodies to the tune of some mournful chant. . . . They spoke quite freely of their customs—in fact, took pains to point them out to me.' Or here is another picture with rather more detail in it. 'I was camped with a party of natives at Kalokalo on Fergusson Island. . . . We were on a shelterless sandy point waiting for dawn to cross the straits. The married men formed a circle round a fire, with all the youths in the circle, and proceeded to instruct them in the method of courting. The proper way is to call upon the girl at night, enter the girl's house, and chat round the fire. But to insure being received favourably it is well to win the girl's affection by magical means. You put a leaf

of magical potency, *vani*, in the tobacco, sing over it, and put it in the pipe (you know the long bamboo pipe). Then you hand it naturally to the girl. She does not know it is charmed, and smokes. Then her heart goes out to you. Well, they were teaching the youths this, and over and over again they sang the *vani* song. . . . I joined the ring. I heard one man say, "He's a youth, unmarried; we'll teach him too". So there we sat till about 2 a.m. The song would die down; a man would start to orate. Hardly had he uttered six words, when another picked him up; then perhaps a third, then the first man again; then some one would start up the song. . . . Once or twice I re-started the song; they would laugh and join in. Afterwards I had an old man to sing it into the phonograph, but had to turn all the women and girls out, and he sang so low that it was almost inaudible.'

Mr. Jenness left New Guinea in December 1912, and was soon engaged in Arctic exploration, which in turn was followed by military service in France. But this belongs to 'another story'; which is relevant, however, in so far as it helps to explain why the publication of this first instalment of the material obtained by Mr. Jenness has been so long delayed. Of the rest of his collections I need only say that the spoil, or most of it, destined for the Pitt-Rivers Museum duly arrived, after suffering shipwreck on the way; and that it is hoped to publish subsequently other matter, including a number of folk-lore texts and native songs with translations, to which is added a Bwaidoga grammar and vocabulary.

In conclusion, I am sure that Mr. Jenness would like me to express his great debt to Mr. Ballantyne, who, I am sorry to say, died of blackwater fever in 1915. After serving in

South Africa with the Tasmanian contingent, he studied for a time at the University of Melbourne, and afterwards had worked as a missionary in the D'Entrecasteaux Islands for some nine years before Mr. Jenness's arrival. He knew the Bwaidogan language well, and was engaged in compiling a dictionary of it. Mr. Jenness left with him the philological portion of his material in order that he might amplify and correct it; and a letter which he wrote to me not long before his death shows that he took the greatest pains to impart the strictest scientific character to the work. All honour and thanks to him for his share in it!

R. R. MARETT.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE present volume is the outcome of some researches that were carried out in the D'Entrecasteaux Archipelago of Papua, in 1911-12, under the auspices of the Committee of Anthropology of the University of Oxford. In view of the present position and needs of anthropological science, the Committee decided that an intensive study of one small area would be of greater value than a more or less superficial survey over a wider field. They conferred on me the honour of carrying out the work, and a sum of money was raised by private subscription and placed at my disposal.

There were two reasons why the northern half of the D'Entrecasteaux Archipelago offered a more suitable field of research than any other. In the first place this district was almost entirely unknown. Dr. C. G. Seligmann had passed it by when he was gathering the material for his monumental work on the Melanesians of British New Guinea, and few white men have ever visited its shores. The place, in fact, had an evil reputation, for the natives were reputed to be amongst the worst cannibals in Papua. It so happened, however, that my own brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Ballantyne, had been labouring as a missionary on Goodenough Island for several years. His station at the south end of the island offered an admirable base for operations, while his knowledge of the people and their language was likely to be of inestimable service in carrying out my researches. So great, indeed, was the assistance he rendered me that we agreed to collaborate. After my return to New Zealand I drew up a rough sketch of a general report on the natives, and sent it to him for

revision. Almost immediately I was called to the Arctic to serve on the Canadian Arctic Expedition, and did not return to civilization again till the autumn of 1916. In the meantime Ballantyne was working on the report, but in 1915 he suddenly succumbed to blackwater fever, a victim to his self-sacrificing devotion to the people amongst whom he laboured. The report still required much revision, and this I have accomplished with the aid of his notes, incorporating at the same time some additional information that was gained by my sister after his death. I am therefore responsible for the form of this report, but any merit that may be found in it is due almost entirely to Ballantyne. No one had a wider knowledge than he of these outlying islands of Papua, and no one possessed in the same degree the confidence and esteem of the natives. The multitudes that gathered from miles around to mourn for his death and console his widow were themselves the noblest tribute to his memory.

I find it difficult to express my gratitude to all the kind friends who have helped me in this undertaking. There was first of all Dr. R. R. Marett, of Exeter College, Oxford, who guided me with unfailing patience through the three years I studied under him. It was he who sent me out on this field-work, and raised the funds which alone could render it possible. Since that time he has helped me in ways too numerous to mention. No pupil can hope to be worthy of so illustrious a teacher, and I would crave his indulgence for the many imperfections with which this work is undoubtedly marked.

Mr. Henry Balfour, the Curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Oxford, was wonderfully kind and patient in helping me to prepare for my journey. He gave up many valuable hours of his time in order to show me problems that I was likely to encounter, and to suggest many fields in which I could make inquiries. His wide experience in field-work gave special value to his advice, and saved me much time and labour. I would tender him my best thanks for his kind assistance.

Every student who goes out from England to work amongst natives turns naturally to Professor A. C. Haddon, and

I, like many others, am indebted to him for much counsel and assistance. Dr. C. G. Seligmann opened up the storehouse of his knowledge to me and let me reap the benefit of his experience. The whole labour of preparing my outfit was entrusted to Messrs. J. Haddon and Co., of London, and so efficiently did they perform their task that everything was landed on Goodenough Island without the slightest trouble or delay. The well-known shipping firm of Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co. very kindly granted rebates on fare and freight expenses.

It is the good fortune of every traveller in Papua to enjoy the hospitality of the missionaries residing there, but I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my special indebtedness to the Rev. K. Gilmour and his wife, whose names, even in this country, are bywords for hospitality amongst both whites and natives. The fortnight that I had the privilege of spending with them has remained one of the most pleasant memories of a year's most enjoyable field-work.

A copy of the report before its final revision was submitted to G. W. von Zedlitz, Esq., sometime of Trinity College, Oxford, and late professor of modern languages at Victoria College, Wellington, New Zealand. He very kindly worked through all the MSS., and gave me the benefit of much sound criticism which was exceedingly useful in the task of revision. No words can adequately express my gratitude to him, not merely for his great assistance on this occasion, but for his kind help and guidance all through my student days and for the warm interest he has always taken in me since. Few teachers have ever won in the same degree the respect and esteem of generation after generation of their students.

I have to thank also my friend, Mr. C. M. Barbeau, of the Geological Survey of Canada, for much kind criticism and advice in working through the final proof-sheets. Owing to my absence in the Arctic, much of the labour that preceded the final drafting of the report fell upon my two sisters, Miss G. and Miss A. Jenness, to whom I offer my most sincere thanks.

D. JENNESS.

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The Districts
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GOODENOUGH
ISLAND

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CHAPTER I

THE D'ENTRECASTEAUX ARCHIPELAGO

THE D'Entrecasteaux Archipelago of south-east New Guinea, first sighted in 1782 by the French navigator whose name it bears, remained altogether unexplored for almost a century. Only in 1874 did Captain Moresby in H.M.S. *Basilisk* make a running survey of its western coastline, and land, the first white man, upon its shores. Since that date it has been visited constantly by government officials, traders, and labour recruiters. In 1891 the Methodist Church of Australasia established a mission station on Dobu or Goulvain Island, in the centre of the group, and at the present time it has no less than seven different stations, each with its resident white missionary, besides a large number of out-stations in charge of South Sea Island teachers or native Papuans. Hundreds of young natives are recruited each year to work on the gold mines and copra plantations of this eastern portion of Papua, and return to their villages after one, two, or even three years of service laden with tobacco, knives, cloth, and all the other treasures of our civilization. In spite of this, however, the northern half of the archipelago has remained comparatively unknown. It has but one mission station, established at Bwaidoga in Mud Bay in 1898, and only four out-stations, all of which are in the neighbourhood of Moresby Strait.

Navigation is difficult in these regions owing to the dangerous tides and the reefs which beset the coast, whilst there are few really good anchorages even for small cutters. The trader and recruiter had little inducement to penetrate inland, since it was always easy to engage youths familiar with the villages and the tracks leading to them who could go up into the hills and bring down recruits. On the other hand, the government official, harassed with the cares of the vast

extent of territory which he was called upon to administer, could, generally speaking, bestow but rare and hurried visits on this outlying portion of his 'division'. Consequently the interior of Goodenough and Fergusson Islands have remained entirely unknown.

The extremely mountainous character of the two islands has contributed not a little in producing this result. Goodenough for its size is probably the most precipitous island in the world, with the single exception of Teneriffe. Roughly oval in shape, with a maximum diameter of twenty-five miles, it yet in two of its peaks, Mts. Madawa'a and Tukekela, attains an altitude of at least seven thousand feet. Mt. Tutube, five thousand feet high, at the south end of the island, is separated by a strait some six miles wide from Kororawa and Maybole Mts. on Fergusson Island, both of which are probably higher still. On the north-west and south coasts of Goodenough and on the north coast of Fergusson Island the mountains rise directly out of the sea. Their steep razor-edged ridges are clothed in places with dense forests, in others with the long grass, common in North Queensland, which invariably makes its appearance wherever the forest has been burnt off. On the eastern and western coasts small plains slope gently back from the sea, occasionally covered with dark loamy soil. Such are the districts of Faiyavi and Belebele in south-east Goodenough, which are watered by frequent streams and are therefore exceedingly fertile. Sometimes, however, the surface of these plains is rough and broken, covered with volcanic scoriae concealed beneath a surface growth of long rank grass; this, for example, is the nature of the country between Malauno and Kwaiboga. Malitauya plain on the west side of the island has a character intermediate between these two extremes; rich surface soil appears here and there, yielding good harvests, but generally the soil is both poor and shallow. On Fergusson Island the plain at the head of Seymour Bay is covered with dense forest, broken in a few scattered places by small clearings where the natives have erected their villages and made their plantations. All these plains are fringed with mangrove

OUTRIGGER CANOE, WAGIFA

CANOE, WITH SAGO-LEAF SAIL, WAGIFA

swamps into which many of the streams that intersect the plains discharge their waters without having any direct outlet to the sea.

Naturally in such small islands there can be no large rivers or lakes. In the rainy season from September to March, when the north-west monsoon covers the mountain tops with clouds and thunderstorms are of daily occurrence, the water pours down the mountain sides, seethes and foams in the narrow ravines, and rushes like a mill-stream across the plain into the sea, carving broad and ever-deepening channels in its course. But in the season of the south-east monsoon many of these streams dry up completely, while the rest dwindle down to insignificant brooklets. There is but one small lake on Goodenough Island, at the northern extremity of Malitauya plain, situated in a curious dip at the foot of a low ridge; it is very deep, the natives say, and swarms with immense eels. There are two shallow lakes a few acres in extent in Seymour Bay, one of which fringes on a thermal region abounding in hot springs and heavy sulphur deposits.

Hot springs are numerous all over the archipelago, although no active volcanoes exist. It is only at the southern end of Fergusson Island that the geysers attain to any great size. There the water is strongly impregnated with silica, and two or three geysers throw their spray some sixty feet into the air; but there is little or no trace of sulphur. In Seymour Bay, on the other hand, the ground is coated with a thick layer of bright yellow sulphur, while the geysers are insignificant, attaining a height of only two or three feet. They are more scattered too in this place, some of them being situated on the very edge of the thermal region, in close proximity to large outcrops of obsidian. Moresby found very small rubies and amethysts in the sand and mud thrown out by some hot springs at the northern extremity of Fergusson Island, but no one seems to have made any further investigation of them. Most of the larger streams have been prospected for gold, but neither on Goodenough nor on Fergusson has any discovery been made of the precious metal. A little was found in the south of Normanby Island, but not in payable quantity. At

the foot of the mountains in north Goodenough and on the east coast of Fergusson Island there are deposits of fairly good clay which the natives utilize for making pots.

Few species of animals exist, but the bird and insect life is remarkably rich and varied. Wild pigs abound, and kangaroos. The pigs have been here for countless generations: they are flat-ribbed brutes which have sharper backs and longer snouts than the pigs of Europe, and display an activity which the latter have long laid aside. Some are black in colour, some a dirty brown. The village pig is the same as the wild one, for every domesticated boar is mutilated and the females are therefore compelled to wander off into the woods to find their mates. Often a village pig will take to the woods altogether; great excitement then occurs if it should happen to be killed, for every village pig has its genuine earmark, a slit in one or both ears. So destructive is the wild pig that the natives build high palisade fences round their gardens; many even forsake their villages altogether for a season and live in their gardens in temporary huts. At night they make the whole neighbourhood resound with their musical shouting, like English boys who call out in the early morning to frighten the birds away from the corn. When the yams are sprouting and the depredations of the pigs would be most disastrous, hunting parties scour all the neighbouring hills and plains. A score of men set out at daybreak, carrying with them four or five heavy seine nets made from the fibre of the pandanus. These they set up in a straight line, with the ends made fast to trees or stakes. Some hide near the nets, one or two climb the trees near by to signal the approach of game, while the rest in a wide semi-circle sweep the countryside and drive everything they meet towards the nets. Then comes the critical moment; the pig is against the net. Out rush the men in ambush, drag the net all round it, and hurl their stout wooden spears. The pig turns. Generally it is overwhelmed by numbers, but not infrequently it escapes victorious, leaving a dead or wounded man on the field of battle.

Kangaroos, which are almost as destructive to the crops as

the pigs, are hunted in the same way. Sometimes in travelling through the woods you come across a deep pit with a sharp stake at its bottom: the mouth is covered over with leaves and brushwood. Caesar's soldiers would have called them 'lilies', but these natives give them the less poetical name of 'points' (*kabu*). Often a gap is left in the garden fence and the pit is dug just inside. A bait is laid on the top and the trap examined every day or two. Yet, considering the number of the pigs and kangaroos which haunt the woods in every part of Goodenough, one cannot but admit that these people are very indifferent hunters.

A species of cuscus is sometimes captured on the tree tops, occasionally too a squirrel. Rats and mice are common enough. The latter find ideal homes in the sago-leaf walls and roofs of the huts, and at night they often scamper over the bodies of the natives sleeping within. So familiar is their presence in the village that the people have made a song or rather a chant about them, celebrating their exploits in racing along the plates and rafters. Their presence, in fact, like that of the ants and cockroaches, is more expected than welcome.

Several species of snakes exist, most of them only a few feet long and about as thick as a man's thumb. There is one species, however, which frequently attains a length of fifteen feet and more. The natives of the hills eat them freely enough, but coast natives generally regard them with a horror that is almost superstitious; to be accused of eating them, of being a *manibush*, is a gross insult. The beautifully ringed water-snake is regarded as totally different, and no fear is felt on its account; nor, of course, do they mind the frogs which are occasionally heard at night. There is a great variety of lizards, of which the largest, the monitor lizard, attains a length of about three feet. Its flesh is considered a delicacy, while the skin, stripped off while the animal is still alive, makes a very serviceable membrane for the drum. It is curious that in spite of their extensive knowledge of natural history the natives should still believe that this lizard at a later stage in its development takes to the water and becomes the dreaded crocodile, the monster which, to use the words of one

of their own songs, 'is always leaping out of the water and looking for something to eat'. The monitor lizard is usually found in the heart of the woods, but occasionally it occurs amongst the rocks on the sea-shore; probably this, added to the resemblance between the two reptiles, sufficiently accounts for the natives' belief.

The Megapod or bush hen builds huge mounds of earth and leaves in the woods to cover over its enormous eggs, enormous, that is to say, considering the size of the mother bird. Often you hear its shrill whistle echoing through the woods, strangely recalling the railway guard at home. The large blue pigeon that feeds on the red berries of the *mabulewa* tree—seventeen have been taken out of the crop of a single bird—is found in the woods wherever that tree is found, and its cooing note can be heard a long way off. Its cousin, the shy black and white Torres Straits' pigeon, haunts in flocks the mangrove swamps along the shore. At evening they may be seen flying swift and low, one behind the other, over the water and among the tree tops till they reach their haven for the night in some tall tree near the water's edge. This peculiarity in their flight has been noticed by the natives, who sing accordingly: *wailagi bunebunena vedelinaio*, 'Wailagi (name of a place), its pigeons fly one behind the other'.

At least two other kinds of pigeons haunt the woods, smaller and rarer, but with more brilliant plumage than these larger species. The feathers of the white cockatoo, especially the crest and the tail feathers, are greatly prized by the natives, who love to wear them in their hair at feasts and dances. Four species of parrots, two large and two small, rival the fruit bat in their depredations on the banana plantations. The natives occasionally catch them by setting a noose in the top of a tree; it is drawn tight from the ground as soon as a bird appears to have its foot enclosed. Sometimes again circular nets (*selesele*) with a bait above are stretched out in the trees for both parrots and flying foxes. As soon as the bird settles and begins to attack the bait, the net is drawn rapidly up by means of cords fastened round the circumference.

In the mangrove swamps along the shore and round the

lakes in Seymour Bay the black and white duck exists, but it is nowhere found in any numbers. There is also a bittern of speckled grey, measuring five feet from beak to claws, and two kinds of herons, one blue, the other white. Three or four other kinds of water-fowl are known, one of which, called by the natives *atuleya*, greatly resembles an ordinary domestic fowl. A large brown bird with a white head (the white-headed osprey?) is frequently seen majestically sitting on the highest point of a tree watching for hours the water below. Somewhat smaller are the kites which circle, usually in pairs, quite fearlessly over one's head. The kingfisher is represented by two or three species. Often when a boat is sailing over the water two or three white gulls come circling round and a frigate-bird soars sublimely overhead. Hornbills are occasionally met with on the shore, but their true home is up on the mountain sides in the depths of the woods, where several unite to form a small colony. The tireless activity of the tiny swallows that never allows them to rest upon the earth for a single moment is a striking phenomenon in a land where energy is so easily dissipated; and the dismal croak of the ubiquitous crow finds an appropriate celebration in two native chants.

There is only one bird of Paradise in these islands, the black satin bird or *manucodia*. But there are countless other birds, hardly less beautiful, though less familiar to Europeans, so that we can give only their native names. The *maibwana* is a black and white bird about the size of a thrush which sends forth wonderfully melodious music from the topmost branches of the trees. A native once brought to us, tied to a stick by a piece of string, two *kekesiyo*. They resembled in their glossy black plumage young *manucodia*, but their eyes were a staring red that glowed like burning coals. This pair had been fighting on the ground so fiercely that the man had rushed in and seized them with his hands before they could take alarm and fly away. The impudent *gulewalewa*, a small black bird with a broad fan-like tail, used to chase the fowls at the Bwaidoga Mission Station, and loud indignant clucking proclaimed the latters' distress.

The *sakowa*, which derives its name onomatopoeically from its loud clear call, is a brown bird very like a thrush. The same name, *Sakowa*, was given to a Wagifan vagrant who never gardened on his own account, but imposed on the generosity of his neighbours. A large grey bird, the *kiwiwi*, lives on the sandflats beside the sea; it is about the size of a magpie. The Dobuans sometimes try to trap it by stretching out a net with the bottom buried in the sand, and with branches of trees forming a barricade around it and above. They then retire and sing a certain song which has the effect of making the bird enter the trap so that the natives can pull the net down over it. The *dudu* is a glossy black bird, rather larger than the *manucodia*, which appears to prefer the long grass and thin scrub to the woods and forests. Its deep-voiced call, hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo, all on one note, is audible a great way off. At night the *ululu* (the boobook owl?) breaks the stillness with a tap-tap exactly like a hammer or an axe heard in the distance; while the *kali* (a nightjar?) whistles a clear sharp note six or seven times in succession, then pauses to listen for an answer. But it would require an ornithologist to name and describe all the different birds that are met with in this region.

Insects are naturally just as numerous. No bees like our hive bee were observed, but there is a wasp, the *limomo*, whose cells hang in clusters from the leaves and branches of certain trees. Ants are plentiful, including the red soldier-ant; nor is there any lack of spiders and flies and beetles, while of mosquitoes two kinds at least are common besides the fever-bearing anopheles. On the sands of the sea-shore a pestilent midge torments the luckless traveller both day and night. Gorgeous butterflies and moths, both large and small, are encountered everywhere. A large male phasmid with two enormous spurs is used by the natives as a fish-hook for catching fresh-water eels.

The flora is even more difficult to describe than the fauna, for one who lacks the specific training. Everything at first seems different from what one knows in Europe and Australia, and the only tree which can be recognized is the giant banyan

tree, whose long tough roots take the place of ropes in the native version of the tug-of-war. Round the hot springs at Daidai, in the south of Fergusson Island, grows a bastard eucalyptus, very dear to Australian eyes with its associations of home. Orchids are numerous, and here and there on the mountain side you come upon little dells full of ferns and lycopodia, but neither show the same variety as in New Zealand and other places. Of the trees useful in commerce only the kapoc and the rubber are to be found, and even they are not plentiful; the kapoc seems to prefer the sea-shore to the mountains. Neither ebony nor sandal-wood appears to grow here, although the former is found in the Trobriands. There is a dark wood very like ebony, but much more free in the grain; the natives call it *manutu*, and use it for their spears and clubs. Numerous fruits and berries afford a pleasant change from unceasing yam and taro and coco-nut. Of the nuts three kinds are common, the giant chestnut, the almond, and the walnut. In some places the mango grows wild, and a red fruit like a large egg-plum. During the famine of 1912 many of the natives were living almost entirely on a hard green fruit called *laiwai* that resembled in size and appearance a very small crab-apple. It is plentiful everywhere in the woods, growing on a vine which clambers up the trunk and along the branches of some tall tree. The leaves of many shrubs are used as flavourings, cooked with yams and taro. There are herbal plants too, like the purple convulvulus, growing on the sea-shore, the juice of which is rubbed on burns. Of more importance in the daily life of the natives are the pandanus and kindred trees from which they make their string, the pepper plant, whose leaves and roots are chewed with lime and betel-nut, and the bamboo, which, though confined apparently to the higher slopes of the mountains, yet provides the whole of Goodenough with that indispensable solace, the pipe. Often whilst travelling through the woods a native will stop and pluck the strongly-scented leaves of the aniseed or similar plant to place in his armlet or belt, or insert the blossoms of the frangipani and the hybiscus in his hair. Some of these plants have magic power, especially the spices, cinnamon

and nutmeg and aniseed, but more than all the ginger root, which will blind your enemy if you can but blow it into his eyes—as the old man did of old to the moon, because it saw all that went on in the village at night and told it to the people round about—as some of the natives too tried to do when first the white man made his appearance, hoping in this way to drive him from their shores.

The reefs so liberally strewn round the coast abound in fish of every size and colour, from the shark eight feet in length to the tiny blue and green fish that swim in and out among the coral branches. In the old days the shark and the dolphin could despise the feeble spears of the natives, but now when European hooks and European tackle are beginning to find their way into the villages the shark at least has lost its privilege of immunity. Dugongs are rarely seen. Occasionally a sleeping cuttle-fish is speared amongst the coral. Some distance out from land large fish, *mumukwa* (king fish?) are often seen jumping several feet out of the water and falling back with a splash audible half a mile away. Frequently a noise is heard like breakers on the shore, and on looking out one beholds a shoal of sprats leaping in terror from the foes that relentlessly drive them in to the beach. One of their enemies is the gar-fish, for which the Dobuan and Kitavan natives fish with a kite and spider's web. Our cook-boy was standing one noon in the sea washing a plate, when suddenly a shoal of sprats swarmed up around him. With a single swirl of the plate he scooped up half a hundred, an unexpected addition to our frugal meal.

The brilliant tropical fish inhabiting these waters, however, still await the examination of an expert. At Bwaidoga Mission Station the tiny jetty that runs out to the edge of the reef looks down upon a marvellous corner of nature's aquarium. Hundreds of gorgeously coloured fish swim to and fro in and out among the coral trees—sixteen varieties at least can always be distinguished. Sometimes a small white shark comes gliding silently by, and a few yards out a turtle will raise its head above the water, vanishing again before you can seize your gun and try a shot at it. In the corner of the bay an occasional crocodile lurks. One of these

monsters seized Ballantyne's terrier one day and tried to carry it out over the reef and drown it; but a plucky native lad rushed to the rescue, and so goaded the brute with his light wooden spear that it released the dog and ignominiously fled into the deep water, conquered by the very audacity of the lad. The dolphins love the quiet water here. They come frolicking in, half a dozen or more, right up to the head of the bay, then back and down its smaller arm until they reach the shallow reef just off the Ukuni villages, when they turn and make for the open strait. A small one drifted ashore one day, a miscarriage the natives thought. During the nights of the south-east monsoon the surface of the bay is often covered with purple jelly-fish which almost block the progress of the canoes. Numbers lie dead upon the sand, but the natives never touch them. Only one man, they assert, a native of Faiyavi, dares to eat them, but no one else is bold enough to follow his example.

Little mention has been made of the southern portion of the D'Entrecasteaux Archipelago. There is a distinct break both in language and in culture between the two places, which can be roughly separated by an imaginary line drawn from the northern extremity of Hughes Bay to Cape Mourilyan. The villages secreted in the interior, both in language and in culture, as far as we could learn, are intermediate in character. Our researches were confined almost entirely to the northern half of the archipelago. It will be spoken of as Goodenough, the name of the northernmost island; but the term will be understood to include North Fergusson also, unless it is clear from the context that the island of Goodenough alone is meant.

CHAPTER II

THE ECONOMIC ENVIRONMENT

It would be natural to conclude, from a study of the geographical environment alone, that the flat land in these islands would be the seat of a thriving population, living partly on fish and game, but mainly from such vegetable products as it might derive from the unsolicited bounty of Nature and from the cultivation of the soil. The hills on this supposition would be for the most part uninhabited, providing extensive hunting grounds to the people of the plains. Two factors, however, have combined to bring about almost the reverse condition. The first relates to the food supply and is therefore economic in its nature. The D'Entrecasteaux Islands produce no indigenous cereals, and the staple foods of the natives are limited to yams, taro, and bananas, with sweet potatoes that have been introduced quite recently; all of these can be cultivated on the mountain slopes as well as on the plains. Bread-fruit and coco-nut trees display little preference for either region, since nowhere is the sea more than a few miles distant. The hills, indeed, have one great advantage; clouds hang perpetually about their summits, and perennial streams collect in their ravines and gullies; consequently there is little danger there of the terrible droughts to which the plains are not infrequently subjected. Nor are these hill slopes lacking in fertile soil when once the woods and scrub have been burnt off, and the long rank grass is cleared away. On the other hand, they have their disadvantages. Plains are more easy to clear and cultivate, and torrential rains are less likely to wash away the surface soil. In the hills it is not uncommon to see steep slopes laid out in terraces, propped up by saplings and stakes. This, of course, adds greatly to the labour, without altogether preventing the denudation of the soil during the heavy rains. Here the other factor enters—a social one. Before the whites

came the natives were organized in village groups, each a separate entity, now at peace, now at war, with its next-door neighbours. The result naturally was that the weaker villages, oppressed by constant raids, migrated for refuge to the hills. It must be admitted that this explanation is conjectural only, since no definite instance can be cited of a large body of natives being dislodged in this way, save the people of Belebele, who say that they were driven inland by the Dobu natives. The Mialaba people, however, in north-west Goodenough, whose villages were burnt by a magistrate in 1909 as a punishment for cannibalism, have built new homes further back in the ranges, and individual natives still often flee to the hills for refuge. The island of Nuamata was inhabited years ago by Nufwasans from the opposite shore, but the Dobuans came down in their war canoes and drove them back again to the main island. The Yauyauya natives, also in north-west Goodenough, now dwell in villages some three miles inland on the slopes of the mountains, but formerly they lived much closer to the sea; we omitted, however, to inquire the reason for their change of habitation.

In whatever way one may account for it there is no doubt that at the present time at least half of the population of Goodenough dwells on the hills and mountain slopes from six hundred feet to two thousand feet above sea-level. Some cultivate the undulating land below this level, others the slopes around and above them; beyond four thousand feet or thereabouts there is no cultivation of any kind. At Kalokalo on North Fergusson a narrow belt of flat land, partly wooded, partly covered with long grass, separates the mountains from the coast. It is utilized by the natives for their gardens, but the permanent villages were all in the hills above, and it is only recently that their temporary garden-houses have been converted into permanent homes. Natives even yet cross over from Mud Bay during the night to steal the betel-nut from the Kalokalo hills, returning again before daybreak. We came upon their tracks one morning near a Kalokalo village. A large bunch of betel-nut lay beside the path, thrown away or more probably dropped by the robbers in their flight. Even

in the plains the villages often lie a short distance inland out of sight of passing canoes : the advantages of such a situation are obvious. Many of the hill villages are so inaccessible that the Government has attempted to induce their inhabitants to migrate down to the plains, but hitherto its efforts have not been crowned with much success.

Gardening is rarely carried on for more than two years in succession upon the same plot of ground. Rotation of crop occurs to this extent, that sweet potatoes and taro are planted where the yams have just been harvested ; but nothing of course is known concerning the theory of the subject. Irrigation is seldom or never practised, although it can hardly be quite unknown, since it is employed on the mainland opposite. A leaf taken from any tree is planted at the side of each yam ; this they say increases the size of the new yams that grow from it. The process is not conceived as magical in any way, and we may, perhaps, see in this custom the rudiments of the practice of fertilization, though the idea has never been developed amongst this people. Roughly speaking yams are planted about September and harvested in June or July of the year following, though the *mivamu*, a late yam of inferior quality, is harvested about August ; but the exact times vary according to the seasons. Taro frequently marks the boundaries of the yam plots, or lines the edges of the streams. Sweet potatoes may be planted at almost any season, and will bear in from three to four months. Usually, however, they are planted immediately after the yams have been harvested, so that they may mature in the season of scarcity when the old yam crop has been exhausted and the new yams are only beginning to sprout. For the yam, despite its requiring from seven to nine months to mature, is everywhere the principal crop. It can be kept in storage like the ordinary potato, whereas both the taro and the sweet potato soon begin to rot : moreover, it is only recently that the sweet potato has been introduced. Sometimes a root called *baïma* is cultivated, but never in very large quantities ; it closely resembles the yam.

The banana is another important food product. It is gener-

ally boiled or roasted, since only a few varieties are suitable for eating as fruit. Every hamlet has its coco-nut trees growing close by, and usually bread-fruit trees as well. A little sugar-cane is grown, also the *tabugala*, a plant which outwardly resembles the sugar-cane, though the pods when opened contain a long silky fibre like pampas grass; it can be eaten raw or cooked. A dish greatly appreciated by the natives is made of taro leaves. Coco-nut juice is squeezed over them, and they are boiled for a long time over a slow fire; the resulting product is called *laita*. Pawpaws are plentiful, also the native pumpkin, but the latter is rather despised as food, though the young son of a Samoan mission teacher lived almost entirely on them for many months. A few less common plants are occasionally used as vegetables, the *gelala*, for instance, which is a species of seaweed, and *baila*, a plant the leaves of which are eaten with coco-nut juice. But the Goodenough native is not hard to please; he would be quite content with yams both morning and evening, every day in the year; not that he does not keenly enjoy a little fish and kangaroo now and then, while as for pig, well, there is no joy in life comparable to the joy of feasting, and you cannot have a proper feast without a pig.

It is only during the first few months of the year, therefore, that food is likely to be scarce. In January 1912 a little *baima*, almond nuts, and the *laiwai* berry were all that many of the Bwaidoga natives could procure. It is at this time during bad seasons that sago-making becomes an important industry. The palm grows freely in the swamps in various places throughout the islands. The tree is first felled, and its outer sheath removed to form a trough. Near its lower end a sieve of fibre is attached, and the pith of the sago is dug out and placed in the upper part of the trough. For this purpose some of the natives still employ the small stone adzes of their forefathers, but generally iron has replaced the stone. Water is poured over the pulpy mass, and it is firmly kneaded and squeezed against the sieve, when the nutritious starch passes through in suspension and settles at the bottom of a bowl placed under the mouth of the trough.

All that now remains to be done is to wrap it in some leaves and hang it up to dry, when it is ready for eating. Sago thus prepared is of a dirty yellow colour, not nearly so attractive as our commercial sago, but equally nutritious.

Some places are more favoured with certain products than others. Yamaleli (Seymour Bay) is especially rich in sago, Kukuya (Cape Mourilyan) in coco-nuts. The best yams are grown at Belebele and in the hills immediately behind, but the Faiyavi plain also produces good crops. The southern shores of Mud Bay and Wagifa are barren districts which suffer heavily at the least approach of drought. At Kalokalo too the soil is poor, but there the harvest of betel-nut offers a good market product and can be readily exchanged for food.

The Mud Bay and Wagifa natives give much attention to fishing. Some years ago the Bwaidogans spent very little time on their gardens, but preyed continually upon their neighbours. Consequently on the opposite side of the bay, at Faiyavi and Wabaloe, stagings were erected in the trees, whence night and day men watched their movements. In the great famine of 1900 these Bwaidogans issued forth with clubs and spears, drove back the Mogova natives, and plundered their gardens and food stores. So terrible was the distress at this time that children were exchanged for food with Belebele and Kwaiaudili, where they were killed and eaten. Friends even exchanged children with one another, and in at least one instance a father murdered his own child, and all his relatives joined in the feast. It was dangerous for a child to leave his parent's side for a single moment lest he should be carried off to swell the cannibal pots.

Happily famines so severe as this are extremely rare. The one in 1912 was comparatively mild, yet even that caused great dislocations in the ordinary mode of life. A few cases fell directly under our notice. The people of Ukuni had to cross the mountain range to Fauya to buy seed yams, for the few they had set aside for planting were all used up for food. The Bwaidogans similarly went to Kwaiaudili for the same purpose, while the Kukuyans went to Yamaleli. Four large Kalokalo canoes crossed over to Faiyavi to buy food; later they

SQUARE FISH-NET (*LATA*), MUD BAY

FISHING WITH *LATA* AND TRAPS, MUD BAY. Hauling up *lata*

FISHING WITH *LATA* AND TRAPS. Taking traps to canoes

went to Yamaleli for both food and seed yams ; later still to Belebele. All round Mud Bay and Wagifa fishing was carried on industriously. Wagifa sold its fish to Faiyavi for yams, Bwaidoga to both Faiyavi and Kwaiaudili. Women and children searched the reefs for shell-fish, and day by day the natives scoured the woods for nuts and berries. Gardening received a great impetus. Some Wagifans moved to Galewabu, since their own garden-land was all parched up; others gardened on the lands of relatives at Faiyavi and Yamaleli. A number of Kabuna people settled down to garden and fish on the shore just beyond Gelesea. Sago was made at Kalokalo, Yamaleli, Faiyavi, Kwaiboga, Malitauya, everywhere in fact that it existed, and natives came from far and near to try and barter for it. A large Wagifa canoe travelled down to the north end of the island to fish on the reefs at Vatalumi and to purchase food in friendly hamlets along the coast; yet when we passed them one morning they had not enough for a single meal. Fortunately for the natives rain fell soon afterwards, the sweet potatoes sprang up, and the famine became only a nightmare of the past. An amusing comment on such periods of distress was afforded by an incident which occurred at the mission station a short time before. The students requested Ballantyne to reduce their daily ration of food, for 'if we eat a great deal now', they said, 'our stomachs will become distended; then when a famine comes how shall we fill them?'

Wagifa, it has been said, suffers severely. A little sago grows in the swamp at the foot of its cone, but never attains to any great size. The natives have a story that long ago sago grew there in great abundance. But once the head man of a village told it to go forth and spread itself along the coasts as far as Dobu. Part of the sago obeyed, but part refused, whereupon the old man said, 'You have disobeyed my command—henceforth you will never grow large'. So to-day there is only a little sago on Wagifa Island, and what there is is small and useless.

Many imported vegetables and fruits will thrive on these islands. Most of the mission outstations have their orange-

bushes and lime-trees. Cassava flourishes, for the climate resembles that of its original home, and sweet potatoes have become in many places almost a staple food. Tomatoes too bear prolifically. An experiment with maize promised well, but it was carried out on too small a scale to bear conclusive results. Water-melons grow to an enormous size, and the pineapple and grenadilla have been equally successful. Natives who go away to work become accustomed to a diet of rice, but it could hardly be grown upon the dry soil of these islands. It is not impossible that the years to come may see a great change in the economic condition of the natives, for hitherto Goodenough has been rather cut off from direct contact with surrounding peoples. There is a tradition that the galo—one of the two groups into which all the varieties of bananas are divided—was not originally indigenous, but made its appearance first at Nuatutu, at which place it was introduced from the Trobriand Islands; from Nuatutu it spread over the rest of Goodenough. There is no means of verifying this tradition, but Tuma, a Trobriand island, is the spirit land for many of the Goodenough and North Fergusson people, and many legends connect the two regions. The Trobriands too were one of the few places with which Goodenough had direct intercourse. Until quite recently the natives of Kaileuna, one of the Trobriand group, used to come down regularly to Belebele each year, bringing lime gourds, combs, three-tier baskets, shell armlets, and, perhaps, other articles as well, to exchange for cooking pots and a white cane that was used for belts. Kavitari natives from Kiriwina with similar articles bought betel-nut at Kalokalo on North Fergusson. Latterly the Vakuta natives have been visiting Kukuya once a year, and the Kukuya natives in turn make an annual voyage to Vakuta. Behind Kukuya there are large outcrops of obsidian, and natives come to trade for it from all around, from Wedau on the mainland to the south-west to the Amphlett Group on the north-east, as well as from Wagifu and Malitauya on Goodenough Island. With Wedau Kukuya has had intimate relations for many years. Wedau sends across large shell armlets, lime spatulae, and black loin cords,

for which Kukuya gives stone adzes, obsidian, the valuable boar's tusk pendants, and the ear ornaments of red shell disks. Sometimes food too passed between them, for off Kukuya we met one morning a Wedau canoe the crew of which had been buying sago there. The Wagifans carried the obsidian all down the east coast of Goodenough, so that it is possible that a little mainland culture found its way in along this route. The Amphlett Islanders traded their pots round all the shores of Goodenough except the north-east coast, where pots are made by the local natives themselves; the same people even worked down the coast of the mainland from Cape Vogel to East Cape, returning home through Dawson Straits. Once or twice, at Wabaloe and at Kalokalo, they were plundered of all they had, but as a rule the trading was carried on quite peaceably and fairly. At the present time canoes pass between Malitauya and Cape Vogel, but it is not known how far back this contact dates. An expedition once went up to Dobu from Bwaidoga, and one of the natives who took part in it was the grandfather of Nikeabogi, the old head man of Nikoko hamlet who died in 1912; but this voyage happened so long ago that no one now remembers what was its object. Later the Dobuans were on hostile terms with all the Goodenough natives, so that the latter were unable to travel beyond Nadi. Morima, however, a few miles south of Kukuya, which belongs culturally to the southern D'Entrecasteaux, has maintained constant intercourse with Kalokalo for many years, apparently on account of the latter's betel-nut.

This comparative isolation of the Goodenough and North Fergusson natives cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by any consideration of winds and currents. Certain facts, however, afford a partial explanation. The land is not remarkably fertile like the Trobriands, and so does not invite the same amount of trade and settlement. The trade in pots was monopolized by the Amphlett Islanders, either through their greater energy or by reason of the superior quality of their ware. Kalokalo, the main source of betel-nut in the district, produces hardly enough to supply its immediate neighbourhood; the Trobriand Islanders, indeed, have abandoned their

annual voyage to Kalokalo since the coming of the whites has facilitated communication with Panaieti, for Panaieti produces in abundance both a larger and a better nut. Thus all that Goodenough and Fergusson could offer to outsiders was the Kukuyan obsidian, and one canoe load of this would last the whole of the D'Entrecasteaux and the Trobriand Islanders for years. On the other hand, there are no large sea-going canoes in the northern D'Entrecasteaux such as the Wari natives make, or the Port Moresby *lakatoi*: the largest indeed that we ever saw was a Wagifan canoe that carried only thirteen men. A voyage to the mainland or to the Trobriands in a canoe of this size was no light undertaking, while the route south to the Louisiades and the south-east coast was blocked by the hostility of Dobu. Dobu in fact was so much feared and dreaded in these earlier days that the Vakuta natives never ventured until quite recently to pass through Dawson Straits and work up north along the coast to Kukuya, although they often visited the east coast of Fergusson Island, and maintained a constant communication with Sanaroa off Normanby. Even now at Ubuya, the Methodist mission station, on the north of Normanby Island, Trobriand and Bwaidogan students fraternize much more freely than either do with Dobuans; as a Bwaidogan student once expressed it: 'The Kiriwinians are our friends, but the Dobuans are different.'

CHAPTER III

THE SOCIAL MILIEU

WHATEVER then may be our ultimate conclusion as to the relationship that exists between the Goodenough natives and those by whom they are surrounded, one thing at least is certain, that their influence on one another in recent times has not been very considerable. The inhabitants of the northern D'Entrecasteaux have been allowed to follow their own natural line of development.

The distinction that we have made above, between a hill and a coast population, is a purely geographical one; it does not correspond to any real differences in the natives themselves. There are slight modifications of the dialect in different places, but none that can be said to characterize especially either hill or coast; nor can we find in physical features or in culture any peculiarity which might serve to mark off one part from the rest. Between coast and hill, north and south, there is constant intercourse and frequent intermarriage. Whole families sometimes remove from one place to another. Two generations ago a Mialaba family settled in Kutua, and about the same time many of the people of Kauyoyo in Kabuna went over to Faiyavi to live. Waleba, a Kukuya native, who was sent by his people to negotiate a peace with the Ukuni hamlets, married a woman in that place and lived there amongst her kinsmen until his death. Finally the Wagifans have established two small colonies, one at Galewabu on Goodenough and the other at Awabulo on North Fergusson.

It should be borne in mind, however, that these individual, family, and communal migrations are not by any means usual. They result from pressure of some kind—are produced by special circumstances rather than by the simple desire for change. Thus every family migration that came under our

notice was caused by some violent quarrel which forced the man to retire for safety to some other place. In such cases only the parents and dependent children made the change, while the rest of the hamlet remained undisturbed; moreover, the separation was regarded as purely temporary, so that the emigrants retained all their gardening and property rights intact. In the case of Waleba mentioned above, Ukuni had been his mother's district. In any case the phenomenon of a man settling down in his wife's hamlet is extremely rare. We know of but one other instance, that of a Wagifa native who married a woman of the Trobriand Islands while he was visiting there in a trader's vessel. He had already one wife in his own hamlet, and when he returned to Wagifa and announced his second marriage public opinion was so strongly against him that he was compelled to choose between giving up his second wife or leaving the district. He chose the latter course, and went to his wife's village in the Trobriands to live.

The communal migrations also had their origins in special causes. In the case of Kauyoyo one band was impelled to move by a devastating sickness; a second band was driven out later by the people of a neighbouring hamlet because the Kauyoyans had tampered with their women. The Wagifan migrations were of a more natural order; they overflowed their borders from excessive population. But they had been confined to a very small and rather unfertile island, and so their case cannot be taken to prove an habitual reshuffling amongst the different groups.

Trade and the practice of exogamy were the main factors in breaking down the barriers that separated one community from another. Of the former we have already spoken in the previous chapter, and exogamy we shall discuss later. One custom of the coast natives, however, is worth remarking in this place. Whenever new canoes were built it was customary to pay a visit to all the friendly districts round the coast and receive presents of congratulation from each one. We find, then, that throughout all this region there is a general uniformity in the main outlines of the social organization. The island is divided into a number of districts varying

greatly in size, but each with its distinctive name. Mud Bay carries a considerable population, and its districts are numerous and small; Malitauya, on the other hand, and Belebele, cover several square miles of country. Nowhere is there any land absolutely unclaimed, not even the peaks of the mountains, but each district is the possession of the natives who inhabit it or who make use of it for gardening or for hunting. Thus the great forest near Belebele is recognized as the special domain of the Belebele people, and no one else is allowed to hunt in it.

Mud Bay is a very typical example. A reference to the adjoining map will show that its southern shores are divided into three districts, Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni, while the mountain at the back, fourteen hundred feet in height, forms a fourth district, Inafani. The Kabuna people cultivate the flat land round their hamlets and the adjoining slopes. Ukuni has practically no flat land, but it has extended up the hillside and established three hamlets there. When the people of Olegana hamlet years ago moved up from the foot of the hill to their present hamlet, the Waikiwali natives remained behind in order to protect their coco-nut trees. Bwaidoga, which likewise has no flat land, could not extend behind, for its hills are waterless and covered with volcanic scoriae. Accordingly it took possession of the inner portion of the bay from Wanakoioiya to Banada. Wailagi was bought from them and became a mission station, but the Bwaidogans still retain the right of way. For hunting-grounds the Kabuna people use the hills directly behind their hamlets. The Bwaidogans do the same, but also have hunting rights over the hills behind Banada; while the Ukuni natives range from the track that leads to Wagifa to the ridge that comes down between Walitavitavi and Banada. At one and the same time Ukuni men have been hunting for pigs in the woods behind Walitavitavi, and Bwaidogan men behind Banada, while other Bwaidogan men and women have been gardening on the flat land below both these places. If the Ukuni natives had crossed into the Bwaidogan hunting-grounds or vice versa it would have constituted an infringement of right, and as such a reasonable ground for a quarrel.

Other parts of the islands contain similar divisions. At Malitauya, for example, there is one name for the northern end of the plain, another for the middle, and a third for the south. Probably too there are names for smaller sections. All these minor sub-divisions are known only to the local inhabitants, the names of the larger units being all that is required in most cases. So with us Camberwell and Maida Vale are practically unknown outside the limits of London.

The principal reefs around the island appear also to have their respective owners, and poaching by others is a serious offence. Generally speaking the fishing-grounds of any group of natives are restricted to the shores and streams in their immediate vicinity; Faiyavi people, for example, use only the beach in front of their hamlets, and Inafani the reefs at the foot of their hill near Wagifa. But the Bwaidogans and their neighbours are more dependent upon fishing than most of the natives in these parts and consequently they wander further afield. Thus a Kabuna family often makes its temporary home on the beach beyond Gelesea, and an Ukuni family beyond Nuatutu; while the Wagifans frequently journey down to the reefs off the north coast and sell the fish they catch there in the adjacent hamlets. The other natives appear to acquiesce in this usurpation of their rights, probably because it is easier for them to exchange a few yams for the fish than to go out and fish for themselves. Sometimes the mouth of a creek is fenced across with a rope of leaves, or a flag consisting of a leafy streamer is fastened to a pole and set a few yards out in the sea, the owner's method of notifying the public that 'fishing is strictly prohibited and trespassers will be prosecuted'.

The inhabitants of a district often have a special name distinct from that of the district itself. The Kukuya people are spoken of as Milavega and the Malitauyans as Molata, whence the name Morata given to the island of Goodenough on our maps. Usually, however, the prefix *me* is attached to the name of the district, as *MeKalokalo*, *MeBwaidoga*, 'the people of Kalokalo', and 'the people of Bwaidoga', respectively; an individual is spoken of as *kwanami Kalokalo* and *kwanami Bwaidoga*. The Malitauya natives call all the inhabitants of

the three districts Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni by the single name of Lalavea, a term which more usually designates the Amphlett Islanders. Probably this combining of the Mud Bay groups under one name arose from their proximity to one another, which has at times induced them to unite for common defence; yet how far they were from really coalescing is shown by two incidents that recently occurred at the mission station. Some Kabuna children who had no canoes would frequently swim across to school, though the distance they had to traverse was well nigh half a mile. It was most amusing sometimes to hear the sound of voices wafted across the water, and, looking out, see nothing but a ring of black heads in the middle of the bay, where the children were treading water while finishing a heated argument. There is a good track round the bay to the mission station, but it passes directly through some and close to other hamlets belonging to the Bwaidoga and Ukuni districts. But the Kabuna children said that if they followed this path they would be almost certain to quarrel with the children of these other districts, and so they preferred to swim across. The other incident illustrates the jealousy that exists between Bwaidoga and Ukuni. The harvest thanksgiving was being held at the mission station and a large wild boar had been shot for the occasion. Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni natives were all invited to join in the feast, but at the last moment the Ukuni people failed to appear. Afterwards it was learnt that when the boar had been divided up no Ukuni natives were present to receive their share, so some Bwaidogans cooked it for them. The Ukuni people thereupon refused to attend, lest at some future date the Bwaidogans should cast it in their teeth that they had done the cooking for them at the feast.

Every inhabited district has a number of hamlets in it, usually five or six. Each of these contains from one to forty houses with a probable average of from two to three inmates. The hamlets are sometimes scattered over a considerable area; in extreme cases one may be a mile away from all the rest. But there is a tendency for them to keep close together, and sometimes they actually unite so that to a stranger there would

UKUNI HAMLETS, MUD BAY

STREAM IN YAMALELI

seem to be but one hamlet. Kelauno is the best example of this. To all outward appearance it consists of one unusually large hamlet with about one hundred and fifty houses; in reality there are four hamlets fused together. One might live for a considerable time in such a place without discovering that it comprised more than one hamlet, especially at the present day when food taboos are beginning to be observed less strictly than formerly.

Not only have the hamlets each a separate name, but often the inhabitants of each hamlet as well. In Bwaidoga there is a hamlet Wifala, the inhabitants of which are called Ainagona; at Faiyavi again the Aimuli are the inhabitants of Awani hamlet. Of course natives from other districts trouble very little about such names; it is always possible to speak of a hamlet as Ludeba's hamlet, and of Ludeba's kinsmen as Bwaidogans. A hamlet, indeed, has but little permanence; to-day it is here, two years hence it has ceased to exist and its inhabitants have migrated elsewhere. Of Kauyoyo, the Kabuna hamlet which was abandoned only a few years ago, not a trace is left; the houses had fallen into ruins almost immediately, and the place was swallowed up in the grass and jungle. All that remains of Lautoto again is a small open glade where the Bwaidogans hold their dances and the children play their games. New hamlets appear just as quickly. Some Dududu people behind Bebelebe came down the hill to cultivate the flat land at its foot. Two years later their garden huts on the low ridge just above had crystallized into the permanent hamlet of Vewa. Kimokimoiyo is a comparatively large hamlet in Bwaidoga, but the natives still remember its origin; for Bwaidoga a few generations ago comprised only three hamlets, Nikoko, Wifala, and Lautoto. Lautoto was abandoned, for some reason which no one now recalls, and the remaining two hamlets became cramped for room. It was at this time that Elaela, Lalavea, and Kimokimoiyo separated off and were given their respective names. Lalavea at the present day is represented by two or three houses in Nikoko, Elaela by two or three in Wifala; only a dozen yards separate Wifala from Nikoko. Kimokimoiyo is on the opposite side of Nikoko to Wifala and but a few

yards further on. The chief man of Nikoko at this earlier period was Mataufolu, the father of Bwoila and grandfather of the present head man Nikeabogi (Nikeabogi died in 1912, being then apparently about fifty years of age). Uledoma, a younger brother of Mataufolu, made a garden for himself and erected a hut on the present site of Kimokimoioyo. Later some of his relatives went to settle round him, thus creating a new hamlet. The old chief Mataufolu then conferred on it the name of Kimokimoioyo, but whence he derived it no one knows. Uledoma consented to waive his right to succeed his elder brother as head man of Nikoko, and became instead the head man of his new village Kimokimoioyo. To celebrate all these events he decided to hold a great feast, and invited all the Bwaidoga people to attend. A date was fixed when the moon would be in full splendour, and at the appointed time all the Kimokimoioyo men went fishing. Not quite all, though, for Uledoma himself stayed at home, since at that time the head men of Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni hamlets were accustomed to take no part in the fishing. As soon as enough food was brought in and the guests had arrived the Kimokimoioyo women cooked it, and Uledoma's second son Tubwoiana divided it out amongst the people. The first pot he gave to his elder brother Tomobwaina, who had elected to stay in Nikoko and so had not joined the new community. This Tubwoiana was afterwards killed and eaten by the Kukuya natives during a period when Kukuya and Bwaidoga were at war, so that he never became the head man of Kimokimoioyo, as he would otherwise have done.

The guests took the food away to their own hamlets and ate there, but the Kimokimoioyans fasted. In the evening the visitors returned, each decked out for the *kaiwesi* dance that was to follow. All through the night right up to sunrise the next morning the hamlet rang with the muffled thunder of the drums and the shouts and laughter of the dancers. Later on the visitors gave a return dance to the Kimokimoioyans.

A hamlet can often be recognized from a distance by the coco-nut palms with which it is surrounded, though it would not be true to say, conversely, that coco-nut palms invariably

indicate a hamlet. It is often very hard to understand why a particular site should have been chosen, for a hamlet is sometimes built on the slope of a hill at a considerable distance both from a running stream and from the gardens. The Alikabu group are located in this manner and some of the Mogova hamlets. Generally, however, the hill hamlets lie on the top or side of a ridge with a stream a short distance below, where the women can peel their yams and fill their water-bottles; with the hamlets on the plains a stream will almost invariably be found not many yards off. Bwaidoga and the half of Wagifa Island that faces Goodenough are exceptions. There not only are the gardens some distance away across the water, but also the streams on which the inhabitants depend for their water-supply. Nuatutu offers an almost ideal site for a group of hamlets, being the central point where north and south converge to face the trade region of the east. The soil is fertile, and the reefs along the coast and round the Barrier Islands close by teem with fish. But for two miles on either side there is no stream, and this has effectually prevented the place from being occupied. Probably a well sunk at the foot of the hill would strike good water, but the natives have no knowledge of well-driving.

Always in and round a hamlet there are a number of shady trees, usually including the coco-nut and the bread-fruit. It is a common sight to see a woman return from a stream in the evening bearing on her head a bowl of peeled yams and gourd bottles filled with water. The first thing she will do, perhaps, is to pluck some leaves from one of the trees to cover her yams while cooking, such leaves serving the dual purpose of retaining the steam and of imparting a pleasant flavour to the water. Naturally, therefore, one expects to find near every hamlet trees that will be suited to this purpose. A few hamlets have trees with magic power, such as the *keakea* or croton tree in Wifala, which dazes the senses of all who touch it.

There is no uniform or even regular arrangement of the houses in the hamlet. Usually they are built to face each other, for natives as well as Europeans love to see from their front doors what is taking place at their neighbours'. Con-

sequently the huts often form a rough circle or rectangle, with a few shady trees in the middle and a stone platform, the *tuwaka*,¹ where both residents and visitors can sit and gossip. Occasionally the houses line both sides of a broad track which continues on to more distant hamlets; but often even these elementary principles in town-planning are disregarded, and the houses are scattered about anyhow according to the caprices of their individual owners. Still there is one tendency which is perceptible everywhere; near kinsfolk prefer to live together, so the son will build a house next to his father's, and a brother near his brother's. This was a custom of no little importance in the old days when the dead were buried within the hamlet in the midst of all their kinsfolk, since in this way it was easier to secure their graves from outrage. Now, however, that the government has partially succeeded in putting an end to hamlet-burial, at least in the coast villages, the custom has lost much of its significance.

A marked conservatism is noticeable in the construction of the houses. With rare exceptions they all answer to the formula, a triangular prism raised upon piles. One face of the prism, the floor of the house, often extends in front to form a platform or verandah, so that the natives can remain at home and still take part in all that goes on in the hamlet. A house that lies directly on the ground, not raised on piles like all the rest in the hamlet, is almost certainly a widow's hut, while the small, almost miniature, huts are store-houses for yams. No club-houses exist anywhere, but at the yam harvest a large staging is occasionally erected in anticipation of a feast. At a Yamaleli hamlet near the hot springs there is a permanent food platform, the uniqueness of which in this region suggests that it may be an imitation of something seen elsewhere. Where the natives are living near the sea and possess a large built-up canoe, a low hut is made on the shore to shelter it from the

¹ The *tuwaka* is a low circular platform, usually about ten feet in diameter, built of smooth stones. A few flat slabs are sometimes set up on edge round the circumference, to give the natives some rest for their backs.

weather; the smaller run-about canoes are left to take their chance.

As already stated the houses contain on an average only two or three occupants. Usually there are one or two ruinous uninhabited structures in each hamlet, since it is customary, when an inmate dies, for the rest of the family to abandon their old home and build a new house close by. It is, therefore, impossible to estimate from the number of houses the approximate population of any hamlet, unless one first inquires as to the number of the houses that are uninhabited.

CHAPTER IV

THE NATIVES—THEIR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS

No complete census has ever been taken of all the inhabitants of Goodenough and North Fergusson. Until very recently, indeed, most of the hamlets had never been seen by Europeans, and even now many still remain unvisited. A rough estimate would put the total at about 8,000 people. A census of 65 hamlets on and near the coast from Belebele to Wagifa gave a population of 2,383. Of these 55 per cent were males, sixteen or seventeen being polygamists. No village policeman is allowed to possess more than one wife, and the mission discountenances polygamy in every possible way. Since the influence of both the government and the mission have been felt more in this district than elsewhere it is probable that 1 per cent of the total population would more accurately represent the proportion of polygamists throughout the region as a whole. Polygamy could never have been other than exceptional, since there is a slight preponderance of males over females in the population. The percentage of the unmarried in the district examined was 43 per cent, and as the conditions in this respect seem to be much the same everywhere, this figure can be taken as approximately correct for all places.

In physical appearance the natives display considerable variation within certain well-defined limits. Generally they are short and thick-set, with well-formed limbs and strongly developed chests. The women are distinctly shorter than the men; 37 men gave an average height of 1,527 mm., and 22 women of 1,443 mm. The skin is usually of a chocolate colour, rather light in children but darkening with age; babies are often quite fair. There is considerable variation, how-

ever, for in some the skin has a marked reddish tinge, associated apparently with a similar tinge in the hair. Some natives again, even adults, are hardly darker than southern Europeans, so that sunburn and blushing can frequently be detected; even in the darkest an experienced eye can frequently discern their presence. As with negroes the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are lighter than the rest of the body. Often a native presents almost a piebald appearance, his body being blotched with light patches from a kind of ringworm which attacks most of them at some period or other in their lives. Albinos are not rare, though they are seldom able to marry. This is the case at least with the males, for a female albino would probably secure a husband through the scarcity of marriageable girls. Two adult males in South Goodenough who were albinos died unmarried because no girl would allow them to woo her, but an albino woman in Miavaina was more fortunate. Their colour, or rather their want of it, is regarded as a physical deformity, and a legend of a great flood tells how it was stayed by an albino being cast into the water.

The hair is the most striking feature in these natives. It is not always allowed to grow long, and in its short state appears in some cases merely curly, in others almost straight; more especially is this the case in children. But whenever it is allowed to grow it develops into a black frizzy mop, which is often given an artificial lustre by being rubbed with the juice of the coco-nut. Frequently, however, it is a very dark brown rather than black, although it is not always possible to determine the colour accurately owing to the use of lime. Formerly, the natives say, lime was only applied in a single streak from front to back, but from Dobu they have learnt to plaster the whole head with it. It is a curious sight to see a native walking about for two or three days with his head whitewashed all over. The lime is subsequently removed by bathing in the sea, after which the hair is rubbed with a seaweed called *doiya*; it then emerges a yellowish-red colour. Only in Mud Bay is this ever done, and at Wagifa, for the influence of Dobu has always been strongest in these places.

A more usual practice, and one which answers the same purpose, namely, the destruction of parasites, is to shave the entire head with a flake of obsidian or a fragment of bottle glass. The natives assert that constant sea-bathing has a tendency to bleach the hair, but we were unable to obtain any direct proof of this. As far as the sexes are concerned there is no difference in their treatment of the hair.

On the other parts of the person there is usually but little hair. Only widowers allow the beard to grow, and with them it is generally very short and scrappy. Body hair is rather lighter in colour than that of the head. As for their other features, the eyes are generally a deep hazel. The shape of the head varies considerably, but there is a tendency towards dolichocephaly. 37 males gave an average index of 75.1, and 22 females 76.2. Theinion is set somewhat high up on the cranium. All natives have a broad and rather flat nose, beetling brows, thick lips, and slightly prognathic but receding chin. Occasionally the cheek-bones stand out rather prominently. Children have white gleaming teeth, so strong that many a lad of ten or twelve years can husk a coco-nut with them; they become discoloured in adults through the chewing of lime and betel-nut. The limb proportions resemble rather the European than the negro type. Finger and toe nails are never trimmed by cutting, but are ground down or wear down naturally. The big toe, as with many natives, can be opposed to the next toe. If you fling a native a piece of tobacco he will probably not stoop down for it, but pick it up between his toes.

Little children are often very charming, but they mature at an early age, their features harden, and before they reach thirty years they begin to wizen up; the old are positively hideous. As a people they are strong and hardy, the natural result of a constant out-door existence. The leg muscles must be extremely well developed if one may judge from their manner of climbing trees; but a mountainous country will always produce that effect. The women bear immense weights on their heads, a method of carrying which gives them a splendidly upright carriage and imparts a graceful swing to their bodies as they walk. In running the natives

appear to attain much about the average speed of Europeans ; but they excel in swimming. An Australian who passed for an unusually expert swimmer, and had indeed won several trophies in swimming competitions, once offered to give the Bwaidogan lads a few lessons in the art. He began with a lad of about thirteen years. They started, the Australian in front, the lad a yard or so behind. The Australian thought to shake him off with a burst of speed, but the boy soon overhauled him, circled right round him, raced him back to shore, and waited on the beach to greet him as he came out of the water. The instruction class was indefinitely postponed. Girls are but little inferior to the boys in swimming, but they are sadly hampered by their grass skirts, which, even while bathing, they would never dream of laying aside.

The census returns, combined with the register of births and baptisms at the mission station, indicate an average of from two to three children in a family. It is difficult to discover whether the lowness of this average is due to lesser race-fertility than is found elsewhere, or whether it can be sufficiently accounted for by the high rate of infant mortality and by the practice of artificial abortion. It was noticeable that the families of Goodenough mission students at Ubuya showed a much higher average. The village natives themselves were well aware of this ; more than once they said that in years to come the ordinary villagers would die out and the mission children would take their place. Everywhere there is a desire for male offspring in preference to female, and when food is scarce it is the girl child who suffers most. This is significant when we remember that in the census the males numbered 55 per cent of the total population, and that the proportion of the unmarried males to the unmarried females was as 100 to 82. Contact with Europeans in recent years may have exercised some influence in producing this effect, since about 7 per cent of the population go away to work each year on mines and plantations. In some parts of eastern Papua our diseases have caused some ravages, but the northern D'Entrecasteaux have fortunately escaped them almost entirely up till now. The real causes for the lowness of the birth-rate must be far older

and more deeply seated. For the death-rate we have no statistics.

In regard to the intelligence of the natives it seemed to us that, taken in the mass, they are not markedly inferior to white people wherever their interest is aroused. They are keenly observant of all natural phenomena, and there are few birds or fish or plants whose names even a small boy does not know. This closeness of observation is especially noticeable in all that pertains to fishing and to the gardens, and has led to the creation of an extensive vocabulary connected with these pursuits; the varieties of yams and shell-fish for example appear to the foreigner numberless. Some natives, again, display wonderful accuracy in locating sounds, and without the slightest hesitation will lead the way through half a mile of dense forest to the exact tree on which a blue pigeon sits cooing. A stranger's every action is watched, often without his being aware of it; for a native is extremely polite, and would never dream of laughing at you to your face. But when he is away among his friends he will imitate your every action, and roll on the ground in a fit of laughter over something absurd that you have said or done. He is a born actor. He will stand up in the midst of his friends, and in ornate and studied language proclaim what he is going to say to the Nufwasans or other people he is about to visit, what they will say in reply, how many yams they will give him, and whether a pig will be slain for the occasion or not. Once at a funeral we saw a relative of the deceased stand up in the middle of the weeping hamlet and announce what he proposed to do with the property of the dead man, how he would divide it up among the kinsfolk, who should have what, and so on. Every part of his speech was illustrated by appropriate gestures.

No one, however, can be more stupid than an uninterested native. Many things which appeal to us have no interest whatever for him. At the mission station the best boat boy and the best hunter could never be taught his twice times table. He tried, and tried hard, but somehow it did not appeal to him, and he would forget to-morrow all that he learned to-day. Another lad, of a rather similar type, by

sheer application and force of will learned his arithmetic tables, because he knew that otherwise he could not go up to the head mission station at Ubuya. In striking contrast to these was our native boy Pita Ludeba. He learned to read and write with remarkable quickness, and could commit to paper any song or legend told him by his elders. As we passed through a hamlet one day we heard a magic song of healing being chanted over a sick man inside a hut. Pita took a pencil and a scrap of paper, squatted underneath the hut, and wrote down the words as they issued from within. Subsequent inquiry showed his version to be remarkably correct. He had grasped the principle of simple phonetic spelling, and could translate into writing whatever he heard spoken.

The dress of the natives can hardly be termed elaborate. The men wear only a leaf between the legs, made by stitching together two or three widths of a certain flax; the ends are tucked into a belt of string or cane or plaited fibre. Nowadays the younger men usually manage to obtain a loin cloth of European manufacture, and sometimes a leather belt as well. The women have a skirt of split banana, coco-nut, or other leaves threaded together, which reaches from the waist to about the knees and is fastened by a twist of the cords on the right side. Three or four are worn on top of one another, and the upper ones removed when bathing or working in the gardens. Sometimes when it rains one is flung over the shoulders like a cape and a banana leaf is held over the head for an umbrella, for the native dislikes the feeling of the cold rain on the naked body or in the hair.

No one would be seen without the proper dress, even by a near relative of the same sex. Yet little children, both boys and girls, run naked about the hamlets up to the age of about three years. Ornaments worn in various places compensate to some extent for the meagreness of their attire. Both sexes wear armlets, leglets, and necklets of plaited fibre, necklaces of seeds or beads, wooden combs, earrings of coco-nut or turtle shell, and ear pendants of turtle shell and of the greatly prized red shell, *chama Pacifica*. In a few things

a distinction is made for sex and age. Pleated finger rings are restricted to marriageable youths and maidens. The more valuable articles, the yellow nose-bone ground out of the hinge of the giant clam, the red shell necklace with its boar's-tusk pendant, or its imitation in shell, the large white cone-shell armlets and the belt with red shell disks attached, these are practically confined to the men. The occasional plume of cassowary feathers that is met with in the hamlets comes from the mainland and, being comparatively scarce, is naturally confined to the men also. Peculiar to the women are the narrow armlets of coco-nut shell, the breast bands of pleated fibre, and the white shell nose-bones, which, unlike the men's, are always straight. The Bwaidoga women make special shell armlets about a quarter of an inch wide and trade them among their neighbours; these too are worn only by girls and women.

Tattooing was introduced quite recently from the natives of the south coast, but it is now extensively practised by the younger people of both sexes. The skin is pricked with a thorn, frequently one from an imported lime tree, and the juice of a leaf is rubbed into the wound; but if he can possibly secure them, a native prefers to use a European needle and lamp-black. The tattooing is usually done on the arms, the chest, or the cheeks, according to the person's fancy. A very common pattern, which is found also among the south coast natives on the mainland, resembles a starfish : other common patterns depict a snake, a canoe, or a flag. No significance attaches to any of these; they certainly have no connexion at all with totemism. The operation is performed without any ceremony, either by the patient himself or by a friend who receives a small payment for his trouble.

Painting has always been a favourite method of adornment, especially the painting of the face. There are no patterns peculiar to individuals, nor is any attempt made to emphasize the natural features in any way. Generally the colour is laid on in streaks, one streak, perhaps, down each cheek, another down the forehead, another on the chin, the finishing touch being given by a dab on the point of the nose. Three colours

A MUD BAY LAD ON THE BWAIDOGA MISSION STATION

Full-face

Profile

BWAIDOGA MAN

Full-face

Profile

are employed, a white obtained by mixing lime with coco-nut juice, a red from the turmeric that grows wild in the woods, and a black from charcoal also mixed with coco-nut juice. Black is the colour of mourning, when it is usually spread over the whole body, but occasionally over the face only. Homicides are said to have a special pattern which makes use of all three colours; a white line from the forehead over the nose and chin to the navel, a black from each zygomatic arch over the shoulder to the elbow, and a red which follows the line of the lower jaw. The war pattern is a white line drawn from the middle of the forehead over the chin and right down the front of the body till it passes between the legs and continues up the back.

CHAPTER V

LANGUAGE AND MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

THERE are several dialects spoken on Goodenough Island and on North Fergusson, no one of which differs very greatly from the rest. Most of our time was spent in Mud Bay, where the mission station is situated, so that we can conveniently take the dialect that is spoken there as the representative of them all. The missionaries call it Bwaidogan, though the district of Bwaidoga is really only a part of Mud Bay. The Wagifans speak this dialect with hardly a variation, and they are the greatest travellers in this part of the archipelago. Moreover, it is the official dialect of the mission, so that altogether it is more likely than any other native dialect to become the *lingua franca* of this region, just as Dobuan has already become the *lingua franca* in the southern half of the archipelago.

Bwaidogan is closely related to several surrounding languages in this end of Papua, especially to Dobuan and to Kiriwinian. It is softer and more musical than Dobuan, which in turn is softer than Kiriwinian, since the latter contains a great number of hard, consonantal sounds. Dobuan is characterized by a harsh epiglottal stop between many vowels, indicative of a lost *k*. In Bwaidogan the stop is missing, though it is found in several places on Goodenough and Fergusson, sometimes as a real epiglottal stop and sometimes as an aspirate. It robs those dialects of the smoothness and even flow which makes Bwaidogan so beautiful.

Both the vowel and consonantal sounds in Bwaidogan are extremely simple. The former can be passed over in this place, but the latter have some interesting features. The sound that is represented by *w*, except when used as a glide, is nearly always a labio-dental. *g* is usually spirantal, but at Wagifa a hard stopped *g* replaces the Bwaidogan *k* sound. In some cases the palatals show a tendency to disappear entirely,

especially when they occur between vowels or at the beginning of a word; thus the Bwaidogan *galueta* (dog) appears as *galuketa* behind Belebele, and as *anueta* at Nufwasa, while Bwaidogan *vagita* becomes *vaita* at Kwaiboga. An explosive *p* is extremely rare, while the sound represented by *f* is bilabial. In Mud Bay the initial *t* in the first person of certain words denoting relationship is always changed in ordinary speech to *k*, apparently from assimilation with the *k* in the suffix; but at Belebele a few miles away the *t* is always retained: thus *tamaku* (my father, from stem *tama*) becomes *kamaku* in Bwaidogan. More frequent, however, is the change from *t* to *s*, which may occur in any word apparently in songs, but is confined to a few names in everyday language. The hamlet *Sesetuna* in Kwaiaudili is often called *Teteuna*, and in a song half of the natives will be saying *natuku* (my child), and the other half *nasuku*. The interchange of *l*, *n*, and *r* in the D'Entrecasteaux is very interesting. Dobuan loves a well-trilled *r*, but does not reject either *l* or *n*. Bwaidogan rejects *r* but retains *l* and *n*, Kwaiboga in the north of Goodenough rejects both *r* and *l*, while Kukuya, midway between Dobu and Bwaidoga, also shows a preference for *n*, though not to the exclusion of the other two sounds. The introduced word for 'Christianity' admirably illustrates this change: at Dobu it is *tapwaroro*, at Kukuya *tapanono*, at Bwaidoga *tafalolo*, and at Kwaiboga *tafanono*.

In the rapid flow of conversation some syllables are strongly accentuated whilst others are slurred over. Consequently it is often difficult to discover the value of the unaccented vowels, and especially of the final vowel with which each word ends. Glide sounds *w* and *y* are frequently introduced in speaking. *Lugei* (two) usually drops the *g*, and has an intermediate sound between *luei* and *luwei*. Both *seana* (one) and *seyana*, *manuea* and *manuweya* are common, and the phrase *u elai* (you come) is invariably pronounced *uwelai*. The glide sound *y* appears to be lisped at times and to have a startling resemblance to our *th*. Some natives are more fond of introducing these sounds than others, and they certainly appear to be more frequent in Mud Bay than in any other part of Goodenough. The pre-

ference of the native for vowel sounds is especially noticeable in the exclamations and particles employed to fill up the pauses in speech ; they are generally either single vowels like *o* and *au*, or successions of vowels like *aiyo* and *iyoi*. In songs a final *o* or *io* is inserted or left out at will, and *kamakio* for *kamaku* (my father), *kawakio* for *kawaku* (my elder brother) are not uncommon terms of address in ordinary speech.

In speaking, the native follows the natural sequence of the thought. The cause comes before the effect, the ground before the consequence. As a result fewer connecting links are required and the sentences appear short and disjointed. There are no relative pronouns in the language, no subordinating conjunctions. Even co-ordinating words are few in number; besides *faina* and *mamauwe*, both of which mean 'therefore', there is only a conjunctive *ke*, a disjunctive *kai*, and an adversative *aku*. Caesar's 'Veni, vidi, vici' exactly represents the ordinary manner of speech of the Goodenough islander. Its simple directness does away with the need for many of our inflexions. There are no declensions or conjugations, no passive or middle voices, no distinction of gender or of case, no comparison of adjectives or of adverbs, and but two auxiliary verbs. The only exception to all this is a case-ending *ea*, which is used to indicate 'place whither' or 'place where', and occasionally the instrument; thus *melalea* (from *melala*), 'to (or in) a hamlet', and *guvasea*, 'with a fishing-net' (*guvata*). In one small class of words inflexion is used to indicate person and number. A pronominal suffix usually indicates the transitive verb, and the suffix *ga* the intransitive, but the bare uninflected form is frequently used. Strangest of all to European ears is the entire absence of the verb 'to be'. Time, past, present, and future, is marked imperfectly. The same particle (or auxiliary verb), coming between the pronominal subject and its predicate, expresses both the future indicative and the imperative, and past and present are often either not distinguished at all or only by the presence of an adverb like *bademowa* (finished), or *tuwaina* (a long time ago). Reduplication in verbs denotes continuous action and so is practically confined to present time. Often a repetition of the phrase

fulfils the same purpose, as when a native says 'he goes, he goes, he seeks, he seeks, again he returns' (*gi nau gi nau gi lele gi lele kadu gi yewa*).

Almost any word can be turned into a verb by the help of the prefixes *lu*, *ve*, and *eto*, and the suffix *ena*. Moreover, the language is not without the power of compounding words; in such cases, unlike many other languages, it places the qualifying word second; thus *manubogi* 'bird of night', i. e. the owl. In songs the native naturally uses these methods much more freely than in ordinary speech; in the songs, too, he can juggle with terminations and unaccented syllables in a most disconcerting manner. The number of verbs that have been formed from English words can be counted on one hand. Only one is at all common, *lokafuna*, which is the euphonious rendering of our 'lock-up'.

Nevertheless there are two great distinctions which reach to the very heart of the language. The first, the distinction of the three persons, is the same as with us, but with one important difference. Bwaidogan distinguishes between an inclusive and an exclusive first person plural, between a 'we' that includes the person addressed and a 'we' that leaves him out. The second great distinction reaches even deeper; it separates all phenomena into two divisions, the one of transferable, the other of non-transferable, things. It appears almost as a division into self and non-self, where self includes every part of the outward person as well as the movements of the mind within, together with its relations to other persons. The words which express this class of non-transferable things are inflected for number and person, whereas the rest never vary. Thus 'my foot' is *age-ku*, 'his desire' *nuanua-na*, and 'my friends' *tubwia-kweavo*; but 'my canoe' is *ya-ku waga*, and 'his spears' is *ya-na giyo* (lit. 'his property, spears'). The word *vavine* admirably illustrates this distinction; *vavine-ku* is 'my wife', but *ya-ku vavine* is 'the woman who waits on me', or 'the woman who cooks my food for me'. There are one or two exceptions, however, or what would appear so at first sight, for 'my food' is *a-ku-ga* and 'his food' *a-na-ga*. But even in such cases the exceptions are more apparent than real; the

native says *yaku nuakabubu*, 'my love'; but then he always associates this phrase with some outward expression of love like a present, that is to say, with a transferable thing. A parallel case is his expression for 'sympathy' or 'longing for someone', when he says, 'I weep for him' (*ga tagia faina*).

There are a good many abstract and general terms in the language, but compared with English this side of Bwaidogan is poorly developed. Yet this very poverty of abstract words, combined with the short, disjointed character of the sentences, and the use of the same form for past and present, imparts to the language a wonderful vividness and picturesqueness. Metaphors, and other figures of speech that are common with us, are rare in Bwaidogan. The effect of an occasional simile is tremendous, and the simplest irony becomes a powerful weapon of attack and defence. Proverbs and riddles are almost unknown. Sentences follow the sequence of the thought with the emphatic word first and the thing before its attribute. Questions are indicated by a few interrogative particles or more often by the mere tone of the voice. Continuous gestures clothe the words with form and colour so that a speaker unseen is a speaker only half understood. A frown will signify 'no', and a refusal is often conveyed by looking away. *Ika*, the word for 'yes', is used comparatively seldom, the mere raising of the eyebrows denoting assent. Many a native might be puzzled if required to express in the dark some number above ten, or even above five, for the numerals beyond four are seldom used in conversation. Yet any lad will count on his fingers and toes as far as you want him to go; for 'twenty-five' he will hold up two closed fists, then clasp the toes of his feet, and finally the toes on the foot of his neighbour.

There was no system of writing, not even picture-writing, whereby communication could be maintained over long distances of time or of space. The loud halloo echoing among the hills and over the water supplied the place of the telephone, while the telegraph found a substitute in the smoke-signal which was sent forth in a thick cloud from a beacon rock, then extinguished and again sent forth once more. It was thus that absent friends were notified of some untoward event at home

a death, or a quarrel, or it might be a visit from strangers. Two or three methods are used for keeping a tally of numbers. Just as our veteran counts his war medals, and the North American Indian his scalps, so the Goodenough islander in the more peaceful campaigns of love counts up his flirtations and cuts a notch for each conquest he has made. In the Mogova woods one day we found a stick scored with more than sixty notches, each marking a flirtation with a different 'foe'. In this instance there was nothing to indicate whether it was a youth or a maiden who had here been counting the battles, but in the hills behind Belebele a log that was similarly scored was known to record the exploits of a girl!

For keeping a tally of yams or taro, spines from coco-nut leaves are often bound in a bundle; but for everything else, for bananas and coco-nuts, for the days that must elapse till a friend returns, knots are tied in a piece of string. In sending a present of food to a friend the string with its knots corresponding to the number of yams will often be worked into the bottom of the basket so that it cannot be tampered with without unweaving the basket. One morning we sent a native to the mission station to bring us a surveyor's land chain that was enclosed in a rectangular cardboard box. A friend met him and asked him what he was carrying, and he told him the box contained rice; but when his friend begged him to give him a little, he answered, 'I can't. The missionary has put a knotted string inside'.

Owing to the impermanence of native tracks and the numerous side-tracks which branch off from them, a guide is practically indispensable when journeying from one place to another through the scrub or forest. The path you took to a hamlet three months ago may not exist to-day; the gardens, perhaps, were made in another place, or the old path has been tabooed by some one, so a new path was made elsewhere and the old one is overgrown and unrecognizable. Whenever a native in advance of his companions comes to a division in the track he lays a branch across the mouth of the path to be avoided, knowing well that those who follow in his footsteps will not fail to see his mark and understand its meaning.

Sometimes over the grave of a man of wealth and influence, two stones are set up, one at the foot and the other at the head, to keep his memory green amongst his people. No marks are placed on these stones, no alterations made in their shape, so that a few years later, when the death they signalize is forgotten, their record for lack of an interpreter becomes indecipherable.

CHAPTER VI

THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

THE basis of the whole social structure on Goodenough is the family, which consists, as with us, of a man, his wife, and their descendants. The son, as soon as he reaches manhood, seeks a wife in another hamlet and leads her away to his own; the daughter, with rare exceptions, removes to the hamlet of her husband. Each hamlet, therefore, consists of a number of families closely connected with one another by ties of kinship. One man, the recognized head of the related families, is likewise the head man, *kauvea*, of the hamlet. These families garden in the same place, hunt and fish together, participate in every rite and ceremony that affects one of their number, rejoice together in the common feast, and stand with united front against private and public foe. Sometimes an immigrant family takes up its abode amongst them, but it invariably connects itself by marriage as soon as possible. There are no restrictions limiting the hamlets from which a man may take a wife, but on the whole the tendency is for adjacent hamlets to intermarry, hamlets, that is, within the same district. Nevertheless, for as far back as any one remembers, the exceptions have been numerous, and the bond which at bottom unites the hamlets of a district is largely one of common interest, though it is always vastly strengthened by intermarriage and by the possession of a common dialect. There appears, indeed, to be no more reason why Bwaidoga and Ukuni for example, or Faiyavi and Wabaloe, should remain separate districts than for Victoria and New South Wales to remain separate states.

The structure of the family, however, is not quite the same as with us, though neither in the terms which denote relationship, nor in the inheritance of property, nor in the legends and folk tales handed down from past times, is there any trace

of a matrilineal system such as prevails in the Trobriands. Kinsfolk are grouped according to generations. Take an individual man as a starting-point and work outwards from him. His parents include his real parents together with all their brothers and sisters: every man amongst them he will call *kamaku* (my father) and every woman *inaku* (my mother). Their 'parents' again are his 'grandparents', and he will name each one *kubuku* (my grandparent) without distinction of sex. In ordinary life a man would meet but few of these, for many would be dead, especially if his direct grandfather were a younger son. All his mother's 'parents', too, would belong to a different hamlet, and his direct grandfather's sisters would have married abroad. Consequently grandparent comes to have often the same meaning as it has with us. Still more is this the case with the more remote ancestors: *gaiseku* always means the 'great-grandfather' in a direct line. *Miloku*, the word for 'my ancestor at least four times removed', is very seldom used in the singular, and many natives are ignorant of the exact meaning of the term. For ancestors generally they say *tubudeavo* (our grandfathers), or *gaisedeavo* (our great-grandfathers), more rarely *milodeavo* (our great-great-grandfathers).

Retracing your footsteps you find the same system ruling the converse relationships. My children (*natukuweavo*) include the children of all my brothers and sisters; my grandchildren (*kubukuweavo*) include their grandchildren, the same word, let it be noted, signifying both grandparent and grandchild. *Gaisekuweavo*, if it were ever used, would similarly have the same double meaning; but happy is the man, the natives think, who sees his grandchildren growing up around him; to expect to see his great-grandchildren as well is to desire more than his share of the good things of life. There is more variety in the terms applied to the kinsfolk of one's own generation, for two distinct systems of classification are in vogue, one based on sex, the other on age. By the former system a man calls his brother or male cousin *tubwiaku* (my brother or cousin), but a woman would call him *novuku*; his sister and female cousin he calls *novuku*, a woman *tubwiaku*;

between the same sex, that is to say, the term is *tubwiaku*, between opposite sexes *novuku*. But a man may follow the second system of nomenclature, that according to age; he will then call both his elder brother and his elder sister *karwaku*, and his younger brother and his younger sister *kaiku*. These terms in fact are almost invariably substituted for *tubwiaku*, though not for *novuku*. When applied to cousins their meaning is slightly different; *kaiku* is then the son (or daughter) of my father's (or mother's) younger brother (or sister), who may very well be older than myself. In such a case when greeting him *kusebo* (dear friend) is generally substituted for the term of relationship. In rare cases, where it is desired to distinguish a cousin from a brother or sister, the word *veveavalaku* is added to *novuku* or *tubwiaku* to denote the cousin; more usually, however, the speaker will say 'his father is my father's younger (or older) brother' (*tamana kamaku taina* or *tawagana*). But this is seldom necessary, and the word *veveavalaku* is not often heard.

Relationships by marriage follow along the same general lines. In speaking to a brother-in-law a man addresses him as *wainaku*, a woman says *lomoiyaku*; to a sister-in-law the man says *lomoiyaku*, the woman, not *wainaku*, but *givaku*. Even a brother-in-law's wife or a sister-in-law's husband has a special term *moluku*. One word is used for all our other '-in-law' relationships; father-, son-, mother-, daughter-in-law, all alike are addressed by both sexes as *lawaku*. Nephews and nieces of wife or husband, and reciprocally husbands and wives of true aunts and uncles, are all put into the same category, the term of address towards any one of them being *wagaku*. *Wagaku* is also the word used in polygamous marriage by one wife towards the other wife's child, and reciprocally by the child to his father's other wife, while the wives address each other as *vogalaku*. All relatives, whether by blood or marriage, are included under the one title *makakaukuga*.

It will have been noticed that the terms of address frequently coincide with the terms of relationship. But this is not always the case. A man is hardly likely to stop and consider whether

the person to whom he is talking is his eldest brother's son or his wife's sister's husband or what the precise relationship may be. In such cases it is much easier to use a general term, *kubuku*, for a very old or a very young person who might, as far as age went, be the speaker's grandparent or grandchild, *kamaku* or *natuku* for one separated by a lesser interval of years, and *kusebo* or *tubwiaku* for a contemporary. *Tubwiaku* in such cases generally, and *kusebo* invariably, imply an intimate friendship established by the eating of food together, a right to examine each other's basket and help oneself to the betel-nut or tobacco it may contain, and an obligation to stand by each other in time of need. *Tubwiaku* differs from *kusebo* inasmuch as it can be applied only to some one of the same sex, whereas *kusebo* is used independently of sex.

There are one or two other terms which require mention. Husband is *moganeke* ('my husband', for words denoting relationship are never used in their simple form), wife *vavineke*. Special words, corresponding to the French *ainé* and *cadet*, are used to indicate priority of birth; the eldest son is *tomweinagona*, the eldest daughter *ineinagona*; younger children of either sex are *kwamanea*.

Upon this system of consanguinity depend the marriage regulations. Within the kin marriage is strictly forbidden, and the prohibition extends to our 'in-law' relations. Outside these limits there are no restrictions whatever, and a man may take his bride from anywhere. It is quite a usual thing for a brother and a sister of one family to marry a sister and a brother of another. Adopted children are outside the family, so that a man may marry the daughter of his adopted father if there is no tie of kinship between them. Children captured in war and attached to the head man of the village ranked as his adopted children. Sometimes after they grew to manhood they returned to their old hamlets, sometimes they married into the hamlets of their captors and settled there permanently. Slavery in any shape or form is unknown; between friend and foe there is no intermediate status.

Totemism, if such a term is applicable here, is an institution altogether apart. The totems are inherited taboos of a certain

kind which affect all the kin, causing them to abstain from eating certain articles of food. The children inherit them from the father, in a few cases from the mother as well; but generally the mother's totem is disregarded by her children, and never, at the present day at least, descends to her grandchildren. Since most if not all of the inhabitants of a hamlet are connected by kinship, and have in consequence inherited the same totems, one may speak of a hamlet as having a certain totem or totems of its own: Ubulea, for example, in Kabuna has the bird *giviawagigiya*. Other natives, however, living in the same hamlet, but either not related at all to the rest or related only by marriage, have their own peculiar totems, so that in one and the same hamlet there may coexist two or even more totemic groups. Thus in Mitaita some of the inhabitants of Ulululu recognize a species of grasshopper (*vagita*) as their totem, the rest the dog (*koko*). It is seldom possible in such cases to discover which group was earliest on the spot, for history amongst these people is short-lived, and an event of twenty years back is almost outside the range of memory.

The origin of the totems is of course far beyond their ken, shrouded in the mists of the past. Their ancestors in the youth of the world came up out of the ground at Gauyaba, in the centre of the island. It was they who imposed the taboos, for a reason known to themselves alone. One man conjectured that their spirits passed at death into their totems, and hence the totem has received the name of 'grandparent' (*kubuku*); but others emphatically denied this doctrine. The word *talagi* for totem is as common as *kubuku*; so too is *tabu*, whether it be an introduced word or not. But whatever be the mystic bond which unites the native with his totem, there are, or were, very material penalties for any infringement of it. Eyes and cheeks will swell, the hair will drop out, ulcerous sores will cover the body of the man who dares to kill or eat it. Death will follow quickly unless for three days, morning, noon, and night, he washes in the sea, and three times during the hours of darkness inside his hut. Kinsmen dare not go near him, but friends whose totems are different must take care of him; thus only is there any hope of his recovery.

Even if, wandering in the woods, a man should set his foot on his dead totem, his foot will be covered with ulcers; or should it be cooked and eaten in his village by another native, he will die, and the native who cooked it must pay the blood-price to his relatives. Some, when they see their totem lying dead in the track, make a wide *détour* to avoid it, others flee, and pay a friend of another totem to go and bury it. There is no connexion between totemism and the rules regulating marriage: on this point the natives were emphatic. Persons whose totems are the same can marry, and have done so in two cases with which we are familiar. It is not common, because marriage cannot occur within the kin, and neighbours who have the same totem are usually connected in some way by kinship.

This last statement needs some qualification, however, for it would seem that in certain cases the totem can be bestowed on some one outside the kin. Full and exact information is lacking on this point, but the following incident came under our notice. The wife of a certain Mud Bay native named Wailuga wished to leave him for Tomowaiboda, a native of Inafani on the hill above. Wailuga said to her, 'Very well, you may go; but I shall utter the name of my *talagi*'. The woman persisted, so he uttered the name of his *talagi*, which meant that he had passed it on to her, so that she was for ever prohibited from returning as his wife again.

There is some evidence, however, that the institution of totemism no longer possesses its original strength and vigour. Around Mud Bay it is of course discouraged by the mission wherever it is found to be inimical to the people's best interests; but signs are not wanting that it was already on the decline before ever the mission was established. Natives have several times given confused answers about their totems, not from any wish to conceal the truth but because their own ideas on the subject were confused. Some Wifala men included the drum among their totems, some Mialaba people the lime gourd, because their use in dancing was forbidden in their hamlets; they did not distinguish, that is to say, an ordinary taboo from the totem. Again, natives do not all attach the same impor-

tance to their totems ; in Mud Bay many have no scruples about eating them. This might be attributed to the influence of the mission were it not that similar cases are known from other places which the mission has not reached. Often there is a clear attempt to shirk the inconvenience of the system without abolishing it altogether. Thus the *baima* tuber is frequently rooted out of the garden by its totemites, and the white cockatoo killed for its feathers, although in neither case do the natives dare to eat them. In several places the people said they had no totems, nor, so far as they could remember, had their ancestors ; while two or three natives said that their parents had totems, but they themselves had none, nor did they object to eating their parents' totems. The natives never use their totems as crests or heraldic devices, and never, so far as we know, represent them on any work of art.

The totem may be a bird, a fish, an animal, or a plant. Some Wailaka people gave even a rock as their totem, and some Waibulans the Pleiades and Venus (or possibly Sirius) ; but these should be considered doubtful. It is probable that they are taboos of another kind, in the case of the Pleiades and Venus possibly a taboo on the names. The prohibitions attached to the totem seem invariably to refer to the eating of it, or, in the case of the plants, to their use as flavourings with food. All the plant totems, as far as we know, can be and are so used by other natives with different totems, and all the birds and fish and animals are eaten. This is all the more strange because at Kiriwina, in the Trobriands, the totems are said to be quite different. There marriage within the totem is forbidden, although stray cases were known in the old days, regarded much as we should regard a brother and sister marriage ; the father's totems may not be eaten there, although the mother's, which alone the man inherits, may be eaten freely. The so-called link-totems are unknown on Goodenough. The totem of a family may be a bird, a fish, a plant, or an animal, one or all of these, or several of any one ; in fact any combination of them at all, with no apparent system. Bird totems slightly preponderate, as will be seen from the table of hamlets and their totems in the appendix.

One or two taboos present at first sight some resemblance to totemism. In Mud Bay unmarried youths and maidens may not eat fish or kangaroo, because these are believed to make the breath foul and the opposite sex would naturally object. The prohibition is of course continually broken, being more a rule of manners than of morals; it is only discovery that has to be carefully guarded against, not the breach of etiquette itself. As a matter of fact these taboos do not apply to other places. At Belebele the flesh of kangaroo must be eaten before either youth or maid is eligible for marriage, and at Kukuya it is the coco-nut, not fish, that is forbidden. Of more force is the taboo on snakes, not so much a taboo indeed as an instinctive horror and loathing such as an English lady feels towards a mouse. Not all natives are thus affected; in the same family one may flee at the very sight of a snake, and another experience no fear whatever. You find the same all over the D'Entrecasteaux and in the Trobriands. On Goodenough there seems to be no trace of any belief in an indwelling spirit. If a snake appears in the house, as sometimes happens, they desert the house until it goes away, or some fearless friend drives it out for them. Many of the hill natives eat snakes. We met a party in the woods one day who were returning from a hunt: their 'bag' consisted of three cuscus and two snakes, one about eight feet long and the other perhaps sixteen feet. The latter was not quite dead, but was held round the neck in the fork of a stout pole split at one end. Other natives apply to snake-eaters the approving term *manibush* (e.g. 'man in the bush', 'sauvage'). Some Wagifans refused to eat a large kite one day because it feeds on snakes; it was an unclean bird, they said, a *manugokoiyona*; yet they did not mind touching it with their hands. It is very hard to account for this horror of snakes, for large specimens are rarely seen and none are particularly dangerous.

Property amongst these natives may be divided into inalienable property or heirlooms and transferable estate. The latter comprises anything that a man has obtained by the labour of his hands, from the canoe, the drum, the nose-bone, and the armlets, all of which he shapes himself from the raw material,

A KABUNA YOUTH, MUD BAY

THE HEAD MAN OF LAFWALAFWA
HAMLET IN KUKUYA

A WAGIFAN (ON LEFT) AND HIS FULUFULULUYA FRIEND

to the yams, the coco-nuts, and the bananas which the bountiful earth produces for his benefit. All these he may exchange or sell or give away, just as he pleases. But the large white armshells, the red shell belt, the boar's-tusk pendant, sometimes too the nose-bone, the drum, and the built-up canoe, are family heirlooms inheritable by each male member in succession. They constitute the inalienable portion of the estate, and are merely held in trust by one for the benefit of them all. Other things a man may inherit are spears, nets, clubs, lime gourds, axes, and the sundry other articles which make up a native's wealth. These as a rule are easily replaceable, and consequently held in less esteem, so that little hesitation is felt about disposing of them. But great is the indignation of his kinsmen if a man through fear or greed transfers irrevocably a family drum or armshell to a trader or curio-seeker. It is true that they are frequently used in barter amongst themselves: the Bwaidogans for instance purchase pots with them from the Amphlett Islanders at Budakaila on North Fergusson. But they are only given as securities for a future payment, and must be returned as soon as that payment is made. There is only one exception to this; when the entire family consents to the payment of a cone-shell armlet in compensation for an offence or as the price of a bride.

Land again is not the property of the individual, nor, strictly speaking, of the family, but of the whole hamlet. Even this, however, is hardly a complete statement, for though the hamlet, whether it comprises one family group or two or three, has reserved to itself an area of land which it can cultivate from year to year, yet it cannot alienate this land without the consent of the entire district. Of course such transference of land is extremely rare, and where hamlets are so loosely united land titles are bound to be theoretically ill defined; but there is no doubt that the whole district would claim a voice in the matter. Within the territory belonging to each district certain divisions are recognized as the garden lands of the individual hamlets. The whole of a division is not put under cultivation in any one year, for the soil would soon become exhausted; besides, the requirements of the hamlet

do not necessitate the working of more than a portion of it at any one time. At intervals of every two years or so the hamlet decides in a general council to change the tract under cultivation and take up a new one, still keeping, of course, within its proper division. The task of dividing up the new tract into individual plots is usually entrusted to the head man, if he be not too old. Occasionally, however, some other influential man is appointed, and there is a natural tendency for the same man to hold the position from one year to another. Often the hamlets work together; when Wifala decides to change its garden site Nikoko does the same, and the two unite in holding a small preliminary feast; after this, however, they keep apart. Each clears its land at its own time, the leader first cutting a strip along each frontage and tying a piece of string to a tree or stick as a sign of ownership; this at least is the custom in Mud Bay. Individual plots within this area are marked off with poles along which taro is planted. Three or four years later they may possibly return to this site, when each will resume as far as possible the plot that he now possesses. Practically, therefore, the system of land tenure amounts to this, that within an area belonging to the district as a whole each hamlet holds a tract in usufruct, the various portions of which are cultivated in turn. The non-cultivated tracts are retained by the district, and over it all may range in search of fish or game or fruit. Each hamlet, however, tends to restrict itself to the part nearest to its own garden tract, since thereby it avoids all occasion for jealousy and quarrelling with its neighbours.

Property, whether personal or real, except of course the land, descends in the first instance to the eldest son. He retains possession of it for a time, then hands on the more valuable—the inalienable—portion to his younger brother, and he in turn to the third son; finally it reverts to the son of the eldest brother and the process is repeated. But the rule is not invariable; a man may be passed over for some reason or other, if for example he suffers from epileptic fits; or a younger son may receive them before an elder brother if he should marry first or the elder brother be away. The system is

very elastic; but it is felt that each should have the honour of guarding for a time the family heirlooms, and the most convenient method of accomplishing this is for each to take charge of them in turn according to seniority of age. At any time a member of the family may borrow them for a special occasion such as a dance or an expedition, any disputes that may arise being settled in a family conclave. Wherever there is no son old enough to take charge of them, the father's brother or a near kinsman in the village assumes the guardianship, but transfers the property to the son as soon as he reaches manhood. It is the duty of the kinsmen to help and protect one another, so such a service is not rewarded by any payment.

The daughters inherit nothing from their fathers, but it is usual for the brothers to give their sisters two or three coco-nut trees. They inherit, however, their mother's ornaments and fruit-trees, which are handed down from one to the other in the same way as the men's property, more irregularly, however, because what they inherit is usually of little value. In fact the men frequently say that the women have no property, for the shell knives, the straight white nose-bone, the narrow shell and coco-nut-shell armlets peculiar to the women are disregarded as worthless. Brothers provide for their unmarried sisters, and even after they are married retain a kind of guardianship over them, so that a woman who is ill-treated or deserted by her husband always returns to live with her father and her brothers.

There is one other kind of property, a thing at least that can be bought and sold. The man who knows a ceremony and incantation for raising the wind, or for making the yams grow big and thick, or the wild pig entangle itself in the net, occupies a very important place in the life of his district. Any one may set up his name-plate and advertise his special department. Success is the only qualification that is required, and savant and impostor alike must undergo this test of efficiency. Let success attend a man's first efforts and his reputation is made; the district retains his services, and though no fixed stipend attaches to the post, a payment is usually made every time he

is called upon, whether in a public or a private cause. From generation to generation the ceremony and song are handed down, the eldest son as a rule succeeding to his father's practice. Frequently, however, a stranger from another part of the island will come and purchase them, together with any article that may be used in conjunction with them. Thus, according to one account, Tomeawala, Inafani's head man, secured the sacred pot and its ceremonious ritual with which he ruled the sunshine and the rain and levied tribute on all the surrounding districts. Naialena, the head man of Vakoiya, obtained his yam incantation from his father in a dream, but more patriotic than most professional magicians, he placed his services free of charge at the disposal of his people.

There are various ways of denoting ownership, some of which have a magical sanction attached to them. It was pointed out above that individual plots of land are separated from one another by poles, so that the field under culture has from a distance something of the appearance of an ill-constructed chess-board. Taro is frequently planted along the border thus marked off, so that when the ground is concealed beneath the flourishing leaves and trailers of the yams, the taro, growing coincidently, clearly indicates the original boundaries. Stones are sometimes used in the same way in the banana plantations, and woe betide the man who removes his neighbour's land-mark. Many other trees, especially the bread-fruit, and the coco-nut and betel-nut palms, are protected by taboos. You find a coco-nut palm leaf tied round the trunk or laid at the foot of the tree, or a leafy streamer waving from it, or perhaps a brake of leaves or grass encircling it, like those which mark off fishing-claims. Emaciation is the penalty for the infringement of this taboo, and the whole hamlet will point the finger of reproach at the delinquent; his only cure is to bathe frequently in salt water. Sometimes a native will expectorate on his trees, making his saliva red by chewing betel-nut; then bloody pustules will form all over the body, and especially on the face and head of any one who breaks the taboo. He may even die in

consequence, though there is a specific water treatment for his complaint which will be described in another chapter.

There are other taboos which can be laid on property, with different punishments for the infringement of each one. An eruption of sores is the commonest penalty entailed. Curiously enough, however, boils which appear at the time of the yam harvest are not considered a punishment for taboo-breaking, but as occasioned by the yams themselves. The larger the boil with which a man is afflicted, the larger will be the yams that he is about to harvest.

CHAPTER VII

LAW AND JUSTICE

DESPITE all their taboos, the natives have never been inspired with a faith strong enough to make them keep the law and respect their neighbours' property, especially their fruit-trees and their betel-nut. No doubt the trees of a man famed for his skill in magic would be properly respected, but the average native requires a further safeguard. There is no central authority to take cognisance of offences, no all-powerful chief to sit in judgement. The *kauvea* or head man of a hamlet has only the influence which a man of years and experience is sure to command everywhere, but of actual recognized authority over his people he has none. It is not he who decides the disputes and quarrels but the rival parties themselves, aided at times by mediating friends; and only the fear of social ostracism compels compliance with the general will. Usually, therefore, the owner is forced to take the law into his own hands and inflict a summary vengeance on the thief. Robbing the gardens is one of the gravest offences in a land where nature is sometimes niggard of her bounty and man must work unceasingly to gain a livelihood. The thief, when caught, is liable to be clubbed to death on the spot by the irate owner, a fate which is said quite recently to have befallen the Wagifan vagrant Sakowa. The much-vexed Kalokalo folk have killed more than one Mud Bay native whom they caught at their betel-trees. The friends of the thief will seldom interfere—they are too ashamed. If the owner is not a man of choleric disposition he may let the thief off with a severe beating and the promise of a heavy indemnity; the offender's relatives will ensure payment, even though they have to contribute to the price themselves. It is not always, of course, that the thief is caught; not infrequently he makes his escape, though seen and recognized, and if he can persuade his kinsmen to support him, he may even defy the offended owner and his friends when

they come with spears to demand compensation. But the risk may be too great, the kinsmen may refuse to back him up, and the man be forced to compound on the best terms he can obtain.

But what is the owner to do when he finds his garden robbed and no trace of the thief himself can be discovered? Well, he may call in a magician, the *toenomadu* (lit. 'the runner-about while asleep'). But this man cannot begin at once; he must undergo a period of preparation that may last several days. During this time he must avoid everything that is cold; he cannot bathe in the sea or a spring, for example, and all his food must be served upsteaming hot; bananas he must not touch at all. After this is over he will take a leaf of the tree called *tutumuna*, warm it over the fire, and stroke all his body with it until it has attained the necessary heat; then he will lie down and go to sleep. There as he lies his spirit issues from him and wanders about unseen until it finds the stolen goods, which it will bring back and lay beside the magician's body before it re-enters. On no account must the man be wakened before the articles are seen beside him, for then his spirit will not be able to return. Even if they never appear at all he must be allowed to waken of himself, though then the people will laugh at him as a mere charlatan. But if he should discover the thief it is quite idle for the man to deny his guilt; was it not his house in which the goods were discovered? His protestations are useless, and all that he can do is to compound with a fine, while the successful magician receives a small payment in the usual articles of native wealth.

Sometimes the victim acts for himself and lays a trap for the thief. Bunyan, a native of Kabuna, set a number of small spikes among his yams, which he removed at the harvest. Two, however, escaped his notice, and his wife stepped on them, with the result that she was crippled for several weeks after. Tadobuya, the head man of Kimokimoia, had another method for discovering a thief. He would take one of the large white cyporea shells with which the canoes are ornamented, and holding it on edge inside a bowl would call over the names of all the inhabitants of the suspected hamlet. Again and again the shell would fall, but at the thief's name it remained

upright. The result was made known to his friends, who would take their spears and go off to find the culprit. No denial was accepted; fighting began at once unless compensation was immediately forthcoming.

Occasionally food is pilfered within the hamlet itself out of the net bag, the *waliava*, in which small quantities of food are often carried home from the gardens. Some of the old men know a cat's-cradle figure and its song by means of which they can discover the name of the thief, and their friends apply to them. But sometimes a more ethical punishment is inflicted. Josua, the peace-loving policeman of Bwaidoga, discovered that some one had stolen a bunch of his bananas. He cut down the mutilated trunk and set it up close to the hut of the man whom he suspected of the crime. The whole hamlet felt the disgrace keenly, and a great outcry was raised in consequence. Another native, similarly provoked, but not knowing on whom to fasten the guilt, set up his banana stump on a small promontory which every canoe would have to pass on its way to and from the gardens. He knew that the thief would see it and be overwhelmed with shame, and with this punishment he was satisfied.

Other offences are dealt with in the same way. Every man must stand up for himself and enlist the support of his friends. A Mogova native named Sali built a canoe for himself with the help of a few friends; amongst these was a Gelesea man who assisted in the caulking. A few weeks later the canoe suddenly disappeared, and it was discovered that the Gelesea man had taken it to journey round the island with some of his kinsmen. The voyage lasted about a fortnight, but when it was almost completed a contrary wind blocked them 'at Nuatutu, so they left the canoe on the beach and returned to their homes by land, a distance of about five miles. Sali, backed up by his friends, demanded compensation, asserting that the canoe had been deliberately stolen. The Gelesea man, on the other hand, claimed that he had only borrowed it, which he had a perfect right to do even without Sali's knowledge, because he had helped in the caulking of it. High words passed between the two parties, but finally the affair was settled by a small

payment. Another curious dispute took place in Waikiwai concerning the ownership of a bread-fruit tree. It stood opposite the house of a man named Makiniyo, who claimed it, partly on that ground, partly because he had looked after it as it was growing up; moreover for three years previously he had enjoyed its fruit and nothing had been said. On the other hand, Filiwai pointed out that it had sprung from the root of one of his trees and therefore belonged to him; also that Makiniyo had not erected his house in that spot until after the tree had sprung up, and the other natives had told him when he was building the hut that he would one day want to claim the tree. Instances are not rare where a man enjoys the fruits of his neighbour's tree; the native custom ordains that he may do so for two years, but at the end of the second year its owner may cut it down if he so wish. This tree had been spared for some reason or other. Now, however, food was scarce in the hamlet and Filiwai naturally wanted to have the bread-fruit from his own tree. Makiniyo raised an outcry, so Filiwai took an axe and threatened to cut it down, as he was quite entitled to do. In the end, through the good offices of the missionary, an agreement was reached whereby Makiniyo should have the fruit that year but should relinquish all claim to the tree thereafter.

Compensation is allowed even in the case of serious offences, such as murder and rape. Lovagi of Kimokimoiyo killed his wife during a family squabble; his compensation consisted of two large cone-shell armlets, a boar's-tusk pendant, a red shell belt, a bundle of spears, two large scrub knives, a pudding stick, and a number of pots, coco-nut cups, and water-bottles. Besides all these he had to provide for the feast of propitiation ten baskets of yams, ten baskets of taro, and a large number of coco-nuts and bananas. His pig at the time was very small, so they agreed that he should give another feast as soon as it was large enough to kill, and that this should complete the payment. Of course the man alone could never provide all this, but his kinsmen all contributed to make up the amount.

This was the penalty for the murder of a wife; it was paid to her kinsfolk, who divided it up amongst themselves by

mutual agreement. If the victim had been a kinsman the persons who should pay the blood-price would likewise be the recipients of it; consequently no payment is possible in these circumstances. But the murderer would be shunned for a time by the rest of the hamlet and would probably shut himself up in his house for several days. To show his remorse he would put on mourning and gather food for a funeral feast; but since the kinsmen could not participate in this feast, even if they wished, without violating the restrictions of mourning, the food would be given to the surrounding hamlets.

Adultery and rape stood on the same footing as murder. Kabudowa, of Wabaloe, forced a Mitaita widow, and for some days the men of Mitaita hesitated whether they should take their spears and attack Kabudowa in his own hamlet, or should wait until a Government magistrate called in during his tour of inspection and lay the case before him. Finally they decided to wait, being partly reconciled to this course by the woman re-marrying. No one knew, however, when the magistrate would appear, since nothing had been heard of him for nearly two months, and frequently six and even ten months had elapsed without his putting in an appearance. Kabudowa again broke out a few weeks after his first offence, and by the threat of sorcery forced a Faiyavi woman to let him spend the night with her in her hut. The Faiyavi men, some adorned with the war paint, set out, spear in hand, to demand compensation. Fortunately we met them on the path and induced them to leave their spears behind. An angry altercation took place in Kabudowa's hamlet, but no fighting. The magistrate arrived about a month later, but Kabudowa fled to North Fergusson and escaped his clutches; however, the district was left in peace for a time.

Sorcery is another frequent source of trouble. An elderly man at Kwaiboga, who had taken to himself a young wife, accused another man in the same hamlet of trying to win her affections by means of magic. The accused indignantly denied the charge, and struck the husband a violent blow on the head. This was a comparatively trivial affair, which was settled peacefully by a small payment and the customary feast. When

a man dies, however, his death is nearly always attributed to sorcery. At Afufuya, in the mountains behind Belebele, a native had died two days before we visited the hamlet. The symptoms, as far as we could learn, indicated dysentery, which was rather prevalent at the time throughout this region. But the Afufuya people believed that two men from the neighbouring district of Dududu had cut a cross in the track with the point of a knife and chanted a magic song over it. The deceased had trodden on this place, and fallen sick and died. It constituted a legitimate ground for hostilities, and two weeks later the two districts were at war.

The detected sorcerer, like the murderer, is usually allowed to compound for his offence by paying a heavy fine to the aggrieved kinsmen, in pots, armshells, and other native wealth. Trouble arose in Kalokalo recently through the action of the Yamaleli policeman in enforcing a fine of this nature. His father-in-law, who lived at Kalokalo, suddenly died, stating on his death-bed that he had been bewitched. The policeman immediately accused the kinsmen of the crime, and with some Kukuya friends sailed up to Kalokalo and carried off their pots and betel-nuts.

It is evident therefore that the usual penalty for an offence is the payment of a heavy fine. Club law is only resorted to when the evil-doers refuse to compound and the aggrieved party considers itself the stronger. A man who carries off another's wife may be allowed to retain her peaceably if the husband is not strong enough to take vengeance. Shame would probably induce the abductor to pay some compensation, and his kinsmen would certainly feel disgraced if he did not; for the moral sense is strongly developed in these natives, and the disapproval of the kin generally forces the wrongdoer to submit to the penalty of the law. Even non-human things which have been accessory to a death are often punished. In Mitaita a man was badly injured through falling out of a coco-nut palm, and the natives were waiting to see whether he would die or not before chopping down the tree. Near Wagifa, too, there was a palm in which deep notches had been scored because a man had once fallen from it and sustained

serious injury ; had he died the tree would have been cut down altogether.

A fairly sharp distinction is made between the public and the private foe, the *hostis* and the *inimicus*. Within the district, often too within a number of districts, especially those which adjoin one another, quarrels were settled by the system of compensation or placation, and the normal relations were of the most peaceful and friendly character. But the public enemy had no rights ; he could be put to death at sight with impunity. The coast districts of Goodenough rarely, if ever, waged war with one another, however often Wagifa might quarrel with Inafani or Bwaidoga with Belebele. The Ukuni people many years ago were attacked and plundered by Kabuna and Bwaidoga, and a short time afterwards all three districts united in driving back the Mogova natives and stripping their gardens. But this was at a time when a dreadful famine ravaged the land and men were stealing each other's children for food. The Kalokalo people too have killed many Mud Bay natives who were caught robbing their betel-palms. But in none of these cases were the victims ever eaten, save during the famine above mentioned ; they were handed over to their kinsfolk for burial, and the quarrel was readily settled by each side partaking of a little food in the other's hamlet. Life on the whole was fairly peaceful ; there were no incessant raiding expeditions like those the Dobuans used to send forth. The only enemies that the Wagifans had on Goodenough were the hill people in the centre of the island, and with these they rarely came into contact. The Bwaidogans had the same enemies, but also the inhabitants of Mitaita and Wailaka. On Fergusson Island the Kukuyans and the people in the hills behind Seymour Bay were hostile for a short period to all the Mud Bay natives, including the Wagifans. All south of this again was hostile territory, where the Dobuans were the predominating power ; their raiding parties scoured the coast and took back victims for the cannibal feasts. Years ago in the north of Goodenough there must have been fighting between the Mitaita and the Waibula natives, both dwellers in the hills, for at the side of the track that leads to the

Waibula settlements there are six large stones, set there to warn passers-by of the fate of six Mitaita men who were killed and eaten about that time.

Dobu never made a truce with the Goodenough natives; but Mitaita and Kukuya concluded a formal peace with the Mud Bay natives a few years ago, when the influence of both the Government and the mission first began to make itself felt. Recently a new canoe manned by Dobuan mission students visited Dawson Straits, and received a present of food from their old-time enemies the Wagifans; now the latter are entitled to a similar present whenever they visit Dobu. Thus of their own free will the natives have established peace amongst themselves in accordance with their old traditions, quite apart from the Government, which naturally put an end long since to Dobuan raids.

The ceremonies connected with warfare varied in different districts, and even in the same district on different occasions. Fighting always took place on land, never in canoes. Whenever the Mud Bay natives projected an attack on Kukuya one or more canoes, the foremost flying a leafy streamer like a broad pennant, usually crossed the straits by night and waited for dawn in some sheltered creek. Throughout the darkness the men sat close together in a circle, singing in low muffled tones a song of war, the *boda*. By some mysterious means it was revealed to the leader during the singing whether the enemy were near at hand, and such a revelation, the natives say, never once proved false. The tune of the *boda* was always the same, but every leader had his separate words. Some sang to the *manubutu* (the white-headed osprey?), because that bird's sharp talons never lose their grip, and the singers would acquire the same good quality in the fighting. The Wagifans had a different custom; with them only the leader sang the *boda*, sitting alone in his hamlet, while all the warriors in full war paint remained in a wood hard by. After sunset no food was eaten until the fight was over; he who infringed this rule would inevitably be speared in the coming conflict. But they chewed the roots of the ginger and of a plant called *karu* to blow in the face of the enemy and stagger his sight and weaken

his knees. So the night was passed. At the first streak of dawn, spear in hand and the war-cry quivering on their lips, the warriors lined the path on either side, ready to spring out on the first unfortunate native who issued from the hamlet. On rare occasions they rushed the hamlet itself, hoping to spear its inhabitants before they could reach the jungle; then, rapidly securing the prisoners and the slain, and gathering together such booty as they could lay their hands on, they beat a hasty retreat to their canoes and paddled away before the enemy could collect his forces and attempt a rescue.

Meanwhile in the hamlets of the departed warriors the natives lay down to sleep as usual. At the first signs of dawn, just when their kinsmen should be going forth to find the foe, the old men gathered together and chanted a war-song too—the *lulunibogana*—to keep up the warriors' courage; no little would it aid them in the coming fight. The women sat about in groups, anxiously discussing the prospects of a victory. As the sun rose above the horizon and mounted higher and higher in the sky, some climbed the tree-tops, others ascended the slopes of the hills, and gazed out over the strait for the first signs of the returning canoes; then when they saw them rapidly approaching and heard the beating of the drums and the booming of the conch-shells that announced the victory, they quickly descended to their hamlets, ate a hasty meal, bathed and adorned themselves, and waited on the shore for the warriors to land. Meanwhile the latter put in to some quiet cove and decked themselves out for their reception. Conspicuous among them was the man who had been fortunate enough to slay an enemy in the battle; his face was streaked with the glaring lines in black, white, and red which none but he was entitled to wear. Amidst the wildest uproar they dashed up to the beach where the women and the children stood waiting for them. The slain were taken from the canoes, their own to be mourned and buried, the enemy's to be roasted and eaten. Often the kinsmen of a man who had been slain on this or a former expedition would approach the victors and try to purchase a captive, or at least an enemy's corpse, on which to wreak their vengeance.

It is hard to reconstruct, even from the descriptions of eye-witnesses, a clear account of any of the many skirmishes which took place but a few short years ago. Some interesting details were given of the fighting with Mitaita. On the stone platform at Ubulea in Kabuna there still grows an ancient croton tree which is endued with magic properties. The Wifala people requested a shoot from it and planted it near their own platform, together with another magic shrub called *walafai*. The new croton that sprang up had such wondrous power that a woman who merely touched it immediately became demented. The natives therefore have always regarded it as a precious amulet, and used to fix it in their armlets and against their knees when going forth to fight. It dazed their senses, as they said, so that they could not distinguish friend from foe, and their courage never failed them. It was late one evening when these two shrubs were planted, and all that night the Wifala natives sat round them, singing their *boda* or war-song. Early the next morning they bathed, then crossed the bay in their canoes. The Faiyavi natives joined them, and together they climbed the hills to the Mitaita and Wailaka hamlets. Their attack was completely successful, and several prisoners were carried home and eaten.

Four encounters with Dobu were remembered, one with great distinctness. The first took place before 1890, for there was no mission yet at Dobu and the natives had no iron. The Dobuans, who were out in three canoes on one of their usual raids, found some Bwaidogan canoes drawn up on the beach at Kalokalo; the crews had gone up into the hills to purchase betel-nut, leaving only three men to watch the boats. One of the three was killed and carried off, the others fled and raised the alarm. The Dobuans, however, continued unmolested on their way, and skirting along the eastern shore of Fergusson Island, reached their home in safety. Time perhaps has softened the blow to the Bwaidogans, for another version sets their loss at five, which would mean a serious disaster.

Two expeditions were sent against Dobu in revenge for this attack, manned by natives from Mud Bay, Wagifa, and Kukuya. Both sailed along the coast as far as Nadi, then in the darkness

of night crossed the strait to Bwaioa, opposite the island of Dobu itself. On neither occasion was their approach unnoticed, but the Dobuans paddled out to meet them. All the canoes were turned in to the beach and the battles fought on shore. The Dobuans won in both engagements; in the first one Wagifan was killed and no Dobuan, in the second there were no serious casualties on either side. Some time afterwards the Dobuans, armed with long machetes, sailed down in five canoes to the north end of Goodenough, hoping to find some of the Kwaiboga or Vatalumi natives fishing on their reefs. They, however, had received warning, and did not venture out, so the Dobuans retreated to Malauno and entered the creek to attack the hamlets there. But just at that time a party of Wagifa natives in three canoes were engaged in fishing a little to the south; they had remained in hiding when the Dobuans passed north outside the reefs, but saw them return again the following day and put in at Malauno anchorage. Soon the sounds of battle reached their ears, and Alumeko their head man led them to the rescue. The Dobuans split into two sections, and while one attacked the hamlets the other turned to face the Wagifans. A Wagifan was wounded by his enemy, who attempted to drag him out of his canoe, but Alumeko and his comrades rushed in and rescued him, carrying off at the same time his Dobuan captor. The Wagifans then retired, leaving the Malauno natives to take care of themselves. They too had the better of the Dobuans, who retreated to their canoes and made off down the coast. Meanwhile the Wagifans had gone up the creek at Belebele, where presently the Dobuans passed them and landed on the Barrier Islands about two miles farther south. Alumeko then decided to go home to Wagifa. They heard the Dobuans wailing as they passed for the prisoner they had taken, but no one dared to intercept them and they reached their home in safety. There the prisoner was killed and eaten: but the Dobuans returned round the other side of the island to their homes, by way of Hughes Bay.

Kukuya, being nearer, was a more dangerous enemy than Dobu to the Wagifa and Mud Bay natives. There had been

WOMAN MAKING SAGO AT DIAILULU HAMLET, KALOKALO
Pouring water over the pulp

GIDU (LABAN) MAKING A *SIFA* OR MAT OF COCO-NUT
LEAVES, BWAIDOGA

wars between them before the expeditions against Dobu, since an old Nikoko native named Unava had served in his boyhood a Kukuya chief. Both Unava's father and grandfather were killed and eaten at the time that he was captured, but he himself was treated kindly, and while he was still a lad some visiting Wagifans were allowed to take him home. Peace reigned between them for a time, and the Kukuyans joined in the expeditions against Dobu. Then later some Wagifans tried to steal their canoes and fish-nets; they were detected, and two of the robbers killed. This led to open war, and the Mud Bay natives sided with the Wagifans. Three notable engagements took place between them, besides a number of lesser encounters. The first occurred at Kalokalo, whither a number of Mud Bay natives had crossed for betel-nut. During the night the Kukuyans crept along the coast and attacked their enemies in the early morning. The Mud Bay natives were defeated, and some were taken prisoners, but the exact number is not remembered now. Great was the lamentation when the defeated party returned home; their kinsmen tore down all the houses of the prisoners and the slain, and broke up all their pots. Then an expedition was organized to take revenge, and picked fighting men were chosen from every district in the bay. Many canoes were gathered together, most of them holding from six to seven men. All along the south-west shore of Seymour Bay they fought, and the Kukuyans were defeated. Again in a later raid the Wagifans defeated the Kukuya natives off Cape Mourilyan. Some escaped by climbing the cliffs, but some were taken prisoners and swelled the cannibals' pots. Yet another raid was made by the Mud Bay natives. This time they found the Kukuyans fishing on their reefs, and attacked them on either side. The majority escaped to the jungles, but a few were killed and eaten.

It was not usual for the captors themselves to eat their prisoners; they retained their weapons, but handed the unfortunate victims to a neighbouring district. Wagifa generally sent its prisoners and slain enemies to Mud Bay, and the Mud Bay natives sent theirs to Wagifa. No reason for this could be discovered, save that it had always been

the custom for as long as could be remembered. Native battles, however, were not very sanguinary, and the wounding of a single man usually meant the defeat of his party. Tomokivona, the head man of Lalavea in Bwaidoga, a man of about forty-five years, could remember only twelve Kukuya natives who were killed and eaten by the natives of Mud Bay, and two of these were women. Children were apparently always spared, except no doubt in time of famine. One of the two Kukuya women was the wife of a man named Waleba, and it was this man whom the Kukuyans sent, after some years of intermittent fighting, to try to conclude a peace. He went to Mud Bay with his offerings, and after the ceremonies had been concluded settled down at Ukuni in the very hamlet where his wife had been killed and eaten not long before. Later he married a woman of this hamlet and lived there till his death in 1912.

The cannibal feast was always considered an act of revenge. Sometimes the prisoner was dismembered and disembowelled on the stone platform while he was still alive, sometimes he was dispatched beforehand with a club. Rarely the women were allowed to torture him. In the last case that occurred in Mud Bay—at Wifala in Bwaidoga—the victim, who was a Kukuyan warrior, was trussed with ropes and bound round with torches. He knew he was to be burnt alive, so he began to count aloud all the enemies that he had slain. Not a groan escaped him in his agony, though he wriggled once or twice, and even his inhuman torturers could not but admire his courage. As a rule the body was cut into segments and laid upon a mat; nothing, not even a drop of blood, was allowed to escape, lest the victors should be cheated of part of their revenge. Each family received a portion, which it cooked like ordinary meat, and every one down to the smallest child shared in the feast. Where only one prisoner had been taken, his head and hands were given to the wife or nearest kinsman of the man for whom the prisoner was the atonement. That night when the victim's soul returned to gather up its body and rebuild its earthly tenement it found each house-door closed and spears bristling through every wall to prevent its entering. The soul

might strive to force a passage, but the watchful inmates would hear the noise and bid it return to the hamlet whence it came. Next day the people washed with sea-water the stone platform that had seen their bloody rites, and resumed without a further thought the usual tenor of their life. The skulls of slain enemies were never preserved, as at Dobu; they were simply thrown into the sea or the woods, whichever was most convenient.

Kukuya, when it made peace with the Mud Bay natives, made peace also with Wagifa by exchanging presents and holding common feasts. These Wagifans believe that somewhere in the sky there dwells a ghost or spirit named Vivilua. At night it descends to earth to hunt kangaroos, and sometimes wanders about the hamlets. Old men have seen it walking about, but have never dared to speak to it; occasionally the natives found some fish or a dead pig upon the shore or in the woods, and then they knew that Vivilua had been visiting the place quite recently. They used to pray to Vivilua, whenever they returned victorious from a fight, that he would take their victims' souls up with him to the sky, so that they might never stay behind and haunt them. Vivilua would also take the soul of the club or spear with which the man was killed, though the weapon itself remained to all appearance unaffected. It was asserted by natives of Mud Bay that when for any reason they were delayed in reaching home, the soul of any man on their own side who had been slain in the fighting would return by night to his hamlet and warn his kinsfolk. The latter then knew that he was dead, and wept accordingly.

CHAPTER VIII

CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE

FROM the cradle to the grave the life of a native, like that of a civilized man, is marked out by nature into various stages. We shall try to follow these out as they appear in Mud Bay, remembering that in all essential points the account will hold good for any part of Goodenough. The child, from the day of its birth till it is able to crawl about, is absolutely dependent on its mother. If she should happen to die in child-birth and no other woman offer to take care of her child, it was buried alive on its mother's breast, and the earth stamped down above it. But as long as the mother lived it was well cared for, and if her milk was insufficient for its needs some other woman would be its wet-nurse in return for a trifling present of food. Occasionally charms are attached to a babe to make it grow big and strong. A Kalokalo baby about a week old had the tail of a flying-fox fastened round its wrist in order that it might grow up strong and agile to climb about the tree-tops like the flying-fox. Often as the infant lies across its mother's knees she warms her fingers at the fire and pinches the septum of its nose to make it higher and more beautiful; and she slaps its feet and hands with the split handle of a lime-spatula to make it grow big and strong. When it is about two months old the mother, or more usually some elderly woman in the hamlet with more experience, pierces its septum and the lobes of the ear with a coco-nut spine or a sharp point of turtle-shell, and leaves in the holes short lengths of spines to prevent their closing. The operation takes place early in the morning before the natives have departed to their gardens, and several gather round to watch it done; but there is no ceremony about the affair, and no payment to the woman who performs it. From time to time

the spines are taken out and thicker ones inserted; finally they are replaced by rolled-up leaves until the apertures attain the desired size.

Up to the time when it can crawl about the child receives no other nourishment than its mother's milk; but as it grows older and stronger it is given the water in which the vegetables are boiled. A little later small pieces of yam are added, and taro, and whatever else its parents may happen to be eating. The time to name it is when it begins to run about. Now for the first time the father asserts his claim. Its mother cooks a little food, yam or taro or anything else that she may have on hand, and father and child sit down together and share the meal; others may look on, but these two only may partake. He then announces the name which he has chosen, usually some family name belonging to a brother or a sister. If the father be dead the ceremony is performed by his brother; if there are no brothers the mother may name it, but generally in such a case some more distant kinsman will offer to adopt the child and confer a name, probably his own, upon it. The child still remains with the mother, but whoever has named it is under an obligation to provide for it. Occasionally some friend of the father will impose his name upon the child, whereupon he becomes its godfather, and is bound equally with its father to look after it. Any man at all has a right to do this, just as he can claim a large fish that his friend may happen to catch. The Wagifans caught a shark eight feet long while they were visiting the Kwaibogan natives; their hosts claimed it while it was still struggling in the water, and carried it off in triumph to their hamlet.

The name will probably be changed long before the child grows up, for in this region the names of the dead must not be mentioned, at least not before their memory has begun to fade. We asked some youths one day the name of an insect which lay on the path in front of us. A small boy told us without any hesitation, but an older lad immediately reproved him, saying, 'Hush, you must not say that name; you know the man is dead'. For a time the natives had to call it simply *manuga* (bird or insect). Any adult or child

in that district whose name might be the same was obliged to drop it at once and take another.

Children are often suckled until they are three years of age and over, sometimes even for as long as they show any inclination for the breast. A woman studies her own convenience. Probably when its back teeth emerge some of the women in the hamlet will suggest that she should wean it. The grandmother then takes charge of it, and the mother goes away for two or three days where the child will never see her. Some women, it is said, rub a mixture of lime and ginger on their breasts, so that if the child should try to suck again it will find their breasts distasteful. Hitherto it has run about quite naked, but now it assumes its proper dress, a leaf like the men if it be a boy or a grass skirt if a girl. It is no longer left in the hamlet in charge of some young girl or an old woman too feeble to go out and work. True, it used to be taken to the gardens at times before this, sitting astride its mother's hip, and laid on a mat inside the garden hut or in the shade of some leafy tree. But then it would lie and sleep throughout the day, while now it is older and more restless, and eager to follow its parents wherever they go. A girl will still remain beside her mother, but a boy looks to his father and his uncles, and tries to attach himself to them.

Children do very little work before they are about twelve years of age. A girl as soon as she is big enough will carry water, and peel the yams and help to sweep the hamlet clean each day, but she lends no aid to her parents in the gardens. The lads do even less: they play and fish, and follow the men about, but no work is expected of them. The old women teach them cat's cradles, and they pick up a miscellaneous store of knowledge about the birds, fishes, and plants which is of value to them in later life. They watch the dances too and learn the songs; they share the wailing over the dead, and listen to the incantations for the sick and the magic songs that hush the winds and stay the fury of the tempests. They learn to reverence their totems, to beat their lips and hoot when the new moon first appears, and not to point at a rainbow lest one

of their arms should be cut off while they sleep. But the wisdom of manhood, the lore and legends handed down from one generation to another, and, not least, the magic arts and songs whereby to win the affections of the other sex, these are seldom taught till puberty.

Puberty comes early in these tropical climes. It marks a new era in the boy's life, and is fittingly signalized by a special ceremony called *du'u*. The *du'u* is the same for both boys and girls. The relatives of the mother gather a store of food and present it to the boy's father, who divides it up amongst his kinsmen. The feast always takes place at the time of the new moon. The boy (or girl) can take no part in it, but sits and eats alone within his parents' hut. Only certain foods are permitted to him, and with these no salt water may be mixed. The ceremony does not last longer than one day; at all other times his food is the same as before. As soon as the feast is over the boy comes forth and sits on the platform of his hut, while one of the hamlet orators delivers a speech, formally admitting him to citizenship by declaring that henceforth as long as he lives amongst his kin he shall never want for food. This ends the proceedings.

A change now comes over the boy's life; the *du'u* marks the parting between childhood and youth. Before it takes place he is supposed to sleep in his parents' hut; now, that is closed to him. Hitherto he has done no work; if he were travelling with his father he was not expected to carry food, or a pot, or any of the other burdens of the trail; if they were voyaging by canoe he did not need to paddle. A girl might have helped in a few trifling ways, but even she did very little. Now all this is changed. The youth or maiden must sleep in a hut apart. By day they may consort with their parents, even take their meals together, but the hut in which they used to sleep is barred to them at night. Probably there will be other boys or girls in the hamlet who have also passed through the ceremony of initiation but have not yet settled down to married life; then the boys will sleep together, and the maidens too will have a hut of their own. They learn to make their own clothes, which hitherto have

always been made for them. The youth directs his greatest energies to his garden, for now he receives a plot of ground in order that he may support himself and the bride he is expected to take before long. Sometimes he will help his parents in their garden, and receive the benefit too of their advice; they will give him food till his own garden bears. He will always present a few yams to them at harvest-time, not so much in payment for their care as in token of his deep affection. The girl too plants and weeds her plot. Her brother or a near kinsman will do the heavy work for her, will fell the scrub and build a fence; for this is the man's work always. In return she will do the woman's work for him, and weed his garden in addition to her own. For almost the only man who weeds is the solitary widower; normally his wife or sister, his mother or his daughter, does this for him, or some near kinswoman of his own, or, in default of these, his wife's sister.

There must be no sexual intercourse until after the *du'u* is celebrated; even then it is extremely rare before the youth or girl is married. Now for the first time their elders initiate them into the deeper mysteries of sex. The men will go away for a few days to fish or purchase betel-nut, or merely to visit round amongst their friends; and the youths go with them. At night-time round the fire they teach the lads the proper roots and leaves to rub and mix with tobacco or with betel-nut, and the magic chants that must be sung over them, so that when they share them with their sweethearts they may win their love for ever. We happened to observe them on one of these occasions. Some Faiyavi natives were visiting Kalokalo, engaged in buying betel-nut. Their canoes, three of them, were drawn up on the sandy beach, all ready for the return, and we were only waiting for the dawn in order to cross the straits back home. The moon rose from behind the mountain, and some of the married men gathered the youths apart into a circle round the fire and began to teach them the traditional 'art of love'. The scene was the weirdest imaginable. Over and over again, with swaying bodies and nodding heads, they sang their magic song. At every pause in the chorus a man would begin some discourse on the art of love,

but hardly had he finished his first sentence before another would break in and take up the account. He in turn would be interrupted by a third, then suddenly one would strike up the magic song again and all would join in after the first few notes. So it continued through the night, while the moon passed slowly overhead and set at last behind the western hills. Then at length it ceased, and one by one we stretched ourselves out upon the sand to snatch an hour or two of sleep before the dawn.

The training of the girls is in the hands of the women, who teach them when the men are absent. But before they can settle down to courtship proper, there is another ceremony which both sexes must undergo. This is the *nirwabuwabu*, a series of feasts held monthly for three months in succession. It is the key that unlocks the gate of courtship, and must not be entered upon unless the candidate has that purpose immediately in view. No youth must court a maid, and no maid can receive attentions from a youth, unless both have passed through this preparatory stage. Even in the case of second marriages this series of feasts is often held, only then it takes place secretly, lest the relatives of the dead wife or husband should hear of it and be offended.

Now at length the youth is ready to enter the bloodless fields of love. He wanders about the districts, flirting with the eligible maidens that he comes across, and playing with them in the moonlight in some open glade or on a sandy stretch of beach. Since the coming of Europeans many a lad at this period leaves his home for a year or two and goes away to work on some gold-mine or plantation, so that when he returns again he may dazzle the eyes of all his friends with the treasures that he has amassed. He comes back wearing a gorgeous loin-cloth, bound round the waist by a broad leather belt with a sheath-knife dangling against his side; and in his sandal-wood box he carries a stock of tobacco for all his friends and kinsmen. For a work-boy's trade is not his personal property; it belongs to all the family in common, and as many as can will gather round to see it opened out. Besides the loin-cloth and the belt and knife that the lad is wearing—these he is

usually allowed to keep, at least for a time—he will probably bring a mirror and a pair of scissors, a second knife perhaps, and red shell ear-pendants manufactured by the whites. One thing is never lacking, the stick-tobacco varying from ten to thirty pounds in weight according to the time that he has served at work. His elder brother presides over the distribution of all this wealth, and the rest of the kinsfolk aid him with copious suggestions; as for the boy, he must content himself with looking on, and take with proper gratitude the tiny fraction of all his gains that may be allotted to him. One of his sisters will probably ask for the scissors and a brother will want the mirror; the father expects several pounds of tobacco, and there is an absent brother perhaps whose needs must not be forgotten. Uncles and aunts and cousins put in their claims as well, so that amidst so many the stock is quickly exhausted.

The youth himself is happy, though, as he proudly stalks about the hamlets, sharing his tobacco with his boy-friends by day and with the girls by night. In time he finds a maid who suits his fancy and settles down to woo in earnest. Her parents will not object, for they are sure of a constant supply of tobacco and betel-nut from the rich and ardent suitor; as for the girl, her heart will glow with pride that so gay and fine a youth should come to woo her love. Not that she will admit it for a single moment. On the contrary she will deny it emphatically, even to her bosom friends, and roundly assert that she will never marry him. Nevertheless the youth's suit prospers, and all goes smoothly on till the happy night when he leads the blushing bride to his father's house.

His manner of courting is very peculiar. The girl may be sleeping in her father's hut—though this is very rare—and have no knowledge whatever of his intentions. Generally, though, she has dropped a hint that his suit would not be unwelcome, or her father has suggested that his daughter would make a proper match.¹ At night, when all is silent, the lad steals quietly beneath her hut and plays a soft tune on his

¹ There is a special word, *avalualuafa*, which denotes the suggesting of a youth or maid as a suitable match.

jew's harp till she wakes. Her father may hear him and ask him what he wants, and the lad will answer that he has come to court his daughter. Possibly fathers are more indulgent in this land, or it may be they have greater self-control, for the girl will merely be told to go below and stir up the fire and do her courting there. More usually though the girl at this period will be sleeping in the maidens' hut. Then when her lover's serenade awakes her from her dreams—if, that is, she needs awakening—she rises, stirs the fire, and with her own jew's harp she plays an answering tune. The lad responds, and the girl then softly calls to him and bids him enter. There they sit beside the fire, conversing in low tones and chewing together the betel-nut which he has brought until it is time for him to retire again. If he is serious in his wooing he will come again, after an interval of four or five days. In that case he must 'open up the way', as the natives term it; he must perform the *runarunaga* (*runaga*, to clear the road) and present the maid one night with certain recognized things, which her father and kinsmen divide up amongst themselves the following morning. What these things are precisely we unfortunately omitted to inquire, but probably tobacco and betel-nut figure largely in them. This 'opening of the way' takes place with youths and maidens only, and never occurs in second marriages. It is the third and final ceremony before the wedding.

The youth is now an accepted suitor, and the news soon spreads around that 'Betty' is engaged to 'Jack'. Sometimes it is versified and travels far and wide, as when we heard some children singing, *madavini u da kema u da kemakemaku*, 'Madavini, you would woo me, you would woo me'. Nevertheless the young couple themselves are very shy of one another. They may not eat in each other's presence, or even in the other's hamlet, and if they should happen to meet on the track one will quickly dart into the bushes out of sight. We saw a girl make a wide detour one day merely to pass her lover who was lying asleep in her path. Her kinsmen, however, are not so considerate; they will even go out of their way to meet him, and requisition petty gifts of tobacco

and betel-nut. From time to time the lad will wisely present her parents with a few articles of no great value, such as spears and shell knives and beads and betel-nut, while the father for his part takes care to gather plenty of food in view of the impending marriage.

The engaged couple must carefully guard against giving offence to each other in any way, but strive by every means in their power to increase their mutual affection. They will avoid fish or kangaroo meat, lest their breath become foul and loathsome; they will not use each other's names, but invent fancy names instead whenever they speak of each other, a custom that gives rise to endless merriment amongst the younger children in the district. There are some who believe that the seed taro will wither and die if this name taboo be broken. Both the boy and the girl have recourse to magic to ensure the abiding affection of the loved one. The youth will privately sing over the tobacco he gives his fiancée to smoke, or the betel-nut that they chew together; and the girl will do the same. Both know, of course, that the tobacco or the betel-nut has been infused with magic; that would seem to be essential to its success. Usually something else is mixed with the tobacco, a scented leaf or root, or blood or dirt from the lover's person. It would really be quite difficult to win a girl without the *vani*, the magic herb or mixture which evokes the pain of love. Sometimes a girl will say to a suitor whom she rejects, 'Your *vani* is not in my nostrils', and the wretched youth is forced to retire with lowered colours. There are countless roots and plants which may be used for this purpose: the various spices that the forests bear, the aniseed, the ginger, the *tanubawa*, the root of which resembles ginger, *diawali*, *aimona*, *tafulu*, *waki*, and many others. Sometimes it is made to sniff, sometimes to swallow like a love potion; but always a magic spell must be chanted over it, for otherwise it would have no power. Ubulea hamlet has a very powerful *vani*, part of the hair of the spirit Tomofauna. For this Tomofauna's hair, unlike the frizzy mop of the ordinary Papuans, hangs down below his shoulders and reaches far beyond his waist. Some years ago he made a *vani* of his

own and carried off one night a woman of Ubulea, whom he placed on top of a lofty tree while he wandered about himself on the ground below. Her people found her five nights afterwards, climbed the tree and took her home. She was 'dead', they said, when they found her, but nevertheless told them she was Tomofauna's wife and begged them to let her stay. They gave her ginger mixed with coco-nut milk, and after she drank it she recovered her senses. But for Tomofauna himself the men lay in wait for several nights, intending to seize and kill him. Once they managed to catch him by the hair, but he broke their hold and escaped their clutches, though part of his hair remained in their hands. Some of the old men have retained this hair, and the young men pay them a heavy price to be allowed to use it as a *vani* on the women. Perhaps the old men cheated them, but our most trustworthy witness, Pita Ludeba, had no doubt but that it was genuine. Why, he could even remember the night they secured the hair; besides, was it not his own aunt whom the spirit had carried off?

Sometimes the betrothed will drink a potion together, like the Bwaidogan Aimeme and his Belebele bride. For two months afterwards neither they nor their friends might bathe in cold water or eat boiled food, lest the potion should lose its power. At the end of two months they bathed in the sea, and the taboo was thereby removed. To reward their friends for their abstinence they gave them a trivial present.

This then is the formal courtship corresponding to our betrothal. There is, of course, plenty of idle flirtation, both by day and by night. A lad, for example, may find a girl alone in the woods or on the shore, and invite her to sit beside him and share his betel-nut or tobacco. Kissing is quite unknown. The natives were horrified one day when they saw a missionary kiss his wife—they thought he was trying to bite her. Sometimes the young fellows play a joke on the girls. They approach their huts by night and play their jew's harps, but as soon as the girls stir up the fire and answer they run away. No cautious youth would ever be caught at this mischievous game, or a girl would probably mock him when his intentions were really serious.

Sometimes it happens that several youths are courting the same girl. Each then listens below the hut before he plays his jew's harp. If the low sound of conversation reach his ears, he knows that his rival has come before him and he must wait till the other leaves. Perhaps his patience will be rewarded, for the girl can please herself in these matters; but she may disappoint him, and refuse to answer him when he plays, in which case he must crawl away to his home again.

Most lads, however, are too shy to go alone to the maidens' hut, at least in the beginning of their courtship. They club together, share their betel-nut, and visit the hut in a body and play their jew's harps. The girls invite them in, and they separate off in pairs, the acceptance of the betel-nut which each lad offers as he enters being a token of consent; any poor unfortunate lad left over must go sadly home. Most of the betel-nut is given by the girls to their parents in the morning.

In spite of the strangeness of this system of courtship pre-nuptial unchastity is extremely rare. The least approach to familiarity would evoke an outcry from the girl and a severe punishment from her kinsmen. If a forward youth should boldly enter the girl's hut without waiting for her invitation, she hurriedly stirs the fire to lighten up the room—unless, as she most likely would, she knocks him over the head with a stick and screams out for her people. The same manner of courting is practised throughout the length and breadth of Goodenough, though here and there slight variations are found. Thus at Wagifa jew's harps were never used until recently; instead the youth would slap his finger on his cheek, making a curious hollow note which ran up and down the gamut as he modified the cavity of his mouth. The only marked change in recent years has been the substitution of a metal harp for the native harp of wood. There is hardly a native who cannot show marked skill with both instruments. It is even said that information is conveyed by means of them, but this apparently means nothing more than that a certain scale of notes can receive a definite meaning by previous arrangement.

A youth must never himself suggest marriage as an end to courtship. The girl would probably refuse him and tell her

friends next day, when he would become the general laughing-stock. It is the girl who makes the suggestion. Sometimes she mixes *vani* with her tobacco, rolls it into a cigarette with a leaf of the pepper-plant, and sings a magic incantation over it. Her young man visits her, and she places the cigarette in her bamboo pipe and lights it and inhales. Then she offers it to him, and after he has inhaled she says, 'Let us marry'. The youth is bound to consent, so they appoint a day and he sets about building his hut. But the girl may linger in her proposal, though the young man's hut is built and waiting. Then he goes for a charm, to an old man who makes him one with betel-nut, or a stone wrapped up in grass. At night, leaving behind his jew's harp, he takes his charm with him to her hut, and throws it again and again against her wall until she wakes, and understands, and follows him demurely to his father's hut.

This is the first step in the marriage ceremony, the departure of the bride by night to her father-in-law's hut; the rest is a series of food-presents and feasting. As soon as they discover that the girl has fled all the maidens of the bride's hamlet, and all the unmarried youths in the bridegroom's, bathe three mornings in succession, the bridegroom taking them coco-nuts to squeeze over their heads and bodies. The three days ended, he and all his kinsmen go out to the reefs to fish, and a great feast is prepared which his kinswomen cook for him. All this time the bride remains in her father-in-law's hut, not descending even to bathe. But now when the feast is ready the bridegroom's sisters lead her to the bath and deck her out in all her ornaments. His kinsfolk gather in all their fine array and place her in their midst and lead her to her father's hut, carrying their food with them. Only the bride is allowed to enter, but her husband's sisters push the food in after her, the gift of the *kevakava*, as it is called. The bridegroom meanwhile seeks out her father and pays the bride-price, a nose-bone perhaps and a boar's tusk pendant and a large white cone-shell armlet, besides a number of lesser articles. If her father be dead, a married brother takes his place and divides the food and presents with his kin. As soon as this is over the bride goes back to her father-in-law's house, while her

kinsfolk celebrate the feast in their own hamlet. Next day her father brings a return present, this time of uncooked food, which the youth's father likewise shares with all his kinsmen ; but this feast, which is called the *manawaieaga*, is of less importance than the next, the *tutuvemianina*. The bride must stay in her father-in-law's house till the *kevakeva* is performed, but after that she is sent to the home her husband has built for her. Her father-in-law gives her food, and she cooks for both her husband and herself. At night she sleeps in the hut above, while her husband takes his rest on the ground below it. This stage lasts for two or three days also, till her father brings the *tutuvemianina*, for which he receives no return present. This ratifies all that has gone before ; before it takes place no sexual intercourse must occur, and the bride is free at any time to go back to her own people.

There is yet another interchange of food about a fortnight later. The bride's father sends a messenger to summon her, and gives her uncooked food to carry home ; she gives it to her father-in-law to divide amongst his people. In return her father receives a present of cooked food for himself and all his kinsmen. These two presents are known as the *talavekeduna* and the *ibaiyona* respectively. One other present of uncooked food is made by the bride's people as a part of the marriage ceremony, though not till some time after. Usually they wait till she conceives, sometimes even till the child is born ; but if a year should pass and no signs of conception yet appear, they gather food and give her, calling the present the *vekuyana*. The name for all the marriage ceremonies collectively is *malabutu*.

The bridegroom's father provides the young couple with food, yams, taro and bananas, for two months after their marriage ; and each day, as etiquette ordains, they send a little to her kinsfolk. This is their honeymoon, when they are freed from work, and even their gardens may lie neglected without reproach. But when the planting season draws near the young husband and all his friends must dig a garden for his bride's kinsfolk. All through the heat of the tropic day the youth toils fasting. In the early morning his wife will

A MUD BAY GIRL on the Bwaidoga
Mission Station

WAGIFA WOMAN wearing a
plaited armlet adorned with shells

GROUP OF FAIYAVI GIRLS

cook him some food, and again at night he eats a hearty meal, but he neither eats nor drinks throughout the day. Dire is the penalty for disobeying this rule—his wife will leave him and return to her people again. Now is the time for an unsuccessful suitor to wreak his revenge. He waits until the *vilefa* comes on—the ‘husband’s unbroken digging’—and digs his plot at the same time, striving with all his might to outstrip his fortunate rival and raise a laugh at his expense. It is poor satisfaction, but enough for some who know no better way to vent their spite.

Only after he has made a garden for her kinsmen may the young couple use each other’s true names. He may eat in her kinsfolk’s houses, and she in his, but only if at their wedding rich and liberal presents had been exchanged; shame for their stinginess would otherwise keep them away. Formerly the husband would give a present to his wife’s kinsmen whenever a child was born to him; now it is often given for the first child only. Sexual intercourse takes place at the discretion of the husband, but is condemned when the monthly flow occurs.

Naturally all these feasts and ceremonies are possible only when the hamlets of bride and bridegroom are adjacent; where they are more remote the husband may carry off his bride without any ceremony whatever, or after a single payment to her kinsmen and its accompanying feast. The same thing happens too when a man already married takes a second wife. Nor is there any ceremony for widows; never can they return to the maidens’ hut, never be wooed again with the vibrant jew’s harp. If a widow finds a man attractive she may ask him to visit her at night and cohabit; and the man will make her a present for her favours. The relatives are sure to see it and keep watch, and finally her late husband’s brother one night will squat down before her door and call to the couple within. The woman will begin to weep, and the man hurriedly cry out that he has just arrived to take her away. All through the night the brother-in-law keeps quiet guard before her door, while she inside sits weeping and the man calmly smokes his pipe. At daybreak a conch-shell

is sounded in the hamlet, and proclamation is made that 'so-and-so' was found in the widow's hut. The man goes home, but presently her brother-in-law and the other kinsmen bring his new wife to him, and he makes them a payment as a peace-offering. This constitutes their legal marriage. Young widows nearly always marry a second time. One married Kilai, a Kabuna native, in a rather peculiar way. He was in Nikoko hamlet with a number of other natives, singing an incantation over a lad who had been badly mauled by a crocodile. A widow was sitting near him, and Kilai secretly gave her a little tobacco and betel-nut. Her kinsmen discovered it that same evening, and the woman fled by night to Kilai, who took her brother-in-law a present to have the marriage ratified. The brother-in-law accepted, and shared it with his kin, so that thereafter the two were legal husband and wife. A young white missionary at Dobu barely escaped a much worse fate not many years ago. He visited a hamlet where two old hags were living, and out of ignorance and pity gave them each a little tobacco. Evening came, and their kinsmen brought them to his house, saying that he had married them in proper native fashion. A long palaver followed, and only with great difficulty could they be induced to lead the women back again.

In Mud Bay sexual intercourse must cease as soon as conception is known to have occurred, but at Belebele and other places the natives are said not to observe this rule. It is detected, they say, in several ways; from the gurgling of the blood, the darkening of the aureola, and the cessation of the monthly flow. They believe it becomes apparent four months after cohabitation, and the child is born in the eighth month. There is no ignorance as to the cause of conception, no strange fancies of virgin births; nor has the idea of reincarnation found acceptance, though children often receive the names of relatives whom they resemble. They seem to have no theory as to why there should be such a resemblance, but it is always expected to be there; indeed, a child that shows no resemblance at all to its relatives is sometimes called an evil-looking child—a spirit's child that should be thrown

away. The slanderer indeed may rue his words, for the father will probably fasten a wisp of flax to his hunting-spear, and, followed by all his kinsmen, rush off to slay the offender. Ghosts (*balawmo*) resemble human beings both in their outward appearance and in their nature, so that no one hesitates to believe that they can give rise to human children, or at least that they have done so in the past.

A woman makes no alteration in her manner of life after she has conceived. When the child falls in the womb some eat a little less food, but others make no change at all in this respect. Most, however, abstain from eating shell-fish, whether from superstition or from a just conception of its danger is uncertain. At all events it is rejected till the child is born, sometimes even till after it is weaned. The top of a plant called *feafea* is occasionally used to help delivery; the soft shoots are roasted and given to the woman to eat as soon as the pains come on; confinement follows at once, generally with an easy delivery. Sometimes the woman is altogether alone at childbirth, so suddenly do the pangs arise. If the delivery is hard and the woman in great pain, the old people visit her, one at a time, and sing an incantation over her. Each native has his special song for these occasions, though all alike are called *tomoduwe*. Yanavolewa, an old Wifala man, would sing this song:

O tomoduwe leiyo	O Tomoduwe (a spirit) hushed to sleep,
O tomoduwe leiyo	O Tomoduwe hushed to sleep,
Tomoduwe ka da lulodilodiye	Tomoduwe we would nurse on the knee,
Ka da lulodilodiye	We would nurse on the knee
Tomoduwe leiyo	Tomoduwe hushed to sleep,
Tomoduwe leiyo	Tomoduwe hushed to sleep,
Ka na nunolinoliye	Let us make him cry out,
Ka na nunolinoliye	Let us make him cry out,
Tomoduwe leiyo	Tomoduwe hushed to sleep.

The natives are not altogether without some knowledge of obstetrics. Delivery takes place as a rule within the patient's hut. There she assumes a sitting posture, often leaning back

against some one who holds her up. When a cross-birth occurs or the head appears first, the child is turned round by inserting a hand. They never bind the umbilical cord, but either the patient herself or the person who is attending her draws it up between the big toe and the next and cuts it off with a sharp shell about the instep. The operator then warms her fingers at the fire, sharply pinches the severed end a moment, and drops it altogether. The after-birth is secreted by night in the fork of a tree, where it is eaten by the ants and birds.

Magic can help to make a woman conceive. She may eat the root of a shrub called *galogalo* which grows in running streams. That night she keeps away from her husband, but cohabits on the following night. The root facilitates conception, it is thought, but its action is not certain. Most women desire to have two or three children. Abortion is practised, though it is hard to discover to what extent. They use a mixture called *kobu* for this purpose, but we failed to learn the ingredients from which it is compounded. At Dobu the leaves of the purple convolvulus, which the Mud Bay natives use for burns, are crushed and mixed with water; the woman is given the potion to drink, and in one case that we know of it certainly succeeded. Most of our knowledge on this subject came from a few old men, who told us also that pressure of the hands upon the stomach walls was sometimes resorted to; however they were not certain of this, they made haste to add, since the old women who practised it always kept their knowledge to themselves.

No difference is made in the burial customs for a woman who dies in childbirth, save that the babe, whether alive or dead, used to be generally buried with her. This practice has now been stamped out in some places, but it still persists in the remoter hamlets. No particular aversion is felt towards the child, and it may be even allowed to live if any woman will take care of it. A child stillborn is buried quietly without any ceremony. No special notice is taken of twins. They may be due to several causes, for instance if the mother had eaten two bananas which were joined along one side, or a man had tied together along some track two wisps of grass

that grew on opposite sides, and the woman, not noticing perhaps, had caught her foot in it. A commoner method of causing twins is to lay side by side upon some track the two halves of a small green fruit called *bwaibu*, which the boys often use as sling-stones in their quarrels. Twins will result if the woman merely steps over them. If the *bwaibu* be split into quarters, and these be laid out two to two, the woman will conceive four children, but she will die of miscarriage.

A woman generally recovers rapidly from the effects of labour. Usually she leaves her house on the fourth day after the child is born. Her brother takes a stone and breaks a coco-nut over her head so that the milk will stream down over her, after which she goes away and bathes. This, the *tutuveobuna*, is the only ceremony she undergoes. Immediately afterwards she resumes her ordinary occupations; as for the husband, he is at no time subject to any restrictions. A woman who has borne a child uses the word *imai* (we) for 'I' instead of the ordinary pronoun *yayeku*; also in inquiring about her husband it is proper to use the form *moganemi*, 'your (plural) husband', instead of the usual *moganeni*, 'thy husband' or *mogane*; there is no change however in their names.

Strictly speaking there is no divorce. If the wife is guilty of misconduct her husband thrashes her; a man for the same offence is either speared or pays a heavy compensation. A woman who is tired of her husband goes off with another man, who makes an appropriate payment to the husband soon afterwards. For the husband the case is different; he may have as many wives as he likes to keep. If he takes a fancy to a woman, it is seldom difficult, whether she be married or not, to induce her to go and live with him. Quite recently a Kimokimoiyo man took a second woman to wife. She had been already married to a native at Fatavi, but left her husband to follow the stranger because he gave her leaves to eat and they took her mind away—or so she said. No stigma attaches for this either to the woman herself or to the man who carries her off. However jealous the natives may be of

their wives, they show singular indifference to losing them provided only that they receive an adequate payment.

Marriage is the one great occasion in the native's life, and he is therefore inclined to make the most of it. Afterwards life resumes its normal course with very little change from day to day. About sunrise the family have a snack of food beneath their hut, roasted yams perhaps or the remnants of the last night's meal, then wander off to their gardens to begin the day's work. In the heat of the day they stop to rest, staying their hunger with a little food before stretching out in some shady spot and enjoying a pleasant siesta. When the heat has passed over they resume their work, returning home about sunset. The wife carries a bundle of faggots on her head, or a basket filled with water-bottles and food for the evening meal. The vegetables are peeled in the nearest stream or in the salt water of the sea, and a fire is kindled with a neighbour's fire-stick or a live coal raked out from a heap of ashes. While she is preparing the meal the husband occupies himself with sundry little tasks, and just as darkness falls the whole family gather round the fire and share the contents of the cooking-pot. Coco-nut juice is squeezed over nearly all their food, and an excellent drink obtained from the water in which the vegetables are boiled; except pure water, and coco-nut milk, it is the only drink that the natives possess. The meal ended, they sit about the hamlet for a while to gossip with their neighbours, then retire within their huts to sleep and rest. Often, when the weather is mild, they prefer to sleep on the ground beneath their huts, kindling a fire to keep them company. Hunting and fishing afford a pleasant change when the gardens no longer require attention. The period succeeding the yam harvest is a time of great rejoicing, for food is usually plentiful then, and the days one long succession of feasts and dances and visits to districts along the coast. So the current of life flows peacefully on, and gloomy thoughts of death are banished as far as may be from their minds.

CHAPTER IX

DEATH AND BURIAL

THE native's hopes of joy and happiness do not extend beyond the grave. Death, if not the end of all things, is at least the end of pleasure. Yet often you will hear an old man say quite cheerfully that his days are numbered, and that the future belongs to the younger generation. In sickness a feeling of apathy and indifference comes over him from which he is with difficulty aroused. Since the usual cause of sickness is to their minds evil magic, its only remedy must be magical too, and the man himself is merely a fighting-ground for two contesting forces over neither of which has he much control. Often therefore his greatest enemy in sickness is himself.

The soul is inside the body, a separate entity the presence of which is revealed in sneezing. For a sneeze is due to the soul's recollection of some dead kinsman or friend. The native will therefore say when he sneezes *tamanake* (i.e. *tamana keke*, 'his father is not'), or *inanake* ('his mother is not'), or whoever the relative may be the man has lost. He refers to his soul in the third person, for he is interpreting the meaning of its sneeze. If he has no deceased relatives he simply says *vaioma*, a word that implies some reference to fighting, the sneeze being then a reminder of some friend who has fallen in battle.

In dreams the soul of the sleeper issues from his body and wanders to and fro over the earth. Extreme care must then be exercised in waking him lest the soul should not return in time. Our old friend Yanavolewa used a special song to rouse a sleeper. He tapped on the ground near by, or on the house-beam, chanting: *gi lularubutu tomowaieda yana falia gi lularubutu tobona*, 'He strikes Tomowaieda (a man's name),

his outside he strikes on top'. The relatives crowd round the dying man to catch his latest words, wondering whether with his parting breath he will name the sorcerer who has struck him low. But when the breath has left the body some one calls to the soul to return again. Between unconsciousness and death the native makes no distinction, so the soul will sometimes hearken to his voice and the dead man return to life. But if it should not hearken, if the body lies cold and still, messengers are sent to summon absent kinsmen. Friends gather in front of the house to mourn, while the kinsmen mourn within. One will cut off some of the hair of the deceased to oil with coco-nut juice and set up in the dead man's palm-tree. They assist the widow in putting on her finest skirts and ornaments, and lay her down beside her dead husband with one arm flung across his body in an attitude of the most tragic grief. From time to time she wails 'My husband, my husband' in a most mournful and affecting strain that breaks down at its closing words in passionate sobbing.

There is a discussion when the kinsmen gather to decide who shall take over the arrangements for the funeral and provide the feast for the people that attend. Usually near male kinsmen outside the man's immediate family undertake the responsibility, for which they afterwards receive a payment from his sons. Recently a deadlock arose in Faiyavi when the wife of the village policeman died. She had no kinsfolk to bury her or to pay other men who would, and neither her husband's relatives nor her sisters' husbands wished to incur the heavy expenses of a funeral feast where there were no prospects of repayment. After a long delay the missionary suggested that for this occasion they should dispense with the usual ceremonies and give the deceased an ordinary Christian burial, in which the relatives on both sides could assist. The natives assented gladly, and the burial was carried out without a hitch. It was the first case in any hamlet of a deviation from the full rites of the native funeral.

The principals once appointed, all the necessary preparations for the funeral are commenced. One man stays beside the

house to collect the timber scattered round the hamlet and erect a sloping platform beneath the hut. On this the corpse is laid, in full view of the assembled mourners. Its winding-sheet may be a mat of coco-nut leaves, or it may have no covering at all. His widow lies beside him, or if in life he had two wives, one lies on either side. The hamlet is filled with the loud wailing of the mourners, but high above it rises the doleful chant of the widow's own lamentation. There she lies, clasping her husband in a last embrace, a few minutes only perhaps, or, it may be, three or four hours if something chance to delay the ceremony. Meantime the kinsmen are making ready the grave. They dig a narrow trench from two to three feet deep, then undermine one side and line the whole with mats of coco-nut leaves. Now they return to bring the corpse or send a messenger to say that all is ready. The kinsmen, two in front and two behind, raise the body on their shoulders and carry it away to its last resting-place. Behind them comes the widow, if the grave be near, supported on the back of a woman relative with another holding up her feet. They carry her back immediately and place her in her hut, or, if the grave be distant, they place her there before the body is carried away. Grief and sorrow have taken away her strength and she is no longer able to walk unaided.

The mourners stream behind the corpse, with heads bent low and tears raining from their eyes. They gather round it at the graveside, while those in charge plait mats of coco-nut leaves and bring together a few short logs and beams. A louder outburst of wailing, which continues unbroken all through the rest of the ceremony, marks the lowering of the body into the grave. It is laid upon the mats in the niche at the bottom, and a little food is placed beside it, two or three cooked yams perhaps and coco-nuts. A larger quantity is buried with a man of wealth and influence, as well as some of his most valued possessions—the nose-bone, boar's tusk pendant, and the large white armlets of cone-shells. Sometimes the food is cooked and placed in coco-nut-leaf baskets, sometimes it is raw and laid in loosely beside the body. The body itself rests on the right side as though in sleep, with the knees bent

up towards the chin. The Kabuna natives lay the head towards the north, because in that direction the soul must travel to reach its distant home; the Ukuni natives generally lay it towards the south, while other Mud Bay natives are indifferent how it lies. At Kukuya the dead are buried in a crouching position, facing towards the north, with elbows resting on the knees and the chin buried in the hands; otherwise the funeral there follows the same method as in Mud Bay. Walepa, the Kukuyan who had settled in Ukuni, was buried like an Ukuni man, but because he was a foreigner, no native wealth and only a little food was buried with him. The sky was clouded and rain was falling when his funeral took place, so his corpse was not laid out on a platform underneath his hut, as is the usual custom.

Over the body is laid a rain or sun mat, *kile*, to which they give in this connexion the special name of *life*. Short boards are laid across the niche, forming a kind of door to protect the body when the grave is filled with earth. The soil is then replaced and stamped down firmly with the feet, leaving only a small raised mound. A few leaf mats are laid on top, or sometimes a small hut is built above it to protect it from the weather. At the foot of the grave they make a fire to keep it warm and prevent the soul from walking. Sometimes they make another at the head, and a third on one side, but these are often omitted, while the fire at the foot is always lit. The grave-diggers keep them burning till the funeral feast is over, three or four days later.

This ends the ceremony for the day. Wailing over the grave may continue for hours, but the mourners never mutilate themselves, save when some woman works herself into a frenzy and hacks her body with a shell. All who have taken part must purify themselves as soon as they return to the hamlet. A near relative of the deceased, usually a sister or a daughter, sets a pot of water on the fire and places a few banana leaves on top. Those to be purified draw near, and their leader hands them each a leaf. First they rub themselves all over with the leaves, then slap their knees and elbows with them to prevent their limbs from growing crooked.

WALEBA'S GRAVE AT CLOSE OF FUNERAL, MUD BAY

GRAVE BENEATH A DECORATED HOUSE, ASABWAIA HAMLET,
NORMANBY ISLAND

When all have washed, the woman cooks some yams for them to eat. But for those who may have touched the corpse the banana leaves are steeped in cold water by some other female relative, and they may eat no food until the following morning. Then in cold water they purify themselves again, and a little food is baked for them to eat. These restrictions last for about three months till the *mokula* feast, hot water being used for washing by those who assisted at the burial, while those who touched the corpse use only cold; all alike must refrain from bathing in the sea.

The funeral always takes place within a few hours of death; the same day if this occurs before noon, or early the next morning if the man has died in the afternoon or during the night. Man, woman, or child, it makes no difference—the ceremony is carried out in the same way and the mourners undergo the same restrictions. Formerly the grave was always in the hamlet, but recently the Government interfered on sanitary grounds and ordered that it should be made outside; but even in Mud Bay, where the mission tries to enforce the order, hamlet burial has not altogether been stopped. Often, while the grave is being dug, some relative will rise up in the hamlet and deliver a long speech about the rules of mourning that it is proper to observe. He exhorts the widow to be genuine in her grief and give no heed to any man while she still wears the ornaments of mourning. When a woman dies he makes the same appeal to her widower, and further reminds him of his duty to his wife's relatives, how that by and by he must give fitting presents to them all and provide a sumptuous feast. But when it is some youth or maiden that is dead, he calls on all the young men, or all the girls and newly married women, to blacken their bodies and cut short their hair in token of their grief.

The surviving husband or wife may not enter the hamlet again for a year, not even to visit the grave, under pain of sickness and death. A widower will go to a neighbouring hamlet and probably settle there permanently. Old Maki-makina once lived in Waikiwali hamlet in Ukuni, but when his wife died he moved up the hill to Olegana. A widow

usually goes to her parents' hamlet before the funeral is over. There for two days she fasts, then blackens her body and face with charcoal. A sister or friend cuts off her hair, and she puts on the ornaments of mourning, cane armlets, a necklet, and a breast-band, all of white. In the hamlet of the deceased, about day-break on the morning after the funeral, the kinsfolk also blacken their bodies, shave their heads, and put on white cane armlets; then, if their grief should overwhelm them, they break the dead man's pots and his canoe, perhaps even cut down his yam vines and banana trees and such of his coco-nut palms as chance to be in bearing. At Bakoiyadi, in the ranges behind Kukuya, they knocked a hole in the bottom of his lime gourd and tied it to a tree beside the grave. A few years since, a Wagifa man was carried off to gaol. His relatives, thinking he was gone for ever, cut down his yam vines and bananas and several of his coco-nut trees as though he were already dead.

Sometimes the mourners pull down the dead man's house, more often they leave it to rot with whatever food may be inside it; in one or two instances, however, a brother occupied it afterwards. If the deceased be other than the father of the family, the house is almost certain to be pulled down, though it is rebuilt later on the same posts; a father who acted otherwise might be thought lacking in affection for his child. A near kinsman shelters the family in his house until the new home is built. Sometimes, when the house is left to rot, the dead man's property is set out on its platform; on one such house at Oiyaiya in Mitaita we saw exposed a strip of calico, a cockatoo feather, a stick of tobacco, and a number of fine large yams. The nearest kinsman harvests the dead man's garden, and often places some of its yams on the platform to rot with the rest of his possessions; not that the people imagine that the soul will come to feast on these yams, but rather they wish to give open expression to their longing and grief now that their kinsman has been taken from them. Occasionally their sorrow is expressed in stranger ways. A certain Bwaidogan was very friendly with the Kelauno natives, and when he died they laid a taboo on his people that they might not visit them

and remind them of his death. For a long time this taboo was observed, and no Bwaidogan approached their hamlets; but recently the Bwaidogans gave the Kelauno natives a quantity of fish and yams and the taboo was removed.

At Yamaleli there was a roughly carved figure of a man's head and shoulders fastened to the ridge-pole of a food house. A rich man in this hamlet had lately died, and his kinsmen erected a food house and stored it with food for a grand funeral feast. Then they carved the figure, which was about a foot long, to preserve his likeness, and set it on top of the food house so that the dancers at the memorial feast would have it constantly before them. The feast was over when we visited the hamlet, so that the figure had lost its significance and the natives were perfectly willing to part with it.

Stranger still was another way they had of showing their grief, by a custom which till recently was universal in this region and still survives in many places. On the morning after the funeral one or more of the relatives would have a finger-joint cut off. The victim's eyes were covered, the finger laid on a block of wood and cut clean through with one sharp blow. The hand was then immediately plunged into hot water, to stop the bleeding, it was said, and the severed finger-tip tied to the ridge-pole of the victim's house, where it was devoured by the ants and cockroaches.

In Mud Bay adults shrank from the pain this mutilation caused, so little children were made the victims, children who were often too young to know what was about to happen to them. No distinction of sex was made, but only near relatives might be made to suffer, usually the dead man's child, or younger brother or sister. Some recompense was generally given the child, but adults who shared the same fate received no reward. Tomoweava, a Kabuna boy whose finger was mutilated when he was still a baby, was given a valuable pendant made of shell in imitation of a boar's tusk, but two Faiyavi girls, Wagaleta and Agemoina, only received, the one a handful of beads, the other some coco-nuts. No stigma attached to any one who refused, but only in Mud Bay, it was said, were refusals common; at Belebele and other places

it was the regular method whereby adult men and women expressed their grief. The thumb was always left intact, and the right-hand little finger was never mutilated in boys or men because they used it to whirl the sling. Men seldom lose more than two or three finger-joints, but it is not at all unusual for a woman to have all the fingers of one or even of both hands maimed. Only one finger was cut on each occasion, and the second knuckle-joint was never touched. The left hand suffered first, and when all its finger-tips were gone a woman would sometimes offer her right-hand index finger next instead

of the little finger. 'Often', she would say, 'I went to my kinsman's betel-bag while he was still alive, and with this index finger I took out the nut; now he is gone, and I will have this finger cut, so that when hereafter I shall pick up betel-nut I shall remember him.'

Some special man who was thought to have more skill than others performed the operation for each hamlet or each group of hamlets; but if he were absent some other man would do it, sometimes even the victim's own father. The Kukuyan Waleba operated for the Ukuni hamlets, and for Bwaidoga a Wagifan named Didilema, who had settled down in Wifala to live with his married daughters.

The dead man's hair is fastened to his brother's coco-nut tree. As he drops out another man takes it into his care until

no more near kinsmen remain ; then it is thrown away. From time to time they take it down and oil it, and the brothers and sisters weep around it and call up memories of the dead.

To those who die in war, or at sea, or who lay violent hands upon themselves, the same funeral rites are paid. But with the unmarried this difference is made, none lie beside them on the platform and clasp them in a last embrace. Only the wife thus mourns her husband, and the husband his wife. In one funeral the dead woman's property was laid out in front of her house, to be taken away to her parents' hamlet and divided amongst her sisters. In this same funeral the procession was obliged to pass through the woman's original hamlet. A halt was made beside the stone platform, the body laid upon the stones, and all the people gathered round and wept ; then it was carried to its resting-place. Any one is allowed to attend a funeral, for none of the rites are private or done in secret. Women especially love to take part in them. A few days after one is over some old woman may meet the dead man's brother and say to him, ' When your brother was buried the other day I attended his funeral and wept bitterly. Now give me a little tobacco as a reward '. It is really remarkable how easily even the youngest child can call up a flood of crocodile tears ; this professional weeping gives an air of grotesqueness and unreality to every funeral. A group of women will break off their gossip and cry as though their hearts were breaking, then a moment afterwards cease crying just as suddenly and resume their gossip and laughter.

The period of mourning lasts for several months. All the near relatives in the hamlet, and, if the deceased was young and unmarried, all the young people of the same sex, bathe and reblacken themselves about every three days. This bathing never takes place in the sea, but only in some fresh-water pool or running stream. Certain foods must be abstained from, the best yams (*wamu*) and bananas (*galo*), as well as taro, fish, and pork. Should these rules be violated, they believe, the wrongdoer might fall ill and die ; at the very least his white cane armlets would snap off, and others would reproach him for his want of affection. Usually the widow, sometimes

too the widower, lives in a ruinous hut upon the ground, not raised on posts like all the other houses in the hamlet; whatever food they eat, too, must be brought them from another hamlet, not that in which the husband or the wife has died. Even though the widower work in his own garden, he must exchange his food with natives from elsewhere: as for the widow, she usually goes to live with her parents or her brothers and works and eats with them. The man allows his beard to grow, whereas before his face was scrupulously shaved; consequently many of the old men have short stubby beards. If he remarries, however, he will shave it off again.

The kinsmen give a feast three or four days after the funeral is over, to repay the grave-diggers for all the food that they provided at the ceremony. At Kukuya a second feast is held about a month later, but Mud Bay natives postpone it till about the third month, the dead man's brother deciding the exact date. This ends the mourning for all except the widow or the widower. During the night they tear off the white cane armlets, and at day-break bathe in the sea and wash from their bodies every trace of charcoal, after which they sit down to a hearty meal. There is much weeping when the armlets are removed, but no one visits the dead man's grave. If they are mourning for a youth or maiden the deceased's brothers gather beforehand a supply of betel-nut and coco-nuts. When the young people bathe they give them these coco-nuts to anoint themselves with, and distribute the betel-nut to them in gratitude for their sympathy. The women and girls may now resume their natural tones, for throughout the mourning they make their voices thin and piping like a little child's.

At times the mourning ornaments are laid aside, but the food restrictions are still maintained for two or three months afterwards; the feast is then delayed to coincide with the latter occasion. The widow or the widower, as the case may be, maintains full mourning for several months after all the rest have ceased. It may be more than a year later before they too discontinue, since they can fix the time themselves. Like the others they remove their ornaments in the night, then

bathe the following morning and give a small feast to their relatives.

About a year and a half ago (in 1910) a widow was permitted to forgo some of the usual mourning customs. Her husband, a young church member, died. His hamlet was near the mission station, and several of his kinsmen had been converted to Christianity; consequently the missionary counselled them to drop the harsher elements in their mourning. Two church members gave the usual oration on the funeral day, but instead of bidding the people observe each jot and tittle of their old time-honoured rites, they counselled them from that day forth to leave off those which no longer had any meaning, though they brought much hardship to the widow. The people followed their advice; the widow kept her body smeared with charcoal, but lived and ate like all the rest.

A special reason is given for the undermining of the grave. Certain women, the Mud Bay natives say, often try to exhume the body during the night, and cut off part of the flesh for food. They call these women *kwala*, and hold them in great abhorrence. A Kukuya woman even now is much given to this practice; one of her kinsmen refuses to eat her food on the ground that her pots are tainted. In 1911 a woman was discovered at Kabuna one night trying to dig up the corpse of a man named Tomobwaina, but she managed to make her escape without being recognized. They might have killed her had they seized her; in any case she would have been roughly handled. No desire for vengeance actuates these women, only a depraved appetite for human flesh; the practice therefore will soon die out, now that no cannibalism is ever allowed to occur. Men say these *kwala* cut off the thighs and shoulders, which they cook and eat in secret; the blood they catch in bamboo tubes and drink. They derive no magic power apparently from their ghastly banquets. In a grave that was undermined and the chamber blocked with boards it would doubtless be much more difficult to exhume the corpse. To the native here this makes no difference, for second burial has never been in favour. At Dobu, though, the

natives sometimes exhume the bones and throw the skull into a cave behind a rock on the sea-shore. There is some evidence too that a similar custom was once in vogue in the north of Goodenough, but it never apparently took place in the south. The grave is always watched, however, for several days, to guard it from any attempt at outrage. Now that it must be dug outside the hamlet it is less easily guarded than it was before. Moreover, as long as a man was buried amongst the houses of his kin the natives felt no dread in going near his grave; but now that it lies apart in some lonely and secluded spot, he is very loath to approach it, either in the daytime or by night.

If a man be properly buried his hamlet will never be haunted by his soul. This can only happen if no food be put in with him, or if he be laid upon his left side instead of upon his right. Not long ago the father of our old friend Yanavolewa was buried upon his left side, and his soul, instead of going off on its long journey, stayed behind to haunt his relatives. The sister watched one night and threw hot water in its eyes, after which it never appeared again. Sometimes a haunting soul is driven away with spears and clubs and the noise of drums and conch-shells, but it will inevitably return again if the natives afterwards fail to throw these objects into the sea.

Under ordinary circumstances the souls of the dead can never return once they have departed to their long home. Hence there is no 'All Souls' Day' such as the Kiriwinian natives of the Trobriands celebrate. If a soul should haunt the hamlet no one is sure whose soul it is. One native thought that a mother's soul might perhaps return to visit her little one, but others were certain that it never could. The dead have a home of their own, and there, when a new soul comes, the rest all gather round and share its food, the same food that was deposited in its grave. Some natives, though, maintain that this food is to supply its needs upon its journey, and hence it haunts the people if they fail to bury any with it.

The story of Filofilo Isako, a student on the Bwaidoga Mission Station, will fittingly close this account of the burial

customs in this region. It was taken down from his own lips.

Some years ago three Bwaidogan youths, Saluya, Gumaiya, and Kauboa, crossed the strait to Kalokalo and stole some betel-nut from the hills during the night. At day-break they started out on their return, but a fearful storm from the south overtook them when they were only half-way across. Two large waves struck their canoe; the first they rode successfully, the second broke off their outrigger and the canoe turned over. Saluya, seeing that all was over, drew out his knife and cut the lashings that still attached the outrigger to the canoe; the canoe itself sank, but the outrigger remained afloat and the three youths buoyed themselves on it. The mission whaleboat passed them and they tried to signal it, but their voices were drowned in the storm. Gumaiya then lost consciousness and was drowned, so the other two tied his hands and feet to make him sink and cast him off. Slowly they drifted in to shore near Inafole Point, but here Kauboa was dashed against the rocks and killed. Saluya, the sole survivor, the waves washed up unconscious on the beach. After a time he recovered and slowly made his way back home along the path, carrying the news of their disaster as he went. Josua, the Bwaidogan policeman, and another native went out to search for the bodies. They found Kauboa dead upon the rocks, his body battered to pieces and entirely broken up. Josua climbed a coco-nut palm and tore away some leaves; with these he made a basket in which to place the fragments, and carried them back to Wifala and placed them in the dead man's hut. From Wabaloe, from Kabuna, from Ukuni a crowd collected to weep, and after the weeping was ended the remains were buried in an open space within the hamlet in the usual manner. For a month afterwards all Bwaidoga mourned his death.

Isako, though the uncle of Kauboa, was only about five years old at that time. During the night that succeeded the funeral a string was tied to his left-hand little finger as he lay sleeping within his hut. At daylight his kinsmen called him out, and then for the first time he saw the string on his

finger-tip and knew that he was doomed to lose it. The loose end of the string was tied to a tree and his hand was placed upon the block. The natives covered his eyes and stuffed his ears with their hands while Didilema, the Wagifan, laid a plane-iron on the outer joint and with one sharp blow from a stone severed the finger-tip. His hand was placed in warm water for a little while, and was then allowed to heal of itself. He suffered no pain as far as he could remember, but then it was a long time since and he had almost forgotten it. His finger-tip was tied to the ridge-pole of his hut to dry, but after a time it disappeared and he thought the cockroaches must have eaten it. Tanavidi, the father of the dead Kauboa, gave him a tomahawk and a coco-nut tree in recompense. Wakalemalema, Kauboa's younger sister, had her finger cut off at the same time, but they spared two younger brothers, though why Isako could not say. Even to this day he does not know who tied the string to his little finger while he lay asleep.

CHAPTER X

THE RITUAL OF THE GARDEN

THE cultivation of the yam is comparatively simple. A pile is made of those that are wanted later for seed, and water is sprinkled over the top of them ; then as soon as they begin to sprout they are taken out and planted. The planting season varies from year to year, but usually coincides with our September or October. The ground must first be cleared of scrub and grass, then ploughed with pointed sticks, the ends of which have been hardened in the fire. Several men stand in a row and drive their sticks into the ground, then with a united heave turn over one long sod of earth, leaving a continuous furrow. Occasionally women help in this, but the work is rather heavy, and generally the heavier work is left for the men to do. After the digging has been accomplished it is necessary to wait for the rain to loosen up the soil, and in dry seasons this may cause a long delay. Once the rain has fallen, however, all turn out to break up the clods and hurry on the planting.

Nearly every hamlet has its professional 'singer', a man who knows the proper incantation for the yams, and sometimes too for taro, sweet potatoes, and bananas. Often, however, there is a separate 'singer' for each of these. When all is ready for the planting the 'singer' takes a special stone which he keeps stored away in his hut, and over it he sings an incantation. Next he cuts a yam sprout and makes a small hole in the ground ; the stone is placed in the bottom and the yam is set on top, after which the hole is filled with earth. In each of the other plots he plants a yam, and after this is done the rest of the hamlet joins in the work and finishes the planting. Both now at the time of planting and for six months afterwards the 'singer' and his wife must sleep

apart. Not till the seventh month comes round and the yams are ripe for harvest is the restriction taken off him; the yams will be sure to wither if he disobeys. Certain foods are tabooed to him, prawns, cuttlefish, another fish called *nui*, and *laita*, the favourite dish of taro leaves. His services are called in again as soon as the yams begin to run along the surface of the ground; for now he must summon the yam spirits, from Kelauno or Mitaita or wherever there may be yams that attain unusual size, that they may enter also the yam plots of the 'singer' and his kinsmen, and make their yams big likewise. Aididiga, the singer for Elaela hamlet in Bwaidoga, had no doubts concerning the efficacy of his singing; their yams would all be small, he said, but for his incantations. And yet, he added, not even the spirits can make the yams grow big in hard or barren soil.

Several names are given to these spirits. They are *anunu*, *maiyanu*, or *alualua*, all words which denote as well the souls and shadows of human beings that travel after death to the distant home of the dead. The distinction between them is rather uncertain, for even the natives themselves have very confused ideas about them. But whether they call them *maiyanu* or *anunu* or *alualua*, they always mean exactly the same when speaking of the yams. The yam spirit travels backward and forward as the singers call it from this place and from that. Sometimes it is thought of as only one, sometimes a number are supposed to attend. At Walitavitavi, in Mud Bay, there is a large rock on which the singer stands and bids the dugong, the crocodile, and the *bauyoki* (the dolphin?) convey the spirits from the far side of Kiriwina. Another singer makes his appeal to Anininalavu, a *balawmo* who lives in the earth with his wife Babisinagea, where none can behold them. These two then exert themselves; they send the spirits into the yams and taro and make them grow. It was this singer who told us that at harvest the spirits of the yam and taro take refuge in the woods, and do not return till some months later when the young plants again begin to sprout.

There are other methods, both in Mud Bay and elsewhere,

DIGGING FOR A GARDEN, MELAUNO

DIGGING FOR A GARDEN, DUDUDU

of ensuring good and plentiful harvests. At Belebele some of the people would scrape a little bark from an unusually large tree and plant it with their yams. But they were not content with this. A Fijian teacher near them had some splendid water-melons in his garden, and some of the natives stole the leaves to plant along with their yams. In Mud Bay, if the yams should promise poorly, the natives scrape the earth away and surround them with the bark of some large tree; but if they promise to turn out well the bark is merely laid on top. There is no special bark that they use, only the tree from which they take it must be larger than the average. In the centre of the island the large rock Kawaloana is used in exactly the same way. The singer scrapes a little dust from it, just below the paintings that adorn its surface. He kneads the dust with water, then sings his incantation and lays his magic mixture on the first yam that he plants. Every native uses some such method. Waleba, our Kukuyan friend, possessed a little parcel about as thick as a man's little finger. It was wrapped in a banana leaf, but he would not tell us what it contained, save that it was something he had made to sprinkle on his growing yams.

If she were vexed a woman could neutralize the singer's incantation and rob his magic of its power. She would be injuring herself of course, for her own yam crop would suffer with all the rest. But the native does not stop to think of this. He wants an outlet for his anger, and vents it on the nearest object. So a Mitaita man cut down one of his own coco-nut palms, because he had quarrelled with his wife. The process by which the women spoil the yam crops is known as *welavina*, but the old men could not tell us with certainty how it is brought about. They thought the women took some rubbish, or the leaf of a certain tree, and sang an incantation over it in the garden and placed it amongst the yams.

Similar incantations are sung to foster the growth of taro, sweet potatoes, and bananas. The head man of a Kwaibogan hamlet taught his son the taro incantation before the boy was ten years old. None of these charms or incantations are intended to take the place of ordinary care and attention, but

only to remedy their insufficiency. Probably somewhere you could find a song to keep the parrots away from the bananas; but the native will still set up his 'flutter', a long leaf tied to the end of a piece of string and fastened to a tree-top. So too, though the songs and charms appear all to be working in his favour, he will labour at his yam-crop no less diligently than he did before.

At harvest the singer first digs up his stone, and carefully hides it in his hut for use on some later occasion. These stones are used on both sides of Moresby Strait from Belebele to Kukuya. The Wagifans bought the ones they use at Alikabu, a district in the mountains north of Belebele. The Bwaidogan natives bought their stones at Galuata, a hamlet that lies behind Alikabu; they paid the people some fish, and bought both stone and incantation together. Each man places one of his largest yams in the back of his hut to rot. This is to pay the spirits, though what they do with it the natives were unable to say. A yam of unusual size is generally set aside and displayed at feasts. Most of the yams are stored in food huts, or on the platforms of the houses. Where they are kept on the platform, an enclosure is made for them with poles arranged in tiers, and they are covered with mats of coco-nut leaves to protect them from the weather. A man whose garden prospers cooks a quantity of the produce and gives it to the singer in payment for his services. Often, too, he will give his friend some of his finest yams, and his friend will return the compliment by making a payment in kind.

There is a curious harvest custom at both Kabuna and Faiyavi. All the fires in the hamlet must be extinguished when the people start out to dig their yams. Live sticks are carried down to the sea and quenched in water. First the people all unite to dig the yams of the singer, and when this has been done the singer, alone and unseen among the vines, kindles a fire by means of two sticks. He calls the women to take his brands and build each a fire for herself; he gives them, too, the yams that were dug from his garden, and bids them cook and eat. He must not eat them himself, for these are yams over which he has sung; so the Kabuna people

exchange with the Bwaidogans, and present their singers with alien food. The Faiyavi natives across the bay likewise exchange food with their neighbours. When the natives return to their hamlets at night they may take a brand from their gardens to light the evening fire, as they often do even on ordinary days, or they may light a fire with sticks. This custom of extinguishing the hamlet fires is confined to Kabuna and Faiyavi. No reason could be found for it, save that the singers have always ordained it for as long as could be remembered. Only on this occasion is it done, when the main yam crop is harvested. The only ceremony when the late yams (*mwamu*) are gathered in is the singing of a special incantation in the gardens before the workers begin their digging.

No special feasts occur in connexion with the gardens, but for two or three months after the harvest great rejoicing goes on everywhere. Visits are paid to distant friends, and dancing and singing occur almost nightly. Then is the time when new canoes are finished, and their owners show them off in all the hamlets round the coast. Life for a time becomes a constant round of pleasure and enjoyment, provided of course that the harvest was a bountiful one: during the long weary months when day after day is spent in toiling on the garden plots, the native looks eagerly forward to this period when he can lay aside his cares and enjoy himself.

Incantations, it will be noticed, play a large part in native life. Almost every native knows at least one incantation. There are incantations for the sunshine and the rain, for raising the wind and for making it subside again, for calming a stormy sea, for ensuring success in hunting and in fishing, for producing disease and sickness and again for healing these; in fact there is not one single sphere of man's activity in which an incantation cannot help him. The man who knows a successful incantation can always be sure of driving a lucrative trade and securing the ordinary articles of wealth. But the number of really accredited singers in any hamlet is not large. Mud Bay, for example, has only two rain-makers, Naialena, the head man of Vakoiya hamlet in Kabuna, and Kabuaola,

the head man of a Faiyavi hamlet; both of these obtained their knowledge from their fathers. Kabuaola employs the following method for producing rain. He lays a certain freshly cut vine in a stream and places a stone on top of it; then he returns to his hut, blackens his body, face, and limbs, and sings an incantation. After a time the rain will begin to fall. But if it is long delayed another vine is added and the process repeated once again. These two men have also the power to make the sun shine fiercely and scorch up the ground, but they would never employ it save when much provoked, since their own gardens would be burnt up with the rest. Kabuaola for this purpose throws in the fire a cup of coco-nut shell and a wood called *gailala*, and sings his incantation while they burn.

Of the other magicians in and around Mud Bay, Malabuya, the old man of Lobonea, can make the lightning and the thunder; Maginavina, of Akaiyadiya, can raise the wind or cause a calm; and Tadobuya, the head man of Kimokimoioy, knows the incantation that should be sung before a pig hunt. The fishing song has two exponents, Kolaeta of Lobonea and Alumeko, the Wagifan hero of the fight with Dobu. There are probably two or three others in this region who know one or more of these incantations, but their fame is less established.

We stumbled on Maginavina one day just as he was exercising his power. A storm of wind and rain had caught us one afternoon toiling over the ranges from Fauya carrying heavy loads of yams that we had purchased there. As we descended to Akaiyadiya and hurried along the native track, we heard a man shouting out a song at the very top of his voice. We rounded a corner and came face to face with the singer, Maginavina himself, who was standing against the trunk of a giant tree and calling with all his might on the wind to blow. Our sudden appearance seemed to disconcert him, but a small present of tobacco induced him to go on. The incantation that he was singing on this occasion he had already taught his grandson and sold to a Kukuya man.

A curious incident occurred in the Belebele district a short time before this. Below the hamlet of Wailolo there is

a valley of extraordinary shape; it somewhat resembles a long trough, and is regularly cultivated by the Wailolo people. Their rain-maker Manamassi set up a large white boulder on the ridge above and covered it over with leaves. He chanted a magic song over it, and thus ensured abundant rain for the growing crop. The Fijian mission-teacher at Bebebele removed the leaves, but the rain-maker put others in their place. The teacher warned him that he would die unless he gave up his heathen practices, but the old man naturally paid no attention to his words. Soon afterwards, though, he did fall sick and die, and the Wailolo people believe that his death was a punishment because he covered up the stone again and continued his magic rites.

The greatest ruler of the winds and rain and sunshine, though, was an ancient pot. It belonged to Tomeawala, head man of one of the two Inafani hamlets that lie on the top of a ridge overlooking Mud Bay and Wagifa. Many were the tales that were told of this pot by the natives on the coast below, tales that often contradicted one another. Some said that it was never made by the hand of man; in the beginning it simply 'was'. Others declared that Tomeawala himself had brought it from Kukuya many years ago, with the sacred adzes it contained and the ceremonies that went with it. A special hut was built within his hamlet, and there he kept it out of sight of all the people. Only on one special occasion might this hut be entered or the people see the pot, otherwise mighty earthquakes would shake the land, and floods and tempests devastate it, followed by famine and the death of many people. But at one yearly ceremony a few were privileged to behold it, for then its owner carried it in procession, and the train of natives followed after, crouching low towards the ground. In fear and trembling they brought it food, still crouching low, and hurriedly retired again. There was one native, Paolo, of Bwaidoga, who said that he had witnessed this procession as he lay hidden in the jungle. The pot was red, he said, not black like ordinary pots, since food was never cooked in it; and one or two stone adzes lay inside it. The sight had greatly terrified him, and shortly afterwards he fell sick, but

recovered later. A woman of Wabaloe, though, who had also seen the pot, had died in consequence.

From Kukuya to Nuatutu this pot held sovereign sway, and from time to time Tomeawala and his friends descended to the coast and levied tribute. The natives dared not refuse to pay, lest their gardens should be scorched up by a drought and they themselves should die of famine. So for a long time Tomeawala flourished. At last his exactions became too heavy, and the coast people went to Ballantyne and begged that he would intervene or else inform the magistrate. It was arranged that on a certain day a number of Bwaidogan men should go with him to Tomeawala's hamlet, but when the day came round only one man turned up. Nevertheless with a few mission students Ballantyne climbed up the hill and entered the hamlet, where a crowd of natives quickly gathered to watch the issue. A student pointed out the hut in which the pot was kept, but when Ballantyne tried to enter the natives blocked his path. A long palaver followed, till at last the villagers, fearing that he might report the matter to the magistrate, proposed that he should come again, when they would all desert the hamlet and he might take away the pot and no one suffer. Old Tomeawala offered a valuable armlet as a bribe to be allowed to keep the pot, but Ballantyne was inexorable. A few days later he climbed to the hamlet again, and this time seized the pot, but as he descended the hill, carrying his precious burden in his arms, he slipped, and the pot was broken. There were in it two white pebbles and three adzes with wooden handles. One of the adzes had a blade of stone and was plainly very ancient, but the other two had iron blades.

But was it the genuine pot that he obtained, the pot that ruled the rain and sunshine? At first the natives on the coast said 'yes', then a short time afterwards they held that it was different. The drought of 1912 made some believe that it actually was the genuine pot, and that his seizing it had caused the drought. But then again when the drought was ended they all agreed that the proper pot was hidden away in some tiny hut within the woods. Two men were sent out

secretly to look for it, but the search was unsuccessful. Tomeawala of course declared that it was the genuine pot that Ballantyne had seized, but he was loth to speak of it at all and plainly wished the matter dropped. But after all it mattered very little, since the people were freed from his extortions and every one was happy and contented. Even Tomeawala himself grew reconciled, and he and all his people became Ballantyne's staunch supporters.¹

Generally it is the head man of the hamlet who is skilled in incantations. It is he who in most places names the new canoe and sings the incantation before a pig or kangaroo hunt; and in olden times it was he who led the war-party on its expeditions. Now his authority is slight, but formerly it seems to have been much greater. In the three neighbouring districts of Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni he still must eat his food apart, though other restrictions with which he was once surrounded have now been dropped. Formerly, for example, he might not go out fishing with his kinsmen. When travelling too he might eat but sparingly, the merest snack in the early morning and but little more at night, whereas the rest could eat as much and as often as they felt inclined. Moreover his own people had to cook his food, since he might not touch the food that the people of other hamlets cooked and gave them. This might not seem important, but when we toured the island with a fleet of new canoes often the only food we had to eat was what was cooked and offered us in the hamlets that we visited. A head man would not have been allowed to eat this food, but his people would have been

¹ After the above was written the following information was obtained from Tomeawala himself: The pot was an ancient heirloom which had been handed down through several generations. Its real name was *ulekofuyo*, but usually it was called *manumanua* because of its influence on the crops (from *manua*, 'house'). It ruled the night and the elements, and had power to cause famines and seasons of plenty, but had no influence in cases of sickness or of bodily ailments. It would strike dead any presumptuous intruder who dared to enter the hut in which it was lodged, while should it be broken unending night would fall on the island of Goodenough, and evil spirits (*balaumo*), taking possession of the inanimate objects within the houses, would destroy the people.

obliged to beg a little raw food and cook it for him on the beach.

A few of the older head men still retain a considerable show of dignity and authority. Abela, of Inaofole hamlet in Kabuna, Alumeko, in Wagifa, would command respect everywhere. But in most cases such authority as they may once have possessed has utterly disappeared. External signs of authority they never possessed, not even a finer hut or a special seat on the stone platform.

CHAPTER XI

MAGIC AND AILMENTS

MANY of the magical ceremonies and practices have been described already, but for the most part they were instances of what we may call white magic; their employment, that is to say, is not harmful to the rest of the community. No man would be at pains to deny knowledge of this kind of magic; on the contrary he is proud of whatever little he may know, and is always eager to learn more. For it is plainly all to his advantage if he knows a charm to make the yams grow big, or to win a girl's affections, or again to heal the sick. But there is another kind of magic, black magic, which no one will confess he knows. Any native will tell you how it can be done, but he will always say that he himself is ignorant of the proper incantation. He will refer you perhaps to Malabuya, but when you go to Malabuya and ask him to tell you what he knows, he indignantly denies all knowledge and calls the other man a blackguard and a liar. It is the same all over the island; and yet, wherever you may go, you hear of some one who has just been victimized and is lying at death's door. Waleba, the Kukuyan native, said that a man could never die except for one of two reasons; first, because a spirit had taken his heart away, and secondly, because some one had practised sorcery on him. If his brother died, he said, he would first weep for him, then fish and hunt and gather food to present to a certain woman in his native hamlet; she would exert her magic power and cause some other man to die in revenge. In Mud Bay a dying man frequently names the person by whom he believes himself to be bewitched, and in some cases his relatives have instantly seized their spears and slain the suspected sorcerer; more usually, however, they are content with exacting a heavy fine. If, however,

a man should die without naming any one as the cause, they conclude that he has died for no apparent reason (*kavovo*, as they say) and let the matter drop.

This then is black magic, or, as it may also be called, sorcery. It differs from white magic, so far at least as these natives are concerned, in its anti-social nature. The two, however, sometimes tend to coincide; that which is anti-social from one point of view may favour society from another. The same magic which has slain your brother you may use to slay his enemy, and all your relatives will approve your deed. It is dangerous, though, to let it be known that you have power to bewitch your fellow-men, for it makes you the mark of constant suspicion and enmity. Consequently it is usually fairly easy to distinguish the two varieties.

Let us treat of the white magic first. It is evident, merely from the accounts of marriage and of property, how intimately the art of magic is woven into the fabric of society. Except by the help of a *vani*, one native said, a man can hardly expect to obtain a bride. He might have gone yet further, and said that without the assistance of some magic rite and incantation he can hardly be sure of succeeding in anything that matters. An incantation is seldom used alone, though it appears to be an indispensable part of the forms of magic, whether black or white.

Several methods of gaining a girl's affection have been given, but there are many others. Here is one which has no special name but is simply known as *vani*, a word which is applied to every scented shrub and to mixtures made from it. A man will take a dried scented vine called *waki*, mix it first with dirt, blood, or perspiration from his person, and then with coco-nut oil. He waits till the girl is sleeping, then holds her nose and pours the mixture into her open mouth. She wakes, of course, but he forces her to swallow the dose by clapping his hand over her mouth. She will doubtless hit him over the head, but may calm down afterwards and allow herself to be reconciled to him. This does not end the process though. Some of the mixture he has kept apart, and now he takes and inserts it into the hole of a certain species

of ant called *kanafaieta*, which makes its nest in the ground. The ants are not believed to eat it, but their constant tapping on it causes the girl much pain, and she can find relief neither at home nor in her garden. Then the man visits her and proffers his suit. A short courtship follows, lasting perhaps a week, and then he leads her to his father's hut. The marriage celebrations take place at once, unless it be the short season for food, when his father may advise him to take her back and wait till harvest.

Sometimes the native adopts another method. He takes the *kalena*, which is a leaf from any tree, with a piece of tobacco wrapped inside. With this he climbs by night into the girl's house, secretes the leaf, but places the tobacco on her nose and waits for her to wake. She may hit him over the head and call out to her people, when the man makes off as quickly as he can. But in most cases, the natives said, she will only pretend to hit him, and he will stay and talk to her as in the usual courtship. Should she see the leaf, however, she may guess what he has done and try to destroy it. But suppose the man emerges triumphant, and carries his leaf away with him. He will watch where the black-and-white maibwana perches on the tree-tops, and deposit his leaf in the same spot. The constant calling of the bird reaches the girl's heart, and she is filled with longing for the man who has bewitched her. There is still, however, one hope of escape for her. If the tobacco fell from her nose as she awoke, and she failed to catch its smell, the maibwana's calling will have no effect; but if she smelt it she is doomed.

But there is a method much simpler than either of these which produces the same result. All that the youth requires to do is to steal the girl's grass skirt and wear it when he goes to bathe. As he stands in the water with the skirt bound round his waist he sings his magic song, his *ebatoa*, and quietly returns the skirt to the girl's hut. Later, when she puts it on and wears it, she will feel her heart go out to her enchanter.

All the ordinary taboos have a magical sanction behind them. A man at Wabaloe had been annoying some of his

neighbours, who took their complaint to Ballantyne. The man immediately tied a tabooed string across the track beside his hamlet; he had no intention, he said, of allowing any one who wished to pass his house and carry a report of his misdeeds to the missionary. If any one dared to violate his taboo he would surely die. It was the principal track in all the district, and the taboo in consequence caused the natives much inconvenience. However, the threat that his action would be reported to the magistrate unless he instantly removed the string had the desired effect.

The natives of Giviya hamlet in Kwaiaudili had a large stone named Bulabulavea. Whenever they wished to keep strangers from visiting them they announced that Bulabulavea had been turned over, and whoever approached their hamlet would die. Near Belebele there are two large flat stones, one standing on edge behind the other so as to form a kind of back to it. The natives used to say that it was death to overturn the stone which lies flat upon the ground, for a spirit lived beneath it who would be very wroth if any one disturbed his home.

There are some interesting examples of sympathetic magic, two of which may be given here. A Bwaidogan native excused himself for not letting his child eat rice on the plea that rice causes the stomach to swell, and the sores with which the child was covered would be sure to swell correspondingly. The other case concerns the nose-bone that men wear, which is ground out of the hinge of the giant clam shell. This is only found in deep water, so that it is useless to search for it except in the calm weather when the south-east monsoon prevails. The native rubs his body with coconut oil so that he may glide swiftly and easily through the water, and if he wears the orange-coloured leaves of the croton in his armlet it will be sure to lead him to the orange-coloured clam.

Quite recently two methods for making a pig grow big were introduced into Bwaidoga from Fatavi. One is an excellent example of sympathetic magic. Bark from two trees, the *tawana* and the *sewa*, is mixed with the food of the

TABOOED COCO-NUT TREES, WAILAGI, MUD BAY

A FAIYAVI NATIVE IN WAR PAINT

pig. Both of these trees grow rapidly and attain a considerable size, and their bark is thought to produce a similar result on the pig. In the other method the owner merely sits in front of his pig as it feeds and pours fresh or salt water on its back.

In sickness the natives almost invariably have recourse to magic. There are certain simples, it is true, which they also employ at times; but sickness is nearly always ascribed to sorcery and can be dispelled by magic alone. For a mere cold they chew the ginger root, and often when suffering from indigestion or stomach-ache they use a counter-irritant, rubbing the afflicted part with the under-surface of the *tuitui* or *dibidibi* leaves, which smart like stinging nettles. There are two simples that are employed for burns, the juice of the purple convolvulus which grows abundantly on the sea-shore, and the crushed leaves of another plant called *ewaiwakumina*. The latter really appears to have some curative properties. A little child at Bwaidoga fell into the fire one day and was frightfully burnt all down one side of its face. The *ewaiwakumina* leaves were applied to the spot, and a week later we found it healing wonderfully. Burns are of common occurrence because the natives love to sleep right up against a fire to counteract the chill of the damp night air. The usual remedy for headache is bleeding. A Wagifan sufferer at Nufwasa sat on the ground and slipped a cord around his neck. Its two ends he held tight behind his head, while a friend cut several gashes in his forehead with a chip of bottle-glass; the blood was allowed to drip on to the ground, and no further notice was taken of it. We asked the man why he needed to constrict his neck, and he said that otherwise the blood would not flow freely.

Mataibo, the Bwaidogan, was subject to epileptic fits. He fell into the fire during one of his attacks and had his hand severely burnt; Ballantyne therefore kept him on the mission station so that he might attend to it each day. One morning a student reported that Mataibo had died in the night, but that now he was quite well again. It appeared that a fit had seized him about midnight, to the great amusement of all

the station lads, who shrieked with laughter at his strange contortions. When Mataibo was a babe, the natives said, his mother had eaten the *tuva* root and afterwards drank some water. It had no influence on the woman, but Mataibo imbibed the poison at her breast and ever afterwards was subject to epileptic fits. *Tuva* is a root which the people sometimes crush and place in streams to poison the fish.

The natives suffer slightly from malaria, but not to the same extent as Europeans. Skin diseases, on the other hand, are much more virulent amongst them. The slightest scratch is liable to develop into a festering sore, even though it be scrupulously washed in fresh clean water. Sea-water seems to aggravate every wound, probably by reason of some germ or poison in the coral. The natives are quite aware of this, and carefully abstain from bathing in the sea when suffering from sores or sickness of any kind. In fact the ordinary way of saying that a man has recovered from an illness is to say that he has bathed.

Some natives rub a mixture of lime and pawpaw juice on a simple cut, though it pains as much as bluestone. Boils are very common, and every one suffers from ulcerous sores at one time or another. It is not at all unusual to see the muscles of a leg or arm contracted out of shape by them, and the limb rendered almost useless. The natives generally ascribe them to the breaking of some taboo. Babies are often covered with fearful yaws, and a few natives have hard corns on the soles of their feet so that they can hardly bear to plant them on the ground. Arminio of Wagifa, and Daniela, a mission student from Bwaidoga, have been almost crippled by them for many years. Daniela's history is rather interesting. He was a child when the great famine swept the land, and his parents offered to sell him for some yams to the people of Belebele. But the old head man of his hamlet, knowing that the child would certainly be killed and eaten, vigorously objected, and himself took care of Daniela and saved him from starvation.

A kind of ringworm attacks nearly all the natives to a greater or less degree. It is quite painless, but the peeling of the skin makes their appearance very revolting. One lad

rubbed lime on his body to try to remove it, and a few are now using kerosene whenever they can obtain it from a trader or from the mission. Kerosene indeed appears to yield good results. Pneumonia, dysentery, and every sickness for which no immediate cause is evident are at once set down to sorcery, and a magician must be called in who is skilled in healing. Daiyamina of Faiyavi was one such practitioner. He had paid an old man for his knowledge of the art and had for a time a very successful practice. He used to keep the heart of a rat suspended from a tree, and portions of the flesh and bones of a pig and a kangaroo; then, when he was summoned to effect a cure, he secreted small pieces of these or similar things between his teeth or his fingers, under his armlets, or in some other convenient hiding-place. He would take his seat beside his patient and massage the afflicted part, chanting a magic song. Suddenly with a sharp hiss he would produce a piece of bone, a stone, or some other object that was extracted apparently from the patient's body. Instructions were given to the relatives to take good care of their patient and give him plenty of food, when he would soon be well again. Some substantial payment would be made to Daiyamina for his services.

He had another method for healing troubles in the chest and heart. Going into the woods he cut a certain vine, which he first crushed between his hands, then poured water through it into a coco-nut cup. The crushed vine he laid aside, but the potion he stirred with the leaf of a plant called *bunala*, to the accompaniment of a certain incantation. It was then given to the patient to drink, and the dregs were placed on top of his head; under the idea that they would draw the sickness through his skull. Daiyamina then took the crushed vine that he had laid aside and threw it into swiftly running water. The recovery of the patient would be rapid or protracted according to the speed with which the water carried off the vine.

For curing afflictions in the lungs, the shoulder, the sides, and the back he would take the leaf of a plant called *ibwadaka* and stroke the arm of the patient upwards from the hand to

near the elbow, then downwards from the shoulder to the spot where he had ceased. Now to this point he applied his lips, and sucked the sickness out, producing from his mouth a stone or similar object which he had presumably extracted. He had still another method for curing swellings in the body or the limbs. Early in the morning he would sit beside his patient and pour sea-water on his head, singing a magic song. In the afternoon he visited the woods and gathered some leaves of the plant *bunala*, which he placed on the platform of the patient's hut; then he lay down and slept. At dawn he rose, gathered up his leaves, and took his stand beside the stone platform that is found in every hamlet. The sick man's relatives gathered round him, and standing high above them he dipped his leaves in salt sea-water and sprinkled all their heads, singing his magic song; the song ended, he flung his leaves down over them. The people gathered them up and distributed them around, the sick man also receiving one; then one and all they rubbed their bodies with them. Thus the patient was restored to health, while those who were yet sound escaped infection from him.

Quite recently, at the instance of a Samoan teacher, Daiyamina abandoned his profession, and of his own accord one Sunday stood up in the native church and described his methods. Some of the natives were very wroth at the imposture he had practised, but it hardly shook their faith in the doctors who remained. Massage and a magic song seem to be employed in every healing process. The doctor's efforts are all directed towards removing the cause of the complaint, which may be material, as in the cases above described, or something intangible. For the latter it is usual to seek the help of some scented leaves or bark. In one process called *awamogovina* the doctor holds the leaf in his mouth so that his breath passes over it while he sings the incantation *kabadidi*. He then massages his patient with it and the sickness is driven out. Another doctor holds the bark of the nutmeg (*mauga*) on the back of his left hand between the thumb and index, and, as he chants his *tomoduwe*, scrapes it into powder with a thin broad shell called *kiki*. First he

holds the powder to the patient's nose, then pats his hand like a pepper bottle so that it sprinkles the sick man's body and limbs. Wherever the powder touches him his sickness is dispelled.

The incantation called *tomoduwe* is not always powerful enough, so a doctor is called in who knows the *dimo* incantation. With his song accompanying every movement he massages his patient's head and face; then, slowly working down the body, he drives the sickness before him into the lower limbs. Still working downwards with firm steady motion, he grips the legs tighter and tighter, and his song grows quicker and quicker until at last he reaches the feet. Then with the final burst of the song he flings them off, drops his hands with a crash to the ground, and the disease is dispelled. Meanwhile the patient's wife or a near female relative cooks some food for the doctor to eat. He may need to repeat the process three or four days in succession, and perhaps three times each day, but each time as he ends it a dish of food must be set out ready for him to eat. His fee, which is usually a large white armshell, is paid when the patient recovers.

Other scented shrubs are used besides the nutmeg. One that is called *kabaiya* has a dry hot taste. A rain-maker sometimes chews it to make the rain stop falling, and sick men often chew it to drive away their sickness.

Turning now to sorcery we find there are many different methods for bewitching a man. The natives themselves, however, frequently separate them into two classes, according to whether they involve an incantation to a spirit or not. If a spirit is invoked the sorcerer is said to *balaumina* his victim, from *balaumo*, an evil spirit. Once, while touring as passengers in a fleet of Wagifan canoes, we put in at Nufwasa and went in to the hamlets. In Kwanauta we found some Kabuna visitors just about to leave. Our Wagifans immediately started a hot dispute with them, accusing three from Magonea, a Kabuna hamlet, of having bewitched a man, of *balaumina*, as they termed it. The accused of course indignantly denied the accusation, but the Wagifans said that they had rolled

tobacco into a cigarette and placed it in a tree; then, lighting it, they sang an incantation to a *balaumo*, extinguished the cigarette, and afterwards gave it to their victim for him to smoke. The consequence was that the man became dangerously ill.

The invocation to a spirit seems to be the essential feature of this kind of sorcery; hence there is only one name, *balaumina*, for all the different forms it takes. *Bogavu*, the other kind of sorcery, had different names for all its different forms, though there is one in particular which has usurped for itself the specific name *bogavu*. The word is therefore a little ambiguous sometimes. This specific form of *bogavu* is, or used to be, practised whenever a man of influence or an apparently healthy child died suddenly, and a man in another hamlet was suspected of killing him by sorcery. A kinsman of the deceased quietly retired into the woods; the people of his own hamlet knew, but others were kept in ignorance as long as possible, though soon they too would grow suspicious. Four days he remained in the woods, living only on roasted coco-nuts, since any other kind of food would rob his magic of its power. With him he carried a bag containing a bill of the white hornbill, a bone of the garfish, and a white stone from a foot to eighteen inches long. Just what he did with these no one could say, or at least they refused to divulge, though every hamlet has two or three such bags hidden away in the backs of the houses out of sight. But all the time he remained in the woods the inhabitants of neighbouring hamlets were frantic with terror, and as soon as darkness fell each night they shut themselves in their houses and barred the doors that the sorcerer might not enter. For four nights he prowled about the hamlets, bewitching any one he saw; on the fifth he left the woods, bathed in the sea, and chewed some betel-nut and the leaf of the pepper-plant. This was the closing act in the drama. Next morning he reappeared in his hamlet and resumed his normal life. His victim, however, was suddenly seized with fearful pains in the abdomen, and since no cure was known for them he expired soon afterwards.

If the face and body and limbs all swell, the man is a victim

of the sorcery termed *tutuguvina*. To practise this the sorcerer goes into the woods for two or three days, his only food being roasted coco-nuts. With him he takes a small round stone of no particular colour; it is known as *lafwalafwa*, and has probably been inherited from his father. He sings an incantation over it, then lies in wait beside the track and casts it at his enemy as he passes. The man may feel it strike him, but as no one is in sight he continues on his way. Two or three days afterwards his stomach begins to swell, becomes full of blood, the natives say, and he sends for the doctor to come and sing over him. Friends who know the symptoms examine his complaint, and according to the size of the swelling and the amount of blood that seems to be within they foretell his death or his recovery. He is made to eat the root of a plant called *wasia* and the top of the sugar-cane; but if the sorcerer roasted his stone in a coco-nut cup before casting it, all remedies are useless and the man will inevitably die.

Sometimes a horrible sore breaks out on a man's leg, and grows rapidly worse until it finally causes his death. This is due to the sorcery called *idaboda*. An enemy has sung over a piece of wood and laid it in the track. The victim, as he walked along, kicked it by accident with his foot, and his sore was the consequence of it.

Two kinds of sorcery suggest the use of poison. At Dobu the root of the *tuva*, or, as it is called there, *tua*, is used to kill both fish and human beings. On Goodenough the natives poison fish with it, but whether they use it for anything else we could not discover. But in the *abubuna* form of sorcery charred wood is mixed with water and with the sap of a tree called *buala* to form a thick black paste. The sorcerer secretly rubs it on the cooking-pot of his victim, or, if it be a child, may even put it in its mouth. Suddenly the victim begins to shiver, and dies before the day is out. The *etusionina* sorcery only differs from this in that a hole is stabbed in the cooked yams, the paste inserted, and the hole closed over; its effect is exactly the same.

It is possible to slay a man by an incantation alone, without

the use of any material instrument. The sorcerer walks along the track to meet his enemy, softly singing an incantation. The two men meet and gossip for a moment, then each goes on his way; but the victim passes over the track where the sorcerer has been singing. Soon he falls ill. Death follows quickly; seldom does a man thus bewitched survive two days. Different sorcerers have their own magic songs, but all which work in this way are called *awabutu*. An *awabutu* is powerful enough to slay even two men at one time, but if several walk along the track together it is harmless.

A curious instance of sorcery, and of the method employed in banishing its effect, came under our notice a short time ago. Kelowa, a native of Kimokimoiyo, laughed at Ivuyaga, a native from Wabaloe close by. But Ivuyaga possessed occult powers, and was not to be treated like any common individual. He threatened to steal the heart of the mocker, and one night set out for Kelowa's house. Kelowa heard that his enemy had been seen lingering in his hamlet, and at once fell seriously ill. His friends called in the local doctors, who sang their *tomodurwe* over him for five nights in succession, but without dispelling his sickness. On the fifth night we went to watch them. There were two doctors, one on each side, each vigorously singing without a pause his magic incantation. One was scraping a wood called *aigviya*, though he appeared to make no use of it afterwards. We asked some spectators why he did it, but they did not appear to know. Perhaps, as some conjectured, it might have been used like the nutmeg, and held to the patient's nose and sprinkled over his body; but clearly in this instance the doctors placed more faith in their singing. Even that did not seem to accomplish anything, so we persuaded them to let us try our power, and gave the patient some medicine of which the main ingredient was castor oil. This worked the miracle; his heart returned to his body, and the next day he was on his feet again.

CHAPTER XII

RELIGION

THERE is a general belief amongst the natives of Moresby Strait that the souls of the dead travel to Wafolo, an uninhabited district on the north-west side of Fergusson Island. Some say that the souls of rich and influential men go on to Tuma, one of the Trobriand Islands, the northern half of which is barren and uninhabited. Tuma too is the spirit-land for the inhabitants of the north of Goodenough; but some of the Malitauya natives on the west coast say that their dead go to Nuamata, an island off the north shore. The spirit-land of the Kutua natives is Taleba, a rocky point between their district and Malitauya. Of the Galewabu natives, some are Wagifans who have but lately settled in that district and still maintain their old belief in Wafolo; the older settlers place their spirit-land in Bainava, a hill-top just behind them. It is worth noticing that the Trobriand natives themselves make Tuma their spirit-land.

One of the natives of Mud Bay, who was most acquainted with the ancient legends of his people, said that all the dead go to Wafolo except those with unchopped fingers; these are killed and eaten by some dogs that bar their path. The soul must swim for the first part of its journey, but a shark, *walavo*, meets it out at sea and carries it on its back to Wafolo. Bwaidoga natives say that it travels unseen to Inafole Point, and begins its journey from there. Rich or poor, all alike meet the same fate. At Wafolo there are no canoes, and only one kind of fish, the *aideda*. The only food is a product of the sea which has the appearance of soup; and the inhabitants must keep their hamlets free of all rubbish and leaves. Their ruler is the soul of a man who once lived on earth like other men. He was very rich, so when he died he

was chosen to govern Wafolo. Any one who refuses to submit to his authority is beaten and banished to another island, and the shark which brought him to Wafolo comes to take him away. There is no ruler on this second island, but each does whatever he pleases, with but the one restriction that he may never return to Wafolo.

Another account of the spirit-land is current only amongst a few of the natives. They hold that the souls of those who are killed in fighting go up to the sky, but children and all who die of sickness go to Wafolo. In the sky all the souls are gathered into one large bowl, which contains not only sea and woods but all the foods that are known on earth. Pigs are killed and roasted in the sun, for, by a curious discrepancy, there is no firewood; but all the other kinds of food are found there already cooked. There are servants, too, to attend to the wants of the dead, servants who never lived on earth. Fighting and quarrelling are unknown, but existence is one continual round of feasting and of dancing.

Waleba, the Kukuyan native, said that the souls of women and children and of men of little consequence go to Wafolo, but those of men of wealth and influence travel on to Tuma. On its journey the soul has the form, now of a fish, now of a butterfly, for it changes from one to the other as often as it grows tired; but as soon as it reaches land it resumes its human form and travels along the shore. Should it meet a living person it makes a wide *détour* so that it may not be seen; and as soon as it reaches its destination it enters the woods and remains there, never remembering the living from whom it came, never returning to them. It is not a man, so it does none of the things that men do. In the daytime it resembles wood, but at night it wanders about, casting no shadow.

Most of the natives appear to acquiesce in the vague belief that the souls of the dead without distinction go to Wafolo, and some perhaps to Tuma. There they enter the woods and remain for ever, living a blank existence. As for pigs and kangaroos and other living animals their souls mount up to heaven and become white *cumuli*. One native told us

that the souls of the dead sometimes return at sunset to visit their former habitations, but are invisible to mortal eyes. There are certain women, too, who have power to call them back. The most famous of these in recent times was Viataiata, in Mitaita, the same woman who was once caught digging up a corpse. Often when a man died in one of the neighbouring districts his kinsfolk would cook a large quantity of food and take it to Oiaia, her hamlet in the hills. At night a mat was set across her house dividing the men from the women. Then Viataiata gave them food to eat, and the soul (*maiau*) of the dead man, hidden save for one hand and forearm, ate and talked with them. After the feast the kinsfolk said farewell to the soul and shook its hand or forearm, taking care never to lay hold above the elbow lest the arm should break off. The soul then returned to its home in the same way as it came, on the back of a shark.

Viataiata no longer calls up the dead. We asked her why, and she said that an old man at Gauyaba in the centre of the island had forbidden them ever to appear again. Long ago this man came to Luwaiioyo, in Ukuni, and danced, sang, and lay with all the women. They conceived, and their descendants are the Bwaidoga people. Now the man lives in a cave where a great coco-nut tree once rotted away; the hole that was left when the roots decayed he has covered with a huge flat stone. It is by this path only that the souls can ascend and descend, and the old man alone can decide whether the stone shall be raised and lowered to give them ingress and egress. Recently he resolved that he would never allow them to come up again. A soul did try to appear on one occasion. It decked itself out in its ornaments and took a drum in its hand; but just as it was about to appear some one else gave a rap to its drum. All its strength immediately left it; it sat down on its drum in the place where it stood and was changed into stone. There it can be seen to this day, a curious rock resting on the hill-side.

The old Gauyaba man who will never die has put an end to Viataiata's necromancy. Unkind neighbours sometimes whisper that fear of the Government has had more to do with

it, but surely the reason she herself gives must carry greater credence. After she had retired another woman set up in practice at Wagifa, where there was a Dobuan mission teacher and his wife. Her methods, however, were rather too transparent. She would rub herself with a leaf and retire under a mat, whence presently a weak voice would be heard summoning the soul; after a time the finger-tips of the soul's hand would protrude from under the mat to receive a present of tobacco. At one of the séances the wife of the teacher caught hold of the hand while her husband flung off the mat, thereby exposing the woman. A riot naturally resulted, and the woman's kinsmen wished to spear the teacher. One of the more influential natives, however, upheld his act, and the affair blew over. Nothing was done to the woman, but her credit was at a discount and she retired soon afterwards to a hamlet in the hills.

In these cases it was the soul of the dead man that made its appearance, his *alualua*, or *maiau*, or, as it is rarely called, *anunu*. *Maiau* seems really to mean a shadow cast by the moon, though both it and *anunu* are frequently used for the shadow of a man or a house or a tree that is cast by the sun, or for its reflection in water or in a mirror. The proper term for this latter, however, is *aiwao*, but why a distinction should be made between the shadows no one seemed to know. The *aiwao*, according to Waleba, goes to Wafolo with the soul, but other natives could not say what became of it. In Kabuna, when a person dies, an Ubulea native named Aloloiya would sometimes call up its shadow, *aiwao*, three days after the funeral and find out the cause of the death. An eyewitness on one occasion said that he and the rest of the villagers hid in the woods on the outskirts of the hamlet, leaving Aloloiya standing by himself. Three times he called the deceased by name, and at the third summons the shadow made its appearance, holding in its hand the image of a fish that had poisoned it. It had no fear of Aloloiya, the native said, because his shadow was light, not heavy like those of the rest of the villagers. The *aiwao* was slowly approaching him when it caught sight of the other natives and fled. The

people recognized it, and immediately started in pursuit, but the shadow escaped their hands.

If death was due to a sorcerer in another hamlet Aloloiya would sometimes invoke both shadows. Then the *aiwao* of the sorcerer, the deceased's *togutoguli*, would make its appearance, leading the dead man's *aiwao* by the hand. But if the sorcerer was not guilty, or belonged to the same hamlet as the deceased, his *aiwao* would not appear.

The spirits, *balaumo*, are altogether different. They have never been human beings; moreover, unlike the soul or the shadow, they can, and often do, cause a great deal of harm. A native may possibly have rather confused notions about the *alualua*, the *anunu*, the *maiau*, and the *aiwao*, but even a babbling child has a fairly clear idea of a spirit. One reason why men carry spears wherever they wander is because they might meet a spirit along the track. The native who has to traverse the woods by night often puts luminous mushrooms in his hair and on his feet. Those on his feet enable him to see his path, while the mushrooms in his hair inform other wayfarers that it is only a man they are meeting, since spirits are afraid of this light. A spirit, according to Waleba, was one of the two things which alone could occasion death. The natives are constantly seeing them. One haunts the point at the mission station, where it has often been seen to emerge from a crack in the coral rock. Another, named Kineweli, lives at Walitavitavi, near by; Sailosi, the Dobuan teacher, has seen it; it resembled a man exactly, he said, only its head was abnormally long. A spirit stole a Faliboda woman; her husband went out to look for her and found her dead in the woods, but she rose up after a time and returned to the hamlet, none the worse for her adventure. We were dining in our tent one evening in a Kwaiboga hamlet, and a crowd of natives was sitting outside our door. Suddenly one of them said, 'Eyo, the magistrate is coming', and, pointing to the opposite side of the hamlet only half a dozen yards away, he added, 'I saw a spirit over there just now'. We asked who else had seen it, and a chorus of voices replied, 'Oh, we all saw it. It appeared for a moment in the

light of the hurricane lamp and then vanished.' And the first native went on, 'It is quite true. Last night at sunset there was a band of brightly coloured clouds in the west and that is another indication.' A month later the magistrate did really put in for an hour or two at a hamlet not very far away.

A slight earthquake occurred one day, and when we asked old Yanavolewa about it he said, 'It is the spirits that cause them, spirits that live underground. They sometimes quarrel with one another and the earth rocks to and fro as they run about.' Other natives, however, have a different explanation; they believe that a man at Ufagi on the mainland near Cape Vogel causes them. Many years ago there were two earthquakes, one on the land and the other on the sea. The people fled to the hills, but the sea followed after them. Finally some one suggested that they should throw an albino into the water, and when this was done the sea retired.

At Faiyavi in former days relatives would heat some water and the milk of a young coco-nut when any one died. It was then set out for a certain spirit, which went off to slay the man who was responsible for the death. At Kabuna, Alolojiya, who inherited his power from his father, invokes a spirit called Yanunuvedo, and certain men in other hamlets are said to invoke it also. The rest of the natives in the hamlet hide in their houses when Alolojiya summons the spirit and inquires the cause of the man's death. The spirit keeps silence, but holds up a fish or a banana perhaps, so that the natives, peering forth from within their houses, know that it was a poisoned fish or a bewitched banana which caused their kinsman's death.

Yanunuvedo's home is at Luwaita, a pile of rocks on a ridge above Ukuni where once a skirmish took place between the Bwaidoga and Kabuna natives on one side and the natives of Ukuni on the other; the two former districts had united in a raid on the Ukuni gardens. The Inafani people watched the fighting from a ridge farther up the hill-side, but took no part in it. No one was seriously injured on either side, but the raiders were forced to retire empty-handed.

There is another spirit which is sometimes invoked by

CORNER OF KAUKAUYA HAMLET, VATALUMI

SIODA HAMLET, YAMALELI

Aloloiya and other natives. It is called Aiyogona (bad food), and lives in the woods whenever it does not happen to be wandering from one hamlet to another. A Kimokimoioyo woman once quarrelled with her husband, a Wifala native, who gave her a severe beating. Her relatives, led by their head man, took their spears and started out to attack the Wifalans. The missionary went across to keep them from fighting, and, as soon as they saw him approaching, the women rushed in between the warriors and broke their spears. They patched up the quarrel with a present of food, which was placed in front of the offender's house. An old man came forth and stood about twenty yards away, brandishing his spear towards every point of the compass. This was to frighten Aiyogona away, for it attends at every feast and must be driven away at its close. The moment the dancing terminates the natives all cry *kaubuli kaubuli natu kaiyauna*, and rush off to their hamlets. The men seize their spears, the women sticks and stones, and they hammer on all the houses to drive out the spirit; then they run off and hide, but one man remains behind and summons Aiyogona to come forth. A dark sickly-looking being, very thin and emaciated, but resembling a man except for its glaring eyes, slowly emerges into view. In its hand it holds up a piece of yam called *aiyogona* (rotten food), which is just what the people are waiting to see; if afterwards when gardening they come on a yam that resembles this they throw it away. As soon as the spirit appears, violent perspiration breaks out on the man who invoked it, and he falls to the ground in a faint. The spirit vanishes, and the people come forth from their hiding-places. Ginger-root pounded in water is poured over their champion, and slowly he comes back to consciousness.

Many are the stories that are told of these spirits. Children seven and eight years of age have had their experiences. One escaped by a hair's breadth from being carried off during the night when he lay huddled in sleep beside his father. Another saw a spirit climb a big tree in a Faiyavi hamlet and ran to tell his people. One evening the girls on the mission station rushed shrieking to the missionary's house because a spirit

was standing under a coco-nut palm beside their hut; of course when we went out to look there was nothing to be seen. A native dreads being overtaken in the woods by darkness lest he should encounter a spirit, and his fire is often as much for protection against them as for warmth. No attempt is made to propitiate them; they are enemies of the human race, and cannot be conceived of as ever doing good. Often they live on the tops of the mountains, or in an unusually large tree in the woods. A firefly flashed momentarily near us as we were wading one night through the long spear-grass at Nufwasa, and the natives ejaculated, 'A spirit!' A project was mooted to ascend Mt. Tubetube, but we were warned not to climb to the summit because a spirit had made its home there amongst the rocks. Usually, though, the native is not afraid so long as he has company; there was no hesitation in the party that guided us up Mt. Madawa'a.

The theology of the natives is practically limited to this belief in spirits. Externally they differ from ordinary men only in some peculiar feature, such as long hair or yellow eyes. Their power, however, is as unlimited as the people's imagination can make it. Generally they are male, and there are many stories of their marrying native women; the people of Kukuya even claim to be descended from one. Babisinagea and Anininalavu, who preside over the growth of the yams, are called indifferently spirits or souls, *balaumo* or *anunu*, though the beings that are summoned to enter the yams are always spoken of as souls, *anunu*, *maiau*, or *alualua*. Taro, sweet potatoes, and bananas have each a separate soul answering to the human soul, but apart from these, trees and inanimate objects are not considered to possess a life like the life of men and birds. Should a tree fall unexpectedly near some native, it is a spirit or a sorcerer who is trying to kill him; if a canoe breaks up and a man is drowned, the cause is probably the incantation of some enemy. Incantations for wind and rain, for calming the sea, and for producing bright sunshine are not addressed to indwelling spirits, but have themselves a magic potency like the Maori *karakia*. There are no high gods, no deities at all, in fact, if we except the

Wagifan Vivilua, who is half-spirit, half-deity, called sometimes *balaumo*, sometimes *alualua*. He might have developed locally into some great nature god if the beliefs of the natives had been left undisturbed; at present he is little more than a name, and has never at any time risen above a magnified spirit, pressed into the service of man to free him from the haunting of his enemies.

CHAPTER XIII

MYTHS

GREAT numbers of tales are current among the natives, and the warm moonlit evenings are admirably suited to their narration. The generic term for a myth, legend, or story is *nainaia*. *Ifufu*, another word which is sometimes used, has rather the meaning of a discussion such as might take place at a council meeting. But opinion is often divided even among the natives themselves as to the category in which any particular narrative should be placed, so it would hardly befit an outsider to decide such matters for them. We shall therefore class all their stories together under the common name of folk tales and give typical examples of their various kinds.

Some are explanatory of natural phenomena. There is a small fish which the natives call *ibi*, and it has two varieties, both about six inches long, one of which is white in colour while the other has brilliant red stripes. Once upon a time, the natives say, the white *ibi* went to a woman and asked her for some fire with which it might cook its food. She refused, saying that he was not handsome enough and she would have nothing to do with him. Afterwards the striped *ibi* went to her and made the same request, and she gave him a fire-stick and told him that if he returned at night she would marry him. As the striped *ibi* was going away he met the white one, who asked him where he had been; but the striped *ibi* merely answered that he had been walking about. At night, however, he went back to the woman and married her. The white *ibi* was very angry when he heard of it and said, 'Why did he not tell us about it?' He went to the house of the striped *ibi*'s mother, intending to kill his rival. The striped *ibi* had one fin exposed, but it cried, 'You can't do me

any harm while I am in my mother's house. If it were my father's you might.' The white ibi retorted, 'I shall kill you, for you have married a woman'. However, the striped ibi defended itself with its tail and drove the white one away. So that is the reason why the white ibi now is always being pursued by the striped one.

Near Nuatutu there is a rocky point named Matakuwavulu. A small rock lies in the sea immediately beneath it, and a larger one on the cliff above. Once a man named Matakuwavulu came to this place and climbed on top of the cliff. His wife was about to follow him when morning broke and both were changed into stones. The rock on top is the man, while his wife is the smaller rock below.

At the head of Mud Bay again there is a tiny lagoon where a crocodile had its home until quite recently. A dog was burrowing there, the natives say, and the lagoon is the result of his scratching. Close beside it a ridge runs down to the water's edge, terminating in a rocky point. This is Yeyena, celebrated in song and story all over the island as the scene of a heroic adventure in olden times. There was once a hamlet on top of the ridge surrounded with gardens, but a large bowl in the hamlet always ravaged them under the pretence that it was hunting pigs. The natives themselves were afraid to wander about lest they too should be devoured. One night they kept a watch and discovered the bowl at its depredations, so at day-break they drove it out with their clubs and spears and stones. It rolled down the slope in front of them and sank in the sea at the foot of the ridge, carrying one of the spears embedded in it. There it changed to a rock which can still be seen in fine weather under the surface of the water. After that men were able to wander about without fear.

Evil spirits, *balaumo*, appear in many of their tales. Once a man had gone out hunting with his dog when he came to a coco-nut tree that belonged to one of these spirits. He climbed the tree, but presently its owner saw him and ordered him to come down. The man was afraid of the spirit and refused; so it made the earth shake violently. Still the

man held tight to the tree. He offered it everything that he could think of, a pig, sago, yams, and many other things, if only it would spare him; last of all he offered his own sister. Then at length the spirit consented, and told him to pull off some of the coco-nuts and come down. The man returned to his hamlet and gave a feast, but every one was sad and wept. His sister asked him, 'Why did you offer me to the spirit?' and all that he could find to answer was, 'Well, I offered it everything else first'. So he took her away to the spirit's house, and was given in return great quantities of yams, betel-nut, taro, and many other things. The spirit taught him also a magic song that would make his yams grow big, and showed him how to make the earth tremble and shake. The man went home again and immediately began to practise his new-found art. There was a general upheaval. Coco-nut trees fell, new creeks appeared, and everywhere the surface of the land was changed.

There are other tales that deal with origins. A spirit was the creator of the drum. For a certain spirit that lived at Wafolo or, in another account, at Tuma, once quarrelled with its wives and went away to the woods to live. There it made a drum for itself. By day all the spirits were changed into stones, earth, and trees, and only the drum kept its proper shape. Tokelebo, a man of Miawau hamlet in the neighbouring district of Fatavi, stole this drum one day, and the people beat it in their hamlet. When night came on they fastened it inside one of their huts and covered it over. The spirits came to look for it, crying, 'O Tokelebo, Tokelebo', and the drum heard and answered them. They tried to carry it away, but the lashings held it tight, and finally they had to go off without it. Men came from all around to see the drum and copy it, and this was the origin of drums.

Another story tells how fire was brought to Goodenough. A number of dogs were fishing on the eastern side of Wagifa Island. They caught some fish and wished to roast them, but did not know how to make fire by means of sticks. One of them, Galualua, climbed up on top of a rock to sun himself, and across the strait at Kukuya he saw a cloud of smoke;

so he bade his companions stay and fish while he went over and brought some fire. At Kukuya he found a pot of food cooking over a fire and a woman sweeping the ground beside her hut. She turned and saw him as soon as he shook his head. He said to her, 'My friend, give me some fire. My companions are fishing over there and I want some fire to take back for them.' The woman tied a fire-stick to his tail, but as he was swimming back his tail sank under the water and the fire was extinguished. He returned to the woman and asked for another brand, which she tied on his back. But his back dipped under likewise and he had to return once more. This time she asked him, 'Where shall I tie it now?' and he answered, 'On my head'. In that way he reached Wagifa without mishap. His companions asked him why he had been so long, and Galualua answered, 'Oh, twice the fire went out and I had to return for more'. They cooked and ate their fish, but afterwards their fire was changed to stone and the dogs all entered a cave. There they have remained ever since, but in the evenings they sometimes come out and bark. From that time onwards there has always been fire at Wagifa.

We were told one day of a cave that lay on the slope of the ridge behind Ukuni where a monstrous snake named *motalai* once had its home. Inelawata, a woman of Abukove hamlet, was assigned the task of feeding it each day with yams and taro and other vegetable foods. The snake had a single tooth of enormous size, which was circular like the boar's tusk that the natives value so highly. Once a month, when first the new moon came in, the men would climb a tree near Utu, as the cave was called, and when the snake came out to feed they would drop a noose down over its tooth and draw it out; a new one would always grow and take its place in time for the next moon. Sometimes, too, the snake would give them necklaces, large white cone-shell armlets, and other valuable gifts. One day Inelawata's child besought his mother to let him feed the snake. She refused at first, but finally let him take the pot, bidding him peep through two holes in the door of the cave and call his grandfather. The child went off and called to the snake to come out and

receive its food. The snake said, 'Very well. Go away and I will come out.' But the boy answered, 'No, I shall stay', and however much the snake tried to warn him he refused to go away. Finally the snake came out, but so dreadful was its appearance that the boy dropped his pot with a shriek and fled. Some of the hot water entered the snake's eyes, causing it to writhe in agony. Inelawata hurriedly rushed up and tried to appease it with the excuse that the child was frightened; but the snake was wroth and blamed the woman. 'You knew me', it said. 'Why did you not bring the food yourself? I shall remain here no longer; I shall leave this place at once.' So the snake went away and bathed, then departed to Kiriwina. Hence the Kiriwina natives possess much property now and the Mud Bay natives nothing.

An Ukuni woman slightly varied the account. The snake, she said, went first to the Amphletts, but did not like the place. Next it tried Kiriwina, but that place also failed to please it. Finally it went to Murua (Woodlark Island), and there it has remained ever since. Its departure from Goodenough was followed by terrible earthquakes, with thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain.

We went to examine the cave. It lay in the middle of a small wood in the shade of a few large trees. There were two entrances, both closed with large volcanic boulders. The natives, who were afraid to enter, said that the cave extended right under Bwaidoga Hill and issued into the sea about three-quarters of a mile away. Actually it terminated after some thirty yards in a large chamber, tenanted only by four bats; we could find no trace that it had ever been inhabited by anything else.

A short version of the Yeyena epic with its heroine Nianialawata and her two sons was told to us by Yanavolewa, an old man of Nikoko hamlet, in Bwaidoga. Nianialawata, who appears in the legend just given as Inelawata, was called Nelawata in this Bwaidogan account. She was married to Galagalaiwabu, who accused her of being an evil spirit or *balaumo* and deserted her. All his people followed him, and they went to a place called Towakala, beyond East Cape

on the mainland, and built a hamlet there for themselves. Nelawata, thus abandoned all alone in Mud Bay, presently gave birth to two sons, whom she named *Tomweinagona* (elder son) and *Kwamanea* (younger son). As soon as the boys reached manhood they tested their spears and clubs at Yeyena, then set off for Belebele. Between Nuatutu and Belebele, at a place called Bolobolo where a hot spring bubbles up out of the ground amongst some rocks on the sea-shore, they found a monstrous *manubutu* (a white-headed osprey) sitting on a tree. The bird called them, and asked them where they were going and what had become of all their people, and the boys answered, 'It was you who made them go away. Some of them you killed and ate, and the rest fled to Towakala.' 'Yes', replied the *manubutu*, 'and I am going to eat you too', whereupon it swooped down on top of them. The youths tried to evade it by hiding in the sea beneath their rain-mat, from which they kept darting out from time to time to attack their enemy. The bird finally rent their mat with its talons, but by that time they had wounded it so severely that it soon collapsed and died. There was a dog with the youths called Akoiyoi. It now tore out the heart of the bird, and the lads carried it off to their father's hamlet. There they gave it to the people to eat, telling them that it came from the bird that had devoured their fathers. They did not join in the feast themselves, however, but returned to their homes again on Goodenough and entered the stones at Yeyena.

Numerous names for individual stars and constellations are current amongst the natives, but the identification of them is erratic, and different natives frequently assign them different names. Even the Wagifans, who are greater voyagers than the rest, have very confused notions concerning this subject. It may be that the astronomical knowledge of the natives was more extensive in former days, for there are hints of legends that no one now remembers. The sun is often painted on their houses and carved on their canoes, but there was only one legend about it which we could discover. The natives believe that it travels beneath the earth at night

to reach its position on the following morning. They have noticed its annual movement and related it to their gardening operations. *Igoboda*, the time when the sun is farthest south, is the period when gardening commences; when it reaches half-way back to the north again it is harvest-time; and at its northern zenith it ushers in the *malamala* season. This word *malamala* is also applied to cover the whole period of its annual movement, and therefore corresponds to our year. A native who wished to date some event that happened some time in the past might say that it occurred three *malamala* ago, in the *avalata* (north-west monsoon) season, i.e. between October and March; or in the yam time, from June to August; or he could be still more precise and name the actual stage in the growth of the yams, and thereby narrow the period down to a single month.

The moon provides a calendar for the shorter divisions of time. According to the legend, a woman once left in her pot the stalks of an edible plant called *vilaga* while she went to gather leaves and wood. The *vilaga* ran away; part of it became the sun, while the rest was changed into the moon. The dark spots on the moon were caused by the powdered ginger which a man once blew on it because it reported everything it saw by night. Eclipses are due to a large black snake which tries to devour the moon, and is only prevented from succeeding by the natives frightening it away with the noise of drums and conch-shells. The children eagerly watch for the new moon's rising, and greet its appearance with a loud *oo-oo-oo* made by slapping the fingers against the mouth. Dobu natives call to their geysers in exactly the same way. One man thought that the new moon came up from the west, and we see it when the sun goes down; then it returns to the west again. Nikeabogi, the old head man of Nikoko hamlet, told us that the stars are just like the sand and stones upon the earth; they remain in the sky by day, but it is only at night that we can see them. Meteors are called *badibadi*. We watched a meteor fall one night, and a native with us made the casual remark: 'The *badibadi*, they fly about, they settle here and there, they wander about in the sky.'

But when we asked him why they fly about, all that we received for answer was that tantalizing word *kaiiwa* (I wonder).

The best known of all the constellations is the Pleiades, which is called *yavunuga*. They are six men, the natives say, and they have three wives between them, the three stars in Orion's belt. The names of the women are *Kifoifoi* (the stealer of sugar-cane), *Kiletuletu* (the stealer of banana leaves), and *Kigalagala* (the stealer of the tops of the taro). Each has two husbands, though polyandry is unknown amongst the natives themselves. The husbands are named by twos, *Nakivagadona* (the one who stamps the earth round a post), *Nakivoiyavoia* (the stealer of root tops), and *Nakia-bukiabu* (the puller-up of roots); but the legend about them seems to be forgotten. The names, however, are interesting. The *ki* at the beginning of the women's names means 'to steal', while the *na* in the men's appears to be the same as the Fijian *na*, which corresponds to the Bwaidogan *to* and denotes the agent (e.g. *to-galagala* is 'the stealer of taro-tops'). The natives often date their yam harvest from the time when the Pleiades appear in the east in the early evening till the time when they have moved over to the west. Another well-known star is the *ubwana*, Sirius, which always follows the *yavunuga*. When travelling by land or sea to visit a hamlet in another district the head man of a community, assisted by all the older men in the party, would sing a song to the *ubwana* so that the hearts of the people they were about to visit would incline with friendship towards them, and they would offer liberal presents. Before actually going in to the hamlets the visitors would bathe and adorn themselves, then the unmarried youths would run on ahead, while the elders followed, singing their song; whether their song was heard or not would not affect its result. As soon as they reached the hamlet the leader would watch to see if the people were bringing him presents; when he would sit down, and all his party would follow his example. But if none were forthcoming, he and his people were *matabibenunu* (slighted visitors), and they would immediately take their departure.

The evening Venus is called *ailemalema* (the fire-snatcher) because of its brilliant appearance; the morning star is *ilauwala*. *Banilemalema* is the name of a star (or planet, Jupiter perhaps) which appears in the east all the year round. The word means 'the eater or snatcher of another's food', and is used for a person who is always dining at the expense of his neighbours. The star itself determines by its appearance the time for the evening meal. The Southern Cross is *matawalifea*, Rigel, *adigana*, Capella, *enokwavila*, and Centaurus, *barwekevakeva* (bundles of pork laid side by side).

The identification of other star-names is more uncertain. *Ilavilavi*, the brother of *Ilauwala*, may possibly be Jupiter, and *matasisilawa*, Arcturus. A native once pointed out a star in Ursa Major and called it *Vivilua*, which is the name of the Wagifan sky-god; but other natives said that no star has such a name. Other names for which we could obtain no certain identification were *tabukona*, *fatalelekwalekwa*, *libu-wavutonatona*, *numunumuleta*, *wenanavo*, and *kiusona*; the last is possibly an alternative name for the Pointers.

CHAPTER XIV

RECREATIONS

Two things appear to the native almost as necessary as his food—betel-nut and tobacco. Abundance of both makes life rosy, their absence robs it of all pleasure. Sometimes the natives assert that they could not live if they were deprived of tobacco. A man would often come to us and say, 'My tobacco was all used up, so I stayed at home in my hamlet. My strength all left me; I existed, and that was all. At last I thought to myself, "I will go to my father and he will give me some tobacco".' Betel-nut is quite indispensable, even more so perhaps. Many a native would rather lack food all day than betel-nut. Wherever they go they carry little tins, pouches, or bags containing scraps of betel and some leaves of the pepper-plant, though sometimes they tuck them under their armlets. Occasionally they carry a lime-gourd as well, but often they trust to meeting a friend and using his. Two things constitute perfect friendship—the eating of food together and the sharing of betel-nut and tobacco.

Very little betel is eaten at any one time; a single ordinary-sized nut would last a man for two or three days if he had no friends to share it with. So, too, a stick of tobacco would hardly be used up under a week. During hard toil, such as constant paddling or rowing, the native naturally requires more, for betel and tobacco are the only stimulants he knows. Tobacco does really appear to stimulate him, much more than it does us. Every now and then a native will pause in his task to inhale a whiff or two from his cigarette or a mouthful of smoke from his pipe. A whale-boat crew with a stick of tobacco will row twice as far in the same time as a crew with none. The tobacco appears to renew their strength, while the betel-nut takes away hunger and thirst.

A considerable amount of betel-nut is grown in the hills in

the north of Goodenough, while Kalokalo and Yamalele are the sources of all that is used round Moresby Strait. The pepper-plant is found everywhere in the woods, and lime is obtained by calcining tree-coral. A solitary tobacco-plant was seen at Fatavi, but it was probably imported; certainly all that reaches the natives comes directly from the whites; it practically takes the place of money in this region. Boys who have served their time working on some mine or plantation for a white man receive their wages in money, or in an order for goods to an equal value, and are then sent on to a store in Samarai to purchase whatever they want. On the average about three-fourths of their wages goes in tobacco. No money is ever taken home, and it is rare to see a coin in the hamlets, except around a mission station. On Goodenough two sticks of tobacco a day is considered high wages, and a man will often work for only one.

Their manner of smoking is rather peculiar, though the same is found in other parts of Papua.¹ Their pipe is a cylinder of bamboo from one to two and a half feet long. One end is closed by a knot, and near it a small hole is drilled; the other end is open, and the tube is hollow through all its length. A cigarette is rolled with paper, or with a dry banana or croton leaf, since paper is procurable only in the neighbourhood of the mission. The smoker sets it in the orifice near the closed end of the tube, places a live coal up against it, and fills the pipe with smoke by inhaling at the open end. He then removes the cigarette, places his mouth to this small orifice, and inhales. Three inhalations will empty the tube in the case of a pipe of moderate dimensions and it has to be recharged again. Often three or four natives sit together, and the pipe is handed on from one to another till their tobacco is exhausted or each is satisfied.

Musical instruments are few in number, though the natives are passionately fond of singing. The Dobuan flute has never found its way amongst them, and the tin whistle of Europe is not appreciated. A pan-pipe was known in former days, and used, like the jew's-harp, in courting; now it has disappeared.

¹ Whether the habit of smoking was originally introduced by Europeans or not I have been unable to ascertain.

entirely, though the Trobriand natives still employ it. The wooden jew's-harp, now replaced by a metal harp, is only used in courtship, while the conch-shell used to summon the people can only produce one long-sustained note. Really their only instruments are those that are used in dancing, the drum open at one end and the clappers. The latter are of two kinds. One, a limestick handle split at one end, is very rare. The other is an ordinary native comb beaten against a lime-gourd; it takes the place of the drum in one dance only, the *taode*, which the natives seldom perform.

But though their instruments lack variety one can hardly assert the same of their songs. There are songs of war, the *boda* that has been mentioned already, the *beto* sung for victory on the way home, the *maduvelavuga* (quick fight) when hurling the spear, the *daiyaga* (blood) for the wounding of the enemy, and the *kaiwa* to check a retreat; magic songs like the *tomoduwe* and the *dimo* for healing sickness; the *nibogana* that makes the yams grow big, and the *magemage* that induces love; dance songs like the *kadede*, where the people form two parallel rows and the drummers stand apart, the *tudeu* where the actors beat their drums between the rows, the *taode*, the *kilo*, the *kaivesi*, and the *balaia*, all sung at dances. For the last three songs the drummers stand in the centre of a ring or rings and the rest form circles around them. Then in addition there is the *fwedili*, sung at canoe-making, the *seseke*, sung in various games, the *dedebwau*, a musical shout when travelling to and from the gardens, and countless others. Work-boys take home many songs that they have learnt abroad, and natives visiting neighbouring hamlets hear and carry back still others. Many are composed on the spur of the moment and set to ancient tunes. Long ago a Wagifan native sat in a Kalokalo hamlet and watched a woman searching for her pipe. He extemporized a song that is now well known throughout all the region. It begins *Nuai dumolelena ke dumo dumo dumo lelenu dumo dumo lelenu*, 'Nuai (the woman's name) is searching for her pipe'.

Another Wagifan was visiting a hamlet behind Malauno and heard the women singing: *Ka da nogali polisimani yadi*

lokapu agoyuina lululu (repeated), 'We would hear of the policemen's jail (lock-up) where it is'.

The most trifling incident may be converted into a song. A Fijian mission teacher named Moliti was lying asleep at Kukuya one day, when some natives brought four coco-nuts to sell to him. The mission lads woke their teacher with the words: *Moliti laufulina i liena*, 'Moliti, four coco-nuts they are bringing', and the people promptly made this song out of it, which has spread over both sides of Moresby Strait: *Nufulina nufulina moliti u kenokeno u waleta nufulina*, 'Four, four, Moliti, you are sleeping, you . . . four'.

Many songs are quite unintelligible even to their singers. They have been handed down from one generation to another, often incorporating words that have long gone out of use; or they have been brought from some other place and the clue to their meaning has not been transmitted with them. Often, too, they are changed and mutilated in the transfer, especially if the dialects are somewhat different. Topical allusions of course soon cease to carry any meaning. The old song, *Kabuna si kemeku si keme si kemeku*, 'Kabuna men, they court me, they court, they court me', doubtless records a similar incident to the more modern *Madavini u da kema u da kemakemaku*, 'Madavini, you would court, you would court me', which in 1912 spread abroad the gossip that a returned work-boy named Madavini was making love to a girl in Bwaidoga.

There are a number of children's songs that correspond to our nursery rhymes. A child that sees a garfish flying out of the water may chant quickly:

<i>Vala vala vala vala,</i>	Beach uncovered by the tide,
<i>Seli seli seli seli.</i>	Leap out (on to it).
<i>U laka vala u laka vala.</i>	Climb on to the beach.
<i>Gawana gawana gawana.</i>	Deep, deep, deep (from the deep?).

A frigate-bird flying overhead may evoke the refrain:

'Frigate-bird, tattooed spots you close up (?)',

CANOE MAKING, KIMOKIMOIYA

FISHING WITH SEINES, MUD BAY

when every time the next-to-last note is repeated each shoulder is struck alternately with the palm of the opposite hand.

Many songs are divided into two parts, a *vuvuna* (the origin, underpart, or root) and a *tabona* (the top). In both parts the tune is exactly the same and the second may be simply a continuation of the first. But very often the two are wholly disconnected in meaning, and it is hard to understand how they ever came to be united. The *tabona* to the song *Ka da nogali polisimani*, &c., is *Vevine megalewabu ka vevesagi doiyedoiyedi*, 'The women of Galewabu . . . they summon them (?)'.

Some of the native songs are very beautiful, but, with the exception of those which, like the war songs, are rather shouting than singing, they all have a subdued and somewhat plaintive melody. This is due apparently to the use of a different scale from ours, a division of the tone into thirds. For this reason it was impossible to write them down according to our notation, though such an attempt was made in the case of one or two more simple tunes. A familiar song in Mud Bay would be fairly well represented thus :

It is not always easy to distinguish that in some of the songs the music is really two-part, for often it sounds as though some were merely singing a few notes behind the rest; but the perfect harmony of the music and the sameness of the words, wherever they can be distinguished, are sure guides to the attentive listener. Usually the interval is about a third of an octave, but of course it varies. The natives are rather fond of this two-part music, and often improvise a second part in a song which is usually sung as a simple melody. The plaintive strain in their music reappears in the subdued warbling of the Dobuan flute. This is a hollow reed closed at one end by a natural knot, through which a small hole is bored to serve as one of the stops. Two others are given by apertures

at the sides, while the open end constitutes the mouthpiece. The three stops naturally produce but a few notes, on which the player is compelled to ring the changes to the best of his ability.

Most of the singing for recreation naturally takes place at night when the day's work is over. It is not at all unusual for a party of natives, when on tour, to squat round a fire and sing all night. Time has no value to them, and the sleep they lose in the night can be taken the following day. The cool moonlit evenings are the most pleasant times at which to gather together and gossip, and it is then that all the games are played which would be too strenuous for the heat of the day; but there is no reason why they should not use their voices in the day-time also, and a man poling his canoe over the reefs will often make the hills re-echo to his singing.

Stories, on the other hand, should be told only at night, and then only at one season of the year, after the yams have been harvested. In Mud Bay, however, there was no hesitation about telling them at other times when asked, and the restriction seems to be dying out everywhere. In fact the main reason now for telling them by night is because the people are too scattered during the day. It is the old people, both men and women, who teach the younger ones the stories of bygone days. Cat's-cradles, which they also teach them, were formerly played only in the season when the yams were growing, for they were thought to assist their growth. Now, for no apparent reason, the belief has changed, and they are thought to injure them, so no one is allowed to play the game till after harvest. It is a favourite amusement with the children, and the number of figures they can make is perfectly amazing. Another pastime of which they are very fond, one, too, in which they show much skill, is to make from grass or leaves figures of crocodiles, birds, long tapering cones, and endless others. One day we found a miniature windmill of coco-nut leaf abandoned on the beach, of the kind that the natives often make to amuse their babies; this one was whirling gaily in the breeze as we passed by. In idle moments men often carve model canoes and figures of fish and animals, not to sell

for there is no one here to buy them, but merely to satisfy their artistic cravings.

The favourite amusement, however, is dancing, and in a season of plenty the drums may be heard almost every night. A feast must always precede it, or the dancers would have no heart for their performance. Before an important dance, in which many people take part and several drums are used, they hold a *kanibutu*, a feast at which all the inhabitants of the district attend and often outsiders as well. The founding of Kimokimoioyo hamlet was celebrated by a grand *kaiwesi* dance, which the Bwaidogans have remembered ever since. The people were arranged in eight concentric rings, roughly horse-shoe-shaped. The innermost was composed of boys, the next of unmarried youths; these two were the dancers. Outside them stood the younger married men, and beyond them again the old men; these held the drums, which were ten in number. The younger girls formed a ring outside them, then the maidens, then the younger married females, and finally the old women. The women stood with their hands resting on their hips and moved rhythmically up and down on their toes; now and again they would circle round the men and take up their stations afresh. The drummers kept prancing about, with their drums now over, now under their heads, while the young men in the centre swayed up and down, but always keeping their knees well bent.

This was a famous dance, both from the number of the drums that were used and of the dancers who took part in it. Much less magnificent was one we witnessed at Faiyavi. A number of Kalokalo men and women crossed the strait to buy yams with betel-nut, and a *kaiwesi* dance was organized to accompany the exchange. In Mwafea hamlet, where the visitors were to be entertained, the Faiyavi natives gathered an enormous heap of bananas and piled them against a tree. Dancing began in the afternoon and continued till late at night. Early next morning it started afresh, and with only one break at noon for about two hours they kept it up till dark. Dances of this duration are not at all unusual; in fact they often last throughout the twenty-four hours without a single interval for rest. Besides

the *kaivesi* the Kalokalo natives performed another dance, the *balaia*, but it was far less interesting. For the *kaivesi* the circle of drummers, nine in number, began their dance with a solo, punctuated by occasional raps on the singer's drum. As soon as he had finished a second took up the strain, and all the rest joined in and began to beat their drums. Slowly they worked towards the centre, the leader of that dance holding his drum high above his head; it ended when they met together. Eight raps in succession on this occasion indicated a repetition or a change to another movement; five or six, finishing up on one sharp stroke, meant cease. Round the drummers the women and girls, standing in a half-moon, chanted the chorus and moved up and down on their toes. Sometimes they held one another's hands, sometimes they rested them on their hips. There was no restraint in the dancing; the actors broke off or joined in whenever they wished.

Every one on these occasions is dressed in his gayest plumes. There are no restrictions as to style; each native may adorn himself in any way he pleases. Only the woman's armlet of sea-shell must be worn between her armlets of coco-nut shell. In Bwaidoga no food may be eaten as long as the drum is sounding. Since the rhythm of the dance is broken if a man should stumble while beating the drum, in both Bwaidoga and Kabuna the head man of some hamlet will sometimes chew *wasia* root and spit on the dancers' legs to keep them steady.

There are other dances beside the *kaivesi*, the *balaia*, and the *taode*. Some, like these, have special names, for example the *tudeu* and the *kadede*. Others again are named from some event that they portray. Many of the older dances seem to have no meaning, for their songs are often quite unintelligible; probably, though, they also, in some cases at least, were representations of actual events. The Christmas of 1911 was celebrated with grand sports at the Bwaidoga mission station, and nearly 1,000 natives gathered to take part in them. Some Wagifans brought their drums, and, led by an old work-boy named Yanakovi, gave a crocodile dance which he had learned in the Suau region on the south-east coast of the mainland. It portrayed, he said, an incident that occurred

three generations back when a man who had gone out fishing encountered a crocodile. He returned to his hut to get his spear and hurried back to attack the reptile. The fight lasted for some time, but at last he killed it and dragged it away to his hamlet. In the dance a number of men stood in a row and chanted the song. Kaifoledi, the brother of Yanakovi, dressed in a woman's skirt, represented the crocodile, and hopped to and fro beating a small drum, while Yanakovi, similarly dressed but wearing a cassowary's plume behind, chanted a short refrain and pranced up and down to the beat of his drum, throwing little darts. From time to time with frightful grimaces the 'crocodile' hopped along to attack him, but he jumped away as soon as it drew near him. After this had been repeated several times the dance came to an end.

The spectators at these dances sit around and gossip, smoking and chewing their betel-nut. The girls cast ogling glances whenever a gaily dressed youth comes strolling by them, parading his wealth and finery and assuming his grandest airs to catch their impressionable eyes. Every one is gay and happy, enjoying to the utmost these red-letter days in their lives.

The young people have many games in which their elders take no part. In some both sexes join, but in others the girls form a party by themselves. Two or three of these games resemble some that are known in Europe. One is a kind of 'hide and seek'. Some of the children lie flat on their stomachs while the others place their hands on their backs and chant: *Tutuaila labalaba kubuku u ledi u da kuda-fuwafuwa*, 'Tutuaila, take care of my grandfather, you, his hip you would chew noisily'. This is the Bwaidogan chant. At Mogova and Faiyavi the children sing: *Tutubobo laitalaita mota kaiaudi a nila dibuni aku nila matane*, 'Crouch down, leaf of the taro, the snakes' shadows, your coco-nuts beneath them, my coco-nuts beyond them'. Then they run away and hide. Presently the others rise up shouting *kabokau* and rush off to look for them.

This game is mainly played by the smaller children, but the older youths and maidens as well take part in the 'tug-of-

war', which is a special favourite amongst them. Occasionally even the married people are carried away by the excitement and join in, although one side or the other is sure to raise a protest. Their rope, *tufi*, which gives its name to the game, is the long tough root of the *aikula*, the banyan tree. The girls take hold of one end, the youths of the other, and they sing various songs, raising and lowering the rope in time with their singing. Some that are sung at Bwaidoga are:

Aituya ka da balai. Alawewi i kunokunono, 'In Aituya (the name of a district) let us walk along. Alawewi (a native's name) he will not go.'

Mekilido mekeli dokuda yama lata u votua yama lata u votua, 'Branch coral, branch coral, you are chewing it up, our fish-net you are framing, our fish-net you are framing'.

Lilibo lilibo amatabwaia u yogoke u lake kwaiokwaio kenalaiyo lukenakenalaiyo-iyo-iyo, 'Lilibo (a man's name), Lilibo, the head-ornament you bind round your head, you climb Kwaiokwaio hill, you bend about looking for something'.

Molauso ledi benabenanaio kaidoku ka na kwamanaio, 'The Molauso people, hips, making a bundle, Kaidoku hamlet, let us be servants'.

These songs are evidently not very intelligible. Two others which they sometimes sing are said to have come from Kiwai, on the north-east coast of Papua, and are altogether meaningless to the natives of Mud Bay. They run: *Ababai kelimaoa silima kelimaoa*, and *Biliko biliko kenuanuwaiye*. But whatever the song they sing they always end with the cry 'e-e', and start to pull. Every inch of ground is stubbornly contested, and very often it is the girls who are victorious.

The *wesiweweduave* is the same as our 'oranges and lemons', and has probably been introduced by the missionaries. The children stand facing one another, each clasping the other's wrists. The rest form in line behind them, each holding on to the waist of the child in front, and one after the other they pass under the hands of the two principals. The last one is caught round the neck and has to take his place behind one or other of these two. The rest pass under again and con-

tinue until all are marshalled in two opposing lines behind the principals. Then all join hands, and the two sides pull against each other until the principals are dragged apart and the whole band of children falls shrieking to the ground.

The rope is used in another game, *veliliwai*, generally only by the boys. It is coiled into a complete circle, round which the players take up their stations. They begin, as in the 'tug-of-war', by chanting, raising and lowering the rope to the words of the song. There are several different chants, some of which are:

Gavana nila netuolina nila tabona u lukelekelelewai, 'What, coco-nut, Netuolina (name of a district) on top of the coco-nut you produce small leaves'.

Salesalesalemuna yokoyokoyokomuna, 'Shine fiercely—the sun—strike fiercely'.

Ka na sebune ka na sebunebune, 'Let us place them one above the other, let us place them one above the other'.¹

Kwana molasa u lele benabena kaidoka ka na kwamana, 'Native of Malitauya, you are seeking a bundle, Kaidoka hamlet, let us be servants'.

Finally, with the cry *alawaiyo aliliyo i i i*, 'Alawaiyo hamlet, parched with perspiration, i i i', the whole circle swings round and round at a tremendous pace till one or two break off at a tangent or all are obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion. Occasionally when there is no rope to hand, the same game is played by joining hands. Often while the bigger boys and even some of the men are whirling round on the rope, the small boys near by will be doing the same with joined hands, while the girls look on, or sing and play games on their own account.

A very curious form of 'tug-of-war' requires even numbers, six for preference. The children join hands to form a circle, then with their hands still joined they turn the circle inside out so that three face one way and three the other. At a given signal they begin to pull, three against three. The game is called *wadomoni*, i. e. back to back.

¹ Probably this song originally belonged to the game *givi dibulina* given below, or possibly to the one called *tumodenodeno*.

There are various forms of hopping games played by the little boys. They squat in a row on their heels, with their hands resting on the ground, and hop forward in that position. The youngster who hops the fastest and outstrips the rest will often look round and call out *wa kama nininina*, an expression to which the natives can assign no meaning. In another form of the game they often imitate a person who has a severe corn, *sikaka*, on the sole of his foot and can only move about by hopping on the other. Standing on one foot the youngsters sing: *Gaito ku na sikaka deliodelio ka udodo*, 'Whose corns one behind the other shall we break up (destroy)?' At the final syllable they all begin hopping together.

Another of their games is more amusing. They squat in a row on their heels and pass their hands between their legs, clasping the back of the left leg with the left hand and the back of the right leg with the right. Then they chant: *Kiwiwi laia to gatoga*, 'The *kiwiwi* (a bird) on the reef is lighting', and ending with a *pip pip pip* they begin to jump backwards. Two or three of the children always fall over, and their fate is greeted with uproarious laughter. The natives say that the *kiwiwi* jumps backward in the same way.

In a less strenuous game the children stand in a row and sing: *Kwalala sanivavagi buyalina luatalia*, 'Sago palms and the ripe *sanivavagi* trees grow along the shore'. Then they all take a leap forward, repeat the song, and leap backward again.

While they are very common in Mud Bay, these games are by no means confined to that place, but are known all over the island. Thus the Mud Bay children often play a game called *kimolo*. They form in line, and, bending down, tap the ground with their index fingers, chanting: *Kimolo babi u da veali*, 'Kimolo (a fish), you would crawl into the earth like a worm'. Up on the slopes of Mt. Madawa'a in the centre of the island the children immediately recognized this game, though no one had ever visited Mud Bay or seemed to know of the mission station there. In Belebele again some children were playing with a banyan swing, and similar swings were

seen at Vatalumi, Kukuya, and other places. Probably, therefore, all or almost all these games will be found diffused through all this region.

There is a peculiar game called *molikeke*, the significance of which is hard to discover. The children gather in a circle and fold their first fingers over their thumbs, the middle fingers over the first fingers, the third over the middle fingers, and the little fingers over the third. Their leader then asks them: *Ina gadede i nawna*, 'Your mother, where has she gone?' and the children reply: *Inaku ama vilaga tomokita*, 'My mother, our *vilaga* (an edible plant) is broken up'. The leader again asks: *Tama gadede tama*, 'Your father, where is your father?' and the children again reply: *Kamaku gi nau molikeke i talafua*, 'My father he is gone, the *molikeke* he is crushing'. One and all then cry *mata sisibauwe*, 'eyes like a pig', and open their hands, at the same time jerking them forwards. The fingers thus folded on top of one another are supposed to resemble a pig's eyes. What *molikeke* can mean is uncertain. Possibly it is the same as *molukeke*, which is a yellow reptile something like a centipede; but we do not know whether it is harmful to the *vilaga* plant.

The *vesesedamana* (crossing the bridge) is a more picturesque game. A column is formed of pairs of children clasping each other's wrists, just as we do when carrying a successful batsman off the field. A child climbs up and walks along their hands, gripping their hair to steady himself; as fast as he passes one pair they race round and join on at the other end of the column. The child is urged on faster and faster till at last he makes a miscalculation and falls through the midst. For this game there is no song.

In another game the children sit round in a semicircle. One squats in the centre, takes hold of the foot of the nearest child, and chants: *A wamu kanina u vetavetaina maita u da velekguga da kanina nua lalakana nua sibonu*, 'Your yam let us eat, you have dug it up, a small piece please you should give me, I would eat it. Your mind is hard, your mind is unheeding.' At the word *sibonu* the foot is jerked sharply upwards and dropped, as the child is supposed to pay no heed

to the request. The song is repeated for the next foot, and so it goes on round the semicircle.

In yet another game the children squat on their heels one behind the other and slowly move forward in that position, swaying their bodies from side to side and chanting: *Walafaia dodola tokabukabu kenovila*, 'The *walafaia* (a tree) its long leaf the roaster turns over'. One of the children has kept a little to one side, taking no part in the procession. Suddenly he rushes forward and falls upon the middle of the line, pushing over as many of the children as he can.

In *givi dibulina* (the chestnut) the children form a circle and make a pyramid of hands, each pinching the back of the hand below. When the pyramid is complete they chant: *A daudau kabwa kauweli*, 'We sleep, the *kabwa* (a bird) sings', and at the last word all the hands are shaken free.

The game *tumo denodeno* (boring?) also begins with the children in a circle. One closes his fist with the index finger pointing upwards. Another encloses it in his fist and points his own finger upwards and this is continued until all the hands are joined up. The last child pretends to bore the top index finger through the palm of his hand, chanting, *Tumo denodeno taiya kelolo anafwasi* (?). At the end of the chant the child withdraws his finger, flips it against his lip, and places it under his armpit. The leader then bores his palm with the next index finger, and the process is continued right down the column of hands. At the last there is only the chanter's right hand which he has been boring on the fingers. He now turns his own index finger downwards and circles it while he chants the song, then flips it against his lip, and places it under his armpit. Now the whole party chants: *Nubunubu daiyodaiyo matumatu fwalalaiyo*, 'Withered banana leaf unripe underneath is loosely woven', i.e. 'on the outside the banana leaf matting of the house is closely plaited, but underneath it is loose'. At the same time they thrust out their hands and push each other away.

The chants that have just been given are those which are usually sung in the Ukuni hamlets of Mud Bay. In Bwaidoga

the children generally sing for the first part: '*Tabo gi naunau vaikoi gi elelai*, Tabugona it is going, the moon it is coming (Tabugona is the name of a star always found near the moon),' and for the second, *nubunubu*, &c., as above.

On the other side of the bay, at Faiyavi, the chants are the same as at Bwaidoga, except that the second runs: *Nubunubu daiyodaiyo sakailumai*, where the last word *sakailumai* carries no meaning to the natives at the present day.

Another favourite game with the children is 'tug-ear' (*taga kaiweve*). They form a ring and pile their hands one on top of another, with the palms uppermost. This action is called *kwadibunimwani*. The last child then performs the action of *tafakolikoli*, i.e. he scrapes the uppermost palm with his finger-tips, chanting at the same time: '*Tafakolikoli kiabu taga dikwa*, He scrapes the palm, a mushroom, like the ear of the *dikwa* (the *dikwa* is a species of grasshopper).' At the end of the chant the child withdraws his hand, flips it on his lip, and seizes his neighbour's ear with it; the next palm is then scraped in the same way. When each child has hold of his neighbours' ears they all chant together: '*Kubuku gava daga ka kanikani ada wamu ka kanikani*, My grandparent, what food shall we eat? Our yams we are eating.' Then with the words, '*kaiweve kaiweve* (twist, twist)', all the ears are pulled and twisted, and the circle breaks up with shrieks of laughter. In this game also the songs differ in different places. At Kabuna they sing for the first: '*Tafakolikoli kiabu taga dikwa dibunimwani*, He scrapes the palm, a mushroom, like the ear of the grasshopper, hands underneath altogether,' while at Faiyavi and Mogova it runs: '*Tafakolikoli siamutugana kwabi*, he scrapes the palm, he seizes his ear, the lobe of his ear.'

Sikauwana is a more dramatic game. The children sit round in a circle on the ground, enclosing a space which is supposed to represent a pool of water. One, perhaps, will say, 'Let us spread out and make a big pool (*gufa lakaina ka na faisewa*)'. They hook together their little fingers all round the circle, and each chooses a bird which he will impersonate. One says, 'I am going to be a blue pigeon (*yuyeku ga na*

vekabututula)'; another, 'I shall be a hornbill (*yayeku ga na vebinama*)'. When every one has chosen his rôle they chant: '*Sikauwana sinesine sikamaine kagalose*.' (No interpretation of the words could be obtained in Mud Bay. Probably it was introduced from elsewhere and the meaning has been lost). At the end of the refrain two of the fingers that are hooked together are disjoined and connected up again. The refrain is repeated, and the next link is broken and joined up again; this continues all round the circle. Finally, one turns to his neighbour, the pigeon perhaps, and asks, 'Where are you going (*gadede u nauna*)?' and the other replies, 'Oh, I am going to the pigeon's stream . . . , and am going to drink from it (*ga nau kabututula ana gufa yalayala aimeana wagaine ga yuga*)'. The first retorts, 'You lie, you must drink sea-water with it and spit it out and hold up your head and drink (*u fawai leagea nodi u na yutomweina u na kiwala u na laka u na yuna*)'. So the second child, the 'pigeon', has to lower his head and pretend to drink from the imaginary pool in the middle, then spit out the bad water behind him, and hold up his head and pretend to drink good water from above. Next, turning to his neighbour on the other side, he repeats in his turn the same or a similar question, and so it goes on all round the circle. Then with the words, 'Whom shall we cap? The pigeon we will cap (*gaito ka na vekedu kabututula ka na vekedu*)', all the hands, still joined together, are lifted up and placed on the head of the child impersonating the pigeon. The hornbill and all the others are treated similarly one after another, then the hands are released, and all the 'birds' begin to fight, scratching each other's heads.

This is the game when it is played in full, by a band either of boys or of girls. Often, however, it is cut short, and the drinking act in the middle as well as the final act of scratching are omitted. The description and the words given above are taken from notes of the game as it was played one evening by some Faiyavi girls. Some Ukuni lads who played the abridged form of the game sang for the first chant: '*Se ka naunau yomai kauwana sinesine takiyaba kiabasea*' (meaning unknown), while some Bwaidoga girls on another occasior

sang: '*Gaito ana welaia ka na sebinama*, Whose . . . shall we make a hornbill?'

All the games that have been described hitherto, with the single exception possibly of *wesiweweduave* (oranges and lemons), antedate the coming of white people into the country. On and near the mission station one occasionally sees English games taught by the missionaries, such as 'touch wood', 'French tag', and 'kick the tin'. 'French tag' is called by the natives in Mud Bay *domolautafi* (slap the back). One moonlight evening we heard loud shrieking near the house, and found eight youngsters giving a dramatic representation of a fight and the subsequent cannibal feast. First they decided who should be the victims, then separated off into four pairs. With loud shouts each pair began to wrestle, till presently they all fell flat upon the ground. One of each pair lay motionless, while the other rose, seized his enemy's feet, and dragged his body along the ground for a few yards. The four bodies were bunched close together, and one of the victors ran off to bring a fire-stick. Presently he returned, and held his glowing stick against various parts of his victim's body. Each victor in turn took the stick and roasted his victim in the same way. Finally they cast it aside and, throwing themselves on the bodies, pretended to cut them up and eat them. The wildest uproar accompanied the whole play, and at the end all the boys rolled over and over on the ground in an ecstasy of laughter.

Sling fights are another form of amusement, though they often take place in real earnest between the boys of different districts. The lads on the mission station use limes from the imported lime-tree, but the proper native missile is the *bwaibu*, a fruit rather like a small crab-apple, and quite as hard. The children line up about fifty yards apart and hurl their missiles with tremendous force. Often a youngster receives a knock-out blow and runs away to cry, then comes back to join in the fray again. In a less dangerous form of the game they simply throw with their hands. Naturally it is an amusement for the boys only. In another game, called *babalia*, they use light spears and a wheel made usually from the root of the

banana. The players form two parallel lines facing each other, and a boy at the end of the rows spins the wheel down between them, when each lad tries to send his spear through it as it passes. Sometimes they use a lime instead of a wheel. A similar game is played at Dobu, and it seems to have been known in both places for many generations. At Bwaidoga the children are not allowed to play it when food is scarce, lest it should check the growth of the people and cause them to pine away and die.

The favourite pastime of the elder boys and girls is a game called *ivalobe*. The *ivalobe* is a long stick from which rings of bark are cut off at regular intervals and the stick charred in the fire. The rest of the bark is then removed, so that you have alternate rings of white and black. The game is played on moonlight evenings after the yams have been harvested, either on the sea-shore or in some open glade near one of the hamlets. Boys and girls gather from all around to take part in it, and some of the older people often come to watch. As they wait for the crowd to gather the girls sit round a fire and gossip and sing, while the youths at other fires paint their faces and otherwise deck themselves out for the grand occasion. When all is ready, the youths, either singly or in a cluster, hold their sticks high above their heads, and the girls leap up to seize and break them. Often one stick is stouter than the rest and a furious struggle rages round it. Seven or eight girls and as many boys fight over it, the boys trying to raise it aloft again out of reach, while the girls strive to lower one end to the ground and break it with their united weight. Football is a harmless game compared with this. Sometimes a boy or a girl is hurt and runs aside to cry, but the struggle still goes on until either the stick is broken or the girls leave off in despair. From time to time they stop and rest beside their fires and talk and sing; then the game begins afresh. At last, when the moon has set in the west, they return to their huts or lie down just where they are, to snatch an hour or two of sleep before the dawn. Next day the broken sticks that lie scattered over the battlefield bear witness to the fierceness of the contest.

HAMLET IN HILLS ABOVE WAGIFA

TANAPO'O HAMLET, HUGHES BAY

The songs that are sung on these occasions, mainly by the girls, are generally confined to two or three tunes, the *seseku* being the commonest. The words of the songs, however, may vary infinitely. Often they are composed on the spur of the moment; some one, for example, will start and sing, 'Kailovagi, his stick it is stout, it is stout', and all the rest will join in. One of the best-known *seseku* in Mud Bay is: '*Yarunuga matakū u da seloseloiya e e e ilo mwaila eta fu*, The pleiades, my eye you cause to water . . .'

From Belebele comes an amusing *seseku* composed by some ex-prisoners when setting forth their experiences. It runs: '*Lokafu kausana weliweli a mamaina a mamaimamaina*, To be locked up is pleasant, with a beating stick we live, we live.'

CHAPTER XV

INDUSTRIES AND ARTS¹

THERE are two things that every native should be able to do, build a house and construct a canoe. Neither of these tasks is very difficult; patience rather than skill is the chief requirement. All houses, save an occasional widow's hut or a shelter for storing food, are erected on four posts forked at the top to hold the plates. The natives have no plumb-bob, or builder's level, so, frequently, they correct the level of their posts by placing pig's jaws on top of one or more of them. Pig's jaws, too, are often attached to a cord and slung between two posts, or suspended from the ridge-pole of the house. In a hamlet in Alikabu a score or more were dangling from a tree, and a young fellow proudly told us that his father, the tottering old head man of the hamlet, had killed them all in his younger days. Most of them, one suspects, were not the trophies of his hunting, but belonged to village pigs that were killed at feasts. The chief idea, however, is to set them up in some conspicuous spot to proclaim their owner's prowess, and this is accomplished just as well when they are made to correct the builder's shortcomings. There seemed to be no superstitious meaning in the custom, at least not at the present day.

Two plates run horizontally from the front to the back posts of the house, and from them a series of poles and rafters lead up and support the ridge-pole. Everything is firmly lashed together with vines, either the *aolaba* or, preferably, the more lasting *kimaola*; only the outer covering of the vine is used, not the pith. Thus the frame-

¹ It was found impossible for the present to make a detailed study of the technology of this region. The present chapter merely outlines the principal articles that are in everyday use, and the commonest forms in which art finds expression.

work for the house is provided; for walls it is covered with overlapping layers of sago-leaf matting laid horizontally. Back and front are sometimes closed in the same way, but often the matting is here replaced by planks on which the native can display his artistic powers. The back wall is unbroken, but a gap is left in the front by which the inmates can enter; it can be closed at will with native mats. A platform is often built in front, usually as a mere extension of the floor, though sometimes a foot or so lower. This makes it easier to enter the hut, and at the same time offers a very convenient place to sit and gossip, especially when the roofs and sides are made to project as well and so ward off both sun and rain. Propped up against the platform, or lying on the ground below the house, will be found the ladder, which is simply the stem of a small tree with notches cut for steps at intervals of a few inches. The floor is made of transverse poles or rough boards resting on the plates, and is generally covered with mats of coco-nut leaves. The interior is sometimes divided into an inner and an outer compartment, with a gap in the dividing wall similar to that in front of the house. In some houses there is a low bench running along one side, for one of the inmates to sleep on, but this is not very common.

All huts are built along these lines, though naturally there are slight differences in individual cases. The greatest variation, perhaps, is found in some of the larger huts, when the platform extends around one side and the door is made in one of the longer faces. A medium-sized hut that we measured had a front of 22' 6" and a depth of 26'. The platform, which extended 6' outwards from the floor, was 5' above the ground, and the height of the room inside from floor to ridge-pole was only 4' 8". Sometimes a hut is first built upon the ground, then lifted entire and set in place upon its posts; more often it is built up directly on the posts. A heavy gale will sometimes blow these houses down, but, fortunately, this end of Papua lies outside the hurricane belt, and so escapes the fierce tornadoes that devastate the islands farther east and south.

The tools of the native carpenter are essentially primitive. At the present time all the heavy work is done with hatchets and adzes of steel. Every native possesses an adze, in the use of which he shows much skill, but the hatchets are not nearly so common; much of the finer work which we should do with chisels and gouges is done with the adze. Iron was unknown when Captain Moresby explored the islands, and all the adzes had blades of stone; now a hafted stone adze is extremely rare, though many unhafted blades are still found stored away in the houses. Occasionally, however, small stone adzes are still used for chopping the pith from the sago palm, since a keen edge is not required in this operation. European knives are in general use, both the machete, or long scrub-knife, with a blade of about 16", and the smaller sheath-knife with a blade of perhaps only 6". For drilling holes the natives use either a shell, or a glowing stick, or a pump-drill. The fly-wheel of the pump-drill is a disk of pottery, and the point a flake of obsidian; though here again iron has now almost completely replaced the stone. The drill was made whenever the need arose, then carelessly thrown aside. It could be used not only for wood, but for shell as well. Nowadays a nail often takes its place. A pole or plank that has to be smoothed is scraped with a knife, then rubbed all over with *fanavivi* leaves, the under surfaces of which are rough like sand-paper. The natives know the principle of the lever. The heavy logs from which their canoes are made are levered through the woods on skids, the workers heaving together to the time of some refrain, like our sailors when hauling on a rope. The unmarried girls have a game which imitates this. They sing: '*Igila muduna sunugina a na lauweto failina dekuyo newawala*. Banana, with long faces, we will lever with all our strength, holding fast, (like) Newawala.' *Igila* is a variety of banana, the trunk of which is often used by the girls in this game; *Newawala* is a hamlet in which there is a big rock. The chant therefore means: 'We will lever along the big banana trunk with all our might, but our efforts are vain (we have long faces). It is stuck in the ground as firmly as the rock in Newawala.'

Rather more skill is required in constructing a canoe, at least for the larger built-up varieties. They are made from several kinds of trees, the *manamaiya*, *yogana*, *maliwaka*, *kwabakwaba*, and three or four other species. When a man has decided to build a canoe he first searches the woods for a suitable tree, then returns and gathers all his friends to assist him. The tree is felled by lighting a fire against its base. Its branches are then lopped away, the trunk cut off at the proper length, and it is hauled or levered away to the hamlet. Often if the sea be nearer it is dragged to the beach instead; then two or three men sit astride it and paddle it along to the hamlet. We saw five such logs one evening being ferried one behind the other from Geleseas to Bwaidoga, a distance of about two miles. The log is hollowed out in the hamlet by means of an adze, a tedious operation requiring some little skill, since the trough is made to widen inwards; the natives never hollow out the trough with fire as some of the Polynesians do. Both ends in the smaller canoes are made alike, for there is no distinction between bow and stern. The next step is to find a log that will serve for an outrigger (*gamana*). Its ends should be made torpedo-wise, so that it will cut through the water more easily; also it is charred in the fire to make it lighter and more buoyant. Long rods (*yogawa*) laid across the gunwales of the canoe like seats connect it with the outrigger; on one side their ends are lashed directly to the body of the canoe, but on the outrigger side pegs (*tutula*) made of the hard *muniutu* wood are driven X-wise in pairs into the outrigger and the rods are lashed in their forks. In the small run-about canoes that will hold but one or two people, each end of the outrigger is made fast to two or three of these rods, but there is nothing connecting it in the middle. To give a platform at each end for holding the fish-net or baskets of yams, the natives lash a few short sticks across the transverse rods. In the larger canoes the outrigger must be attached at regular intervals, and the platform will then extend along its entire length. Canoes of this type (*aiyebu*) frequently swamp and overturn, especially if the light outrigger is suddenly forced under the water. As

long as all the attachments hold the boat can be righted without much difficulty, but should they break, as sometimes happens, the canoe will sink immediately, and the occupants' only hope is to hold on to the floating outrigger. If a favourable wind is blowing a mast can be quickly improvised in the front of the canoe, and a long rectangular sail of woven coco-nut leaves made fast along one of its edges. A large volute shell picked up on the beach, or a cup of coco-nut shell makes a convenient baler.

The built-up canoe, the *waga*, is generally larger than the *aiyebu*, and so is the more usual vessel employed in travelling long distances. When the Malitauyan natives toured round the island of Goodenough, and later the Wagifan natives also, most of their canoes were of this built-up type. Straight boards (*baba*) are lashed perpendicularly all round the upper edge of the canoe, either singly or with a second row above.

FIG. 1.
Aniyadaga.

They are secured by elbows (*iyadaga*) (fig. 1) lashed in pairs at intervals along the inside. Rods are passed through holes in the bends of the elbows so that they extend along the whole length of the canoe inside; on these small boards are placed to form the paddlers' seats. The seams are caulked with the scrapings of the *alufwa* vine steeped in water. In the *waga*, and also in the large *aiyebu*, carved bow and stern pieces are added to prevent the water from pouring in at the ends, while to make the outrigger more secure, shorter pegs are driven X-wise between the longer ones, and extra rods that run below the platform bind them to the canoe. Small *wagas* often have sails of coco-nut leaves, like the *aiyebus*, but work-boys often bring back a blanket to use instead. Large *wagas* have elaborate V-shaped sails sewn from the leaves of the sago. Two stout poles, one of which, the boom, is much heavier than the other, form the sides of the V, and the sail is stretched between them. In calm weather it is folded up and laid along the platform: whenever the canoe is beached for the night it is covered over or taken ashore and placed in shelter inside a hut. In use, the lighter arm of the V, the yard, rests

PROW OF A WAGIFA CANOE

HEAD OF A WAGIFA CANOE

about half-way along its length in the forked top of a short mast that is set up in the bow, and the foot is dragged downwards and inwards and fastened by a brace to the rods of the outrigger. The sheet is attached to the boom at one end, while the other is held in the hand or loosely tied to one of the cross-rods. If the wind is very strong, sail can be 'shortened' by slackening the brace and hauling on the sheet till the boom rests on the platform. On one occasion the yard of a canoe in which we were travelling snapped in half. Fortunately we were close to land; the natives merely paddled ashore, cut and trimmed a new pole, lashed it to the butt of the broken yard, and in a very short time were ready to continue their journey again.

A heavy oar in the stern acts as a rudder when running under sail. Sometimes, if the wind is fresher than usual, two oars are used, one from the canoe itself, the other by a man who stands with one foot resting on the end of the outrigger. There must always be one man in the bow to slacken or haul in the brace whenever it is necessary to alter the set of the sail. If tacking must be resorted to, the mast has first to be unstepped and set up again at the other end of the canoe, since the outrigger must always be on the windward side. A sail of this type, being broader aloft than below, tends to raise the head of the canoe and make it ride over the waves without shipping water. Still, on the whole, it is rather a poor kind of craft, useless whenever the wind is contrary or in a calm with a lumpy sea. There is always the danger, too, of the outrigger breaking loose. Even in fairly calm weather the water splashes up between the boards in spite of the caulking, and the slightest swell will send it up through the platform as well, so that one and sometimes two men have to keep constantly baling. A *waga* under full sail with a good breeze on the quarter can travel about six knots an hour, but if the wind is unfavourable the natives must wait in shore until it changes. Its length often saves it a good deal of tossing, since the long swell of the open ocean can never find its way into these protected waters. The natives use a large wooden baler resembling a coal-scoop, but with its peg handle

inside. The blade of the paddle is lanceolate, and the end of its handle is frequently carved; but, wherever possible, the natives prefer to pole their canoes. The larger *aiyebus* and the *wagas* are kept under shelter when they are not in use, but no such care is taken of the smaller run-about *aiyebus*. *Aiyebus* are usually nameless, but every large canoe has a name that is given by the head man of the hamlet in which it was built. A Faiyavi *waga* was called 'The Firefly' (*tafaiyauma*), for the firefly is a swift-flying insect and the canoe would be sure to possess the same attribute. The Wagifa policeman had two canoes, both *wagas*; the larger one was known as 'Lock-up'; the smaller had a still more ominous title, namely 'Son of a Beast'.

The natives had three weapons of old, the spear, the club, and the sling. Recently the long scrub knife has been added, or rather has taken the place of the club. There are four types of spears, two used for hunting and the others for fishing. A long heavy spear is preferred for kangaroos and pigs, and this kind has often some carving in the middle. The ordinary spear that the native carries about with him wherever he goes is much lighter. In both these kinds the tapering upper ends are generally adorned with a circular band in relief somewhat after this fashion:

FIG. 2. A Spear.

For stabbing the fish that lurk in the coral they use a long flexible spear called *kaibadi*; but often a native, as he poles slowly over the reefs, holds poised in his hand a many-pronged spear (the *udila*), ready to hurl at a shoal of sprats, or often some larger fish that darts from under his canoe. It is a tapering spear, very light, with a thick knobbed end encircled with a number of short pointed reeds. Spear-throwers are unknown, nor are the spears ever barbed on Goodenough, though the Dobuans often barb their *udila*, and the heavy barbed Mambare pig-spear is greatly admired. Not even the fish-spears are pointed with bone or metal; the plain wooden

point is simply hardened in the fire. Spears and clubs, and generally lime spatulae as well, are made of the dark *manutu* tree, a straight free-grained wood which becomes streaked in time with long furrows hollowed out by a kind of dry rot.

There are three kinds of clubs, if one includes the long, rough tool that is used for smashing down light scrub. In shape it resembles an ordinary two-handed club, but its form is much ruder and it is sometimes slightly bevelled along one edge. Of the other two types, both of which were used in fighting, the *dobudobu* is a single-handed weapon, while the *feto* requires both hands. There are certain varieties of both of these, each with its special name, but the distinctions are rarely drawn, and usually any kind of club is called a *feto*. There is no difference in form between the single- and the double-handed club, except that in rare cases the single-handed weapon has two or three holes in its handle to enable it to be lashed to the wrist; the blade, too, is thicker compared with its length in order to give it the proper weight. The two-handed weapon was used only in war, the other in petty domestic squabbles and hamlet feuds. Both are often most beautifully carved on one or both faces, and sometimes on the handles as well. The pot-stick *awavila*, which often resembles a club in its form, is usually made of a lighter wood and is carved on the handle only. The natives never kept count of their victims, so neither their spears nor their clubs had tally-marks like the weapons of other savages.

The sling *faifa* is plaited from pandanus string, which is the native substitute for flax; they are also made, though less commonly, from the fibres of one or two other trees. It is broadened in the middle to receive the stone, *moi*, which is any pebble from the beach of the proper weight and shape. One end of the sling terminates in a loop through which the thrower inserts his right little finger. We never saw any without this loop, or heard of its being whirled with the left hand; in fact it is rare to find a native left-handed in anything. An average sling is about 2' 6" long from the loop to the middle. The natives can throw fairly accurately with it, though they use it less often than might be expected. It

is first held out and 'sighted,' then whirled twice or thrice round the head and cast.

Nets are employed in both hunting and fishing. The use of the heavy pig-net has been described already. Like the sling it is plaited from pandanus string, and usually kept hung up beneath the hut. Four different nets are used for fishing, but two in fresh water only. The *guvata* is a long seine with wooden floats and sinkers of shells. Many of the floats are carved to imitate fish, though without any magical purpose that we could discover. Some of the seines are quite small, so that one man can use them on a shelving sandy beach or on a reef of coral. Usually, however, a number of men set their nets in conjunction. They watch for a shoal of sprats to enter the bay and follow them up in their canoes. As soon as they are close inshore they encircle them with their seines, so laid that each overlaps its neighbour. Fish-traps, *kwaivaia*, are placed just inside the circle, and sometimes they let down as well the large square hand-net, *lata*. The water is splashed violently with the hands outside the circle, or threshed with a long wooden pole, when the frightened fish hide in the coral branches or dart for shelter into the dark fish-traps. As they pass over the *lata* the fisherman jerks it up, empties the fish into his canoe and lets it down again. After the shoal has vanished the fish traps are raised and emptied, and the seines drawn up into the canoes again. On the reefs the nets are simply retainers to prevent the escape of the fish, since any attempt to drag them would inevitably lead to their tearing; but on sandy stretches of beach they are dragged exactly as the seine is with us.

The *lata* is a square net with a side of from four to five feet long. Its opposite corners are joined by high arching rods which keep the net stretched taut; a third rod is lashed to the two where they intersect, forming a handle by which the net can be raised and lowered. Besides its use with the seine it is employed alone in shallow water by placing a bait on top. The fisherman holds the handle, and watches for a fish to pass over the net. Quickly he jerks it up, the net sags down from the four corners, forming a bag, the water

streams through its meshes and the fish is left stranded in the bottom. Often a brake is made close to the shore with leafy boughs and fronds of the coco-nut palm, and only one narrow passage left open between it and the shore. Here the net is lowered; the fish as they skirt the shore must debouch by the passage and consequently cross over the net. Often out on the reefs at some distance from land two brakes are made to converge. A platform, *aikuku*, is built at their junction, or rather over the narrow opening between them, and there the fisherman sits and lowers his net.

The seine and the square net are used only in the sea, but there is a hand-net, *aiyoa* (fig. 3), which is used in fresh-water

FIG. 3. A Aiyoa.

pools. The frame is a long rod split at one end, and the fork is kept open by means of a stick lashed between the points. The net is stretched over the fork, and the rest of the rod forms the handle. The fish are only from three to four inches long, so the net can be made very light. Sometimes, instead of using nets, the natives dam the pool and divert the stream above it. The water is then scooped out with the hands and the fish are left stranded on the bottom. A fourth kind of net is occasionally used, for prawns; it is shaped like a tennis racket, but is only about five inches long; a long stick is tied to the end for a handle. Besides all these nets for fish there is a circular net (*selesele*) for birds and squirrels, and the string bag (*waliava*) for carrying home garden produce. This last greatly resembles a lady's mesh bag, save that it has only one handle.

The knot in these nets is the same as in ours. The mesh-gauge is generally made of turtle shell, though occasionally they use a temporary one of wood. The wooden netting-needle has also the same shape as our own, but the string is made from pandanus. A cord is made fast round a tree with a short loop hanging from it; strips of the pandanus are

drawn through the loop, which tears off all the outer tissues and leaves the fibres bare. These are then teased out with a shell knife, and three or four of the fine strands are rapidly twisted against the thigh. If the process is carried out with moderate care a stout and durable string can be thus produced. Often when string is lacking a native will pull up a vine from the ground and tie up with that whatever he may wish to carry. So, too, whenever a pig or a kangaroo is killed in a hunt, the front and hind legs are lashed with vines and a stout pole inserted below them. It takes two men as a rule to carry a large pig, and three or four others generally follow behind and relieve them from time to time. There is no difficulty in securing carriers, for every one rushes at once to share in the triumph and take part in the feast that follows.

The use of the fish-trap *kwaivaia* has been described already. It consists of six or seven long stockings or funnels of woven coco-nut leaves all joined together in a row. The fish take refuge in the dark recesses at the bottom and drop out when the trap is inverted over the canoe. The *kaidine* is more elaborate. It resembles the European eel-basket, and is used for the same purpose in fresh-water streams. It appears never to be used in the sea, or for any other fish except eels. *Kaidine*, or, as it is called in Kwaiaudili, *aidina*, means literally the spine of the coco-nut frond. From this it is extended to mean anything made from these spines, such as the eel-basket just mentioned. At Nufwasa on the north end of Goodenough the spines are arranged to form a long cone, with a mouth of about six inches diameter. The fisherman plants it over a fish as it lies amongst the coral, covers the mouth with his hand and lifts it out of the water. For sweeping the hamlets the women make use of a broom that is also made from these coco-nut spines by tying a bundle of them at one end; this also has the same name *kaidine*.

A trap for catching crocodiles was seen in the north-west of Normanby Island, opposite the island of Ubuya. It was set up on the beach beside the sea at the outlet of a large pool in the mangroves which a crocodile was known to haunt. There were two rows of converging stakes, forming a narrow passage,

and over this a heavy stack of logs was arranged so that the crocodile passing below would dislodge a perpendicular stick and bring the whole structure down on its head. Some Goodenough boys who were with us had never seen such a dead-fall.

The noose *deli*, which is used for catching birds, was mentioned in another chapter. A fish-hook that was used at Dobu, made by tying a sharp piece of bark at an acute angle to a sliver of wood, never found its way to Goodenough. European hooks are now plentiful, but the only hook that was known before was the *kama*, found in a few hamlets in Kwaiaudili. It was made from the upper joint of the leg of a large male phasmid (*Eurycantha latro*), the long spur forming the hook, and small eels were caught with it in freshwater pools. The female is without the spur.¹

The utensils used in the household comprise shell knives and spoons of plain mussel shells, coco-nut shell cups and water-bottles, one or two bowls made of wood, a pot and its stirrer, two or three baskets of cane, and a stick for digging the garden. The knives are made from an oyster shell, smoothed and ground to an edge on a large, flat stone, in the same way as the hinge of the giant clam is ground for the nosebone. These shell knives are in constant use for peeling vegetables and for scraping bark and leaves. One of the valves of the clam is frequently used as a pig-trough. The outside of the coco-nut cups is also ground smooth on a stone, while the inside is scraped with a shell knife. Some of these cups are well finished and adorned with incised lines, or with a pattern burnt in round the edge by means of a glowing stick. The outside of the water-bottles is smoothed in exactly the same way, while the tiny hole in the top, which is about the size of a shilling, has a rolled-up leaf for a stopper. A coco-nut is husked by driving a pointed stick into its outer covering and levering to one side; after this has been done all round, the segments are torn off by hand or with the teeth. The inner shell is then opened by cracking one end like an egg with a big steel knife or the edge of a boulder. The fleshy kernel is scraped out with an ordinary

¹ See 'Man', Feb., 1915, No. 9.

shell knife or with an instrument called *sakoli*, which was a shell tied to a long wooden handle. Now the shell in this implement is replaced by iron, the edge of which is often serrated. The native sits on the stick and grates the kernel on the upturned edge, and the scrapings fall into a shallow bowl carved out of a single block of wood and either round or oval in shape. The valves of the mussel shells are used for spoons, and instead of a coco-nut cup the native will often employ a nautilus shell for drinking the *bwai* or vegetable soup. For a fork a skewer of bone is used, made from the fibula of the kangaroo; practically its only use, however, is for stabbing the yams to discover when they are cooked. To help them in carrying pots and bowls on their heads the women make small coronets of leaves and fibres bound round with woven strips of coco-nut leaf; the ends of the strips are plaited and finished off with a knot.

There is always at least one fire alight in the hamlet from which brands can be taken by any one to kindle a fire for himself. In travelling the natives sometimes carry a fire-stick, sometimes put in at a hamlet and get one. Should it be necessary, however, almost any native can kindle a fire with two dry sticks and some shavings. One stick, the *ilagui*, is used as a 'plough', while the stick that is 'ploughed' is called *mu*. Both should be as dry as matchwood, and the plough should be harder than the under stick. Several woods are used for this purpose, but the two commonest are the *alowala* and the *iyova*.

Pot-making is carried on all along the north coast of Goodenough from Vatalumi to Kwaiboga, as well as in the district of Miavaina in the hills. Clay is abundant at the foot of the mountains, whence it is carried to the hamlet or to a hut in the garden. There it is kneaded with water, and rolled on a flat board into short strips like miniature sausages. The Kwaiboga natives use only one kind of clay, and as far as we could learn mix nothing with it. The potter's wheel is unknown, so the native builds up her pot by the process of 'coiling', using a flat board which has to be turned round step by step with the hand. A bean is employed for smoothing

the sides, and the ornamentation is worked in with shells. Some pots are perfectly plain, some have marks of various kinds made on them. There is generally a row of incised dots all round, and one or two incised lines. Some pots are very thick and heavy, others thin and fragile. Many are made with two 'ears' opposite each other as though to represent handles. There is no variety in form; all have the same general shape, and are used for the single purpose of cooking. Mud Bay natives say that the Goodenough pots are inferior in quality to those that are made in the Amphlettts, but the home-made article is depreciated everywhere.

Pots are made by the women only. In many of the hill districts they also make wicker baskets. In a few of the coast districts they make them as well, but here again the imported basket from Dobu is much preferred. Frailer baskets of coco-nut leaves are made everywhere at a moment's notice. There are two kinds, both made from a section of a single frond. In one, the *wauto*, the opposite pinnae are interwoven and the two ends plaited and tied together. In the other, the *foga*, the midrib is split down the middle, the two halves of the frond placed together with the midribs outside, and the pinnae interlaced as in the ordinary *sifa* or mat; now the two ends are plaited up the middle and the basket is complete, since the midribs will close together like the top of a purse and form a handle. Sometimes they modify this form to produce what they call a *fose*; in this case the interlacing does not reach up to the midribs, but these are broken in the middle and rejoined where the interlacing begins; a handle is given by connecting the two plaited ends with a cord. A *fose*, however, may be made in other ways, for the term is applied to any basket which can be slung on the arm; even the leather bags of Europeans are often given this name.

The *sifa* just mentioned is the ordinary mat that is laid on the floor of the hut, though sometimes it is also used for the walls. To protect themselves from the rain and from the heavy night dew the natives often make a mat of the *kile* tree. Its leaves are somewhat akin to flax; they are

stitched together with a needle made from the wing-bone of the fruit-bat. Similar mats are made for babies to protect them from the sun, and on these the mother in tender love will often weave a coloured border. The plaited armlets and belts have frequently a clever pattern worked in with yellow cane, and sometimes small disks of white and red shells are sewn on as well. These red shells are prized very highly. They are extremely difficult to obtain, for they seldom lie in less than four fathom of water. Moreover, they are very hard, and much labour is required to grind them to shape and drill the holes. Hence a belt that is ornamented with red shell disks is always a family heirloom. The natives show great skill in weaving stoppers for lime gourds. A leaf is coiled into a solid cylinder and a tight binding of black and yellow cane is woven all round; usually the black forms the ground and the yellow the pattern, which is most commonly the chevron. Sometimes the leaf is wound round a boar's tusk; the finest lime gourds, indeed, nearly always have a large circular tusk in their stoppers. Only in certain districts are they made, and never, apparently, by the women, though it is always they who make the plaited armlets. When the Wagifans were touring the island one of them commissioned a Waibula woman to weave him an armlet, telling her he would return in a month or two and expect to find it ready. The husband measured the Wagifan's arm with a fragment of coco-nut spine, which he broke off to length and gave to his wife for a measure.

The women at times show a craving for beauty in the way they decorate their grass skirts, and the men in their perineal bandages. Many of the skirts are made from banana leaves split into strips with the thumb-nail. Sometimes they vary the ordinary form by making a broad strip alternate with several narrow ones, though this idea may have been borrowed from the Trobriands. For generations, however, they have practised the dyeing of skirts by steeping them in the water of mangrove swamps. The best skirt of course is always worn outermost. The men for their part scratch patterns on their bandages of *kile* leaf with fragments of

shell, usually merely straight lines or curved lines drawn at random. Combs as a rule have a very simple form. A short strip is cut from some pliant wood and carefully scraped into shape. It is then bound tightly round the middle with a piece of string and split from the end to this place. The prongs are cautiously opened with a knife and kept rigid and stiff by careful binding at the place where they all unite. Sometimes beads or seeds of the wild banana are attached to the end, but a comb offers little scope for ornamentation. Some of the large lime gourds, however, are beautifully adorned with beads and seeds very cleverly attached. Different coloured beads are sometimes artistically strung together into necklaces, and their owners enhance the effect with glittering fragments of shells. One might almost say of these people that whatever they touch they adorn, although their method of adorning naturally follows the line of their own ideas, not of ours.

Painting and carving, as might be expected, are also not neglected. Often the two are combined, for example, when lime is rubbed into incised drawings to bring out the pattern. They make their lime by burning tree-coral. The calcined lumps that are left when the fire has burnt down are wrapped up in *varutos* or coco-nut leaf baskets, which are set on top of hot coals in a hole in the ground and covered with green leaves and earth. By the following day it is reduced to a powder, and is ready for use in the lime gourd or as paint. Red paint is obtained by crushing the berries of the *makaiya* shrub, while black is derived from charcoal.

The boards on the fronts and backs of the houses offer an excellent ground for the painter's art, though the majority, perhaps, of the natives seem not to make use of it. One of the commonest patterns consists of rows of triangles painted in red and black, with the interstices filled in with white. In one Waibula hamlet no less than five houses were adorned in this way, for no other reason apparently than because it appealed to their individual occupants. The native policeman at Yamaleli, in Seymour Bay, was more travelled perhaps than his fellows, or had a greater artistic sense, for

on the front of his house he had drawn a unique set of patterns; a row of nine figures at the bottom, he said, represented men dancing.

A house in Belebele had a drawing of the *maniutu* tree from which the natives derive their clubs and spears (fig. 4). It was not very realistic, however, to judge by a rough sketch that was made on the spot. The lines were painted in black, while the dots were red. On the same building there was also the spiral, so typical of this region of Papua, as well as the birds' beaks (fig. 5): the origin and meaning of this last is

FIG. 4.
Native sketch of
a maniutu tree.

FIG. 5. The bird's beaks.

FIG. 6. Drawing on a
house.

unknown to the natives, like most of their patterns, though it is common round the edges of coco-nut shell cups and on bamboo pipes, burnt in with a live coal. But the central figure on this house was a number of rough concentric circles alternately red and black, which they said represented the sun (fig. 6). Wagifa natives gave the same interpretation to a similar figure on one of their canoes. It is a very common pattern in this region, and has often a dot in the centre. At Dobu a water-bottle was incised with a number of series of two concentric circles, and on top of a large flat rock in the hills of Normanby opposite that island we found the same figure graven. Sometimes one meets

HUT IN FULUFULULUYA, WABALOE

ROCK PAINTINGS BETWEEN IYAVALI AND NAILA,
GOODENOUGH ISLAND

with a rectilinear form; a pipe, for example, was painted thus . The most remarkable specimens of painting, however, were found in the hills of Goodenough near Mt. Madawa'a. Two large rocks, with flat, inclined surfaces, overhung the track that led along the steep face of the ridge between the hamlets of Iyavali and Naila. The first rock showed very faint traces of paintings in two places, but the second was covered over half its surface with weird fantastic figures in black and white. We have spoken already of the magical virtue that was thought to reside in this rock. The figures themselves were in black, with their lines all fringed with white dots. Some natives who were sitting round a fire at the foot of the rock said that the white dots were made with lime and the black with charcoal; if that were the case probably coco-nut oil was mixed with the paints, for the drawings were still quite fresh, though they evidently dated back several generations. The present-day natives know nothing about them, but merely believe that their forefathers drew them. They are even uncertain as to what the patterns represent, though one native said that a drawing on the right, which looks like a centipede, was meant for a monitor lizard, while another was a frigate-bird, and a third a bird called *ganawa*. Other natives, however, professed absolute ignorance as to their meanings. One of the rocks was called *bwaiobwaio*, 'the crow', while the other was *karaloana*; but no one could tell us how they came by these names.

The same curious 'star-fish' pattern which is sometimes tattooed on the body is also found burnt in or carved round the orifice of the pipe. On Goodenough it is purely conventional, though elsewhere it may have originally possessed some significance; it was seen tattooed on some natives from Suau, on the south-east coast of the mainland. When carved on the pipe charcoal is rubbed in to show up the pattern. Carving proper ranges from the notches on the coco-nut shell armlets and the incised lines on cups and water-bottles to the beautifully ornamented canoe-heads and the human and bird figure-heads on the end of canoe-platforms. Either the chevron, , or the continuous curve, the latter

usually double, appears in most of the carving, whether on the canoe, the drum, the club or the bowl; they are frequently used to separate two patterns. Clubs are generally adorned with the 'bird's beaks' so typical of this region. A pattern that is commonly seen on the sides of large canoes resembles a series of 'sevens', 7 7 7 7 7 7, and the same figure is frequently found on other objects. Canoe-heads are divided into two classes, the *bodawa* that lies transversely to close the end of the hollow trunk, and the *vagavaga*, outside the *bodawa*, which it joins at right angles, and so is in line with the canoe itself. The ornamentation in the *vagavaga* is always derived from the 'bird's beak' pattern, but the *bodawa* shows a great variety of curves and circles and short lines, though at the top there is almost invariably a representation of one or two human figures. Sometimes the figure is complete with all its limbs, sometimes the head only is fully carved and the rest represented by a mere block. Lime spatulae generally have

FIG. 7.

designs in curves and spirals. The human figure which appears on perhaps the majority of the ebony lime spatulae of the Trobriands is rarely seen on Good-enough, though the policeman at Wagifa carved a spatula for himself in that style. A coco-nut palm at Fatavi was engraved with a fair representation of a European ketch (fig. 7). A deep scarf had been cut just below it, blocked with a valve of a clam shell; and below this again were two deep incisions made with a tomahawk. This palm once belonged to a man who lived in a house just opposite, and when he died a Wagifa relative thus mutilated his tree to testify his sorrow. The clam shell appeared to have no significance.

Only the men ever carve. Some are naturally more skilful than others, and are consequently often engaged by their neighbours to carve their canoe-heads. There are no professional carvers or painters, however, men, that is, who devote most of their time to the art. Women are unable to carve, simply because they never make use of the adze; it is as

typically the tool of the men as the shell knife is of the women. All the heavier work falls on the men, the building of houses and canoes, hunting and fishing with nets, and digging in the gardens. The women catch shell-fish on the reefs, weed and plant in the gardens, and carry the food and wood for the evening meal. Even so, the husband usually bears the heaviest logs on his shoulder, while his wife carries a bundle of faggots on her head. In basketry the women make the baskets of wicker-work, the men the less substantial ones of coco-nut leaves. Fish-traps, nets, adze handles, and weapons of all kinds are made by the men alone, who also make the lime out of coral and grind down the hinge of the clam shell into the nose-bone. The women grind knives out of oyster shells, and from the green snail shells make the narrow woman's armlets, *lakita*; strangely enough these latter are never made outside of Kabuna, Bwaidoga, and Ukuni. Pot-making too is the work of the women only, but the coco-nut shell cups are made by both sexes.

CHAPTER XVI

MORALS

THE full blaze of publicity shines on the whole life of the Goodenough native and his every action is done in the sight of his fellow men. This, perhaps, is partly the cause of the lack of marked personalities among them. The number of men who, either through force of character or through their outstanding virtues or vices are conspicuous, even to the slightest degree, amongst their fellows is very few. The sharp contrast that we make between our conception of goodness and our practical realization of it hardly occurs here, and social and domestic virtues practically coincide.

There is always an air of cheerfulness and gaiety pervading a hamlet, which is only occasionally broken by passing storms. The natives resemble children in many respects; their emotions lie close to the surface and are but little subjected to the discipline of self-control. The merest trifle will sometimes give rise to a serious brawl. They are especially sensitive on all questions relating to food. It has frequently happened on the mission station that a boy would be late for his meal and the others would greedily eat his share. Instead of approaching the missionary and asking for more, the boy would go off to his hamlet, though it might be miles away, and stay there for several weeks.

Some question of food or of women lies at the root of most of their troubles. They are jealous of their wives as a general rule, though this is no hindrance to their treating them with the greatest consideration and kindness. In fact that is the attitude of the native towards every one with whom he is not personally at enmity. Children are invariably well treated; no man would dream of beating his own child, while to lay a hand on another's would inevitably lead to a brawl. The

old are revered and cared for with a tenderness that would shame many a more civilized people. It is touching to mark the respect which even the children feel towards them, and the promptness with which they obey their wishes. Tadobuya, the *karuea* of Kimokimoio hamlet and a man in the prime of life, quarrelled with an old man of Nikoko named Unava, and struck him a violent blow in the face. Afterwards he tried to excuse his action by saying that Unava was a feeble old man, and his words ought to correspond with his strength. All the other natives, however, and even his nearest kinsmen, were loud in their condemnation, and he himself soon repented his action. The grief that the natives evince at the death of a relative or friend is perfectly sincere, but they soon recover and forget; the youth whose suit is rejected by one girl turns at once to another. They react quickly to their environment; joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, have but a transient existence. Even in conversation they jump quickly from one subject to another with no apparent connexion, and the slightest incident, the mere sight of an object, will change at once the current of their thoughts.

Strangers, so long as they are not feared, meet with their share of the general charity which pervades each community. The native is a perfect host in his natural state. He does not annoy his guest with undue curiosity or familiarity, but sits down beside him and entertains him with his conversation while his wife is preparing a meal. Whatever the statement you make, however wrong you may be, a native will never contradict you, for that would be highly impolite. If you are an old friend he will eat with you, otherwise he will set out a bounteous meal for you apart; you too will show your good manners by not eating all that he offers you. When you leave your host will probably make you a present of some uncooked food to take with you. Two friends meeting after a long separation clasp hands and murmur as they gaze into each other's face, '*Iyoi*, my brother', or '*Iyoi*, my father'; or, again, to show their affection still more, each pinches his navel and nose. If two men threaten to quarrel, one will often say, 'Don't let us quarrel, we have the same origin, the

same source (*faina wuvuna seana kabuna seana*)'. Often in his excitement a man will rush up to his friend and fling his arms round his body. Once as we journeyed along the coast in a large canoe, a storm drove us to take shelter in a small hut on the beach at Kwaiboga. Soon afterwards another canoe with a Nufwasa man and four women put in at the same place; they were on their way to Mialaba, but could not proceed on account of the weather. Our Wagifans were friends of their people, so we shared our food with them and spent the night together on the beach. Next morning we parted company, but three days later we met again in a Kwaiboga hamlet. No sooner did the Nufwasan recognize us than he walked straight up and threw his arms about each one in turn, murmuring as he did so, '*O tubwiaku*, O my brother'. The women too smiled their pleasure, but women of course only embrace friends of their own sex.

No truer hospitality could well be imagined than that which was offered to us in the mountain hamlet of Naila. We reached the place about five o'clock one evening, when our tobacco and food were almost exhausted. Few of the inhabitants had ever seen white men before, but as soon as they knew that our only purpose was to ascend the mountain that towered behind them, they gave us a hearty welcome. The head man immediately ordered his wife to cook us some yams, and arranged with his son, who had worked two years for white men at the port of Samarai, to guide us up the mountain on the following day with a band of his people. The ascent was difficult in places, for the path led us up slippery inclines and over giant crags with perpendicular precipices on either hand; but always a native was waiting to stretch out a helping hand. Once or twice when we sat down to rest two or three would stand over us and shelter us from the burning heat of the sun. Only one water-bottle had been brought along, and this was reserved for our exclusive use; even the taro the women had provided for lunch they shared with us. We regained the hamlet at sunset and found a meal ready cooked and waiting in anticipation of our return. Next morning, when we left their hamlet, they gave us a present

of food to take with us on our journey. For all this hospitality they would accept no payment; we were their guests, they said, on this occasion, but when they came to visit us we could make them a like return.

A hungry man would naturally ask any one whom he saw eating to give him a little food. The person asked would hardly venture to refuse, even if he wished to, lest the other in his anger should secretly strike his shadow with a spear and cause his death. Few natives, though, would ever wish to refuse. There was a curious incident in this regard which came directly under our notice. A native made a present of food to another man, but received in return an inadequate recompense. He mentioned it to his friends, which made the offender feel both ashamed and vexed; so he gathered a quantity of food and a small pig, as though he were preparing to give a feast, then he sent a messenger for the other man. As soon as he came, instead of offering him some of the food, he seized his arm and dragged it along the mouth of the pig, causing the animal to bite him. Thus he punished him for spreading a malicious scandal, and the man, repenting of the wroth his words had stirred up, returned to his hamlet and brought back a pig as a peace-offering.

The essential kindness of the natives is shown by the mutual help that they give one another. A woman will look after another's child for a time, and a man will take care of his friend's garden while the other is away. They are usually paid for such services as a matter of course, but there is no thought of the payment in their minds when they undertake them. It is true that their hospitality would not stand the strain of frequent demands, and they object to being imposed upon as much as we do. They have to work hard enough to gain a livelihood under ordinary conditions, and cannot afford to be burdened with outsiders. There is no idle sitting under a tree and allowing the bread-fruit to drop into their mouths, as a writer once ludicrously stated of the South Sea Islanders. The gardens must receive unremitting care and attention during the greater part of the year, if the yam harvest is not to be a failure and the natives faced with starvation. It is

not so much that the work is heavy, though some portions of it are, but it has to be continuous.

Even from our standpoint the natives would be regarded as an exceptionally clean people, but for one or two customs that seem rather repulsive. They bathe every morning as a rule, preferably in fresh water, but in the sea if there is no stream near. Often they rub coco-nut juice over their bodies to answer the purpose of our soap. Their pots are scrupulously washed and rubbed out with leaves before being used, while the vegetables are peeled in water, and surrounded with leaves in the cooking-pot. They dust out their wooden bowls before serving up the food, and wash them after it is eaten. There are no forks, and shell spoons are only used when the vegetables are mashy, so that normally they eat with their fingers. Every day the women and girls sweep round the houses with their brooms of coco-nut spines, and it is rare indeed to find a hamlet untidy. On the other hand, dogs and pigs are their scavengers, though the pigs receive quite as much care as the children. Often a man will carry his pig down to the sea and give it a bath; and both men and women continually nurse them on their laps. Food is cooked for the pig as regularly as for the family, but the dog is never fed and is always lean, hideous, and hungry. As we sat in a hamlet one day, we heard what sounded like a loud cackle of hoarse laughter, and, turning round, we saw an old woman calling her pig for its meal, which was laid out in the valve of a very large clam shell. Almost immediately the pig came dashing out of the woods and made straight for its bowl. Another revolting custom the natives have is to eat the parasites which infest their long frizzy hair. The black with which they coat their bodies and limbs during mourning is more hideous than dirty, since it is really nothing but charcoal.

Their sexual morality has been spoken of elsewhere. Both before and after marriage it reaches a very high standard. In Wifala hamlet one man was an illegitimate son, and the old men would speak of his birth in a very low voice, since that subject was a very delicate one. There was only one case we could hear of where misconduct occurred during courtship, and

then it was hastily repaired by marriage. It is true that greater licence in speech is allowed than with us, but their actions are marked by the strictest regard for decency. The native regards with contempt the licentious recruiter and his victims, though fortunately, round Goodenough at least, the latter are extremely few. Again and again we have seen the women flee in terror to their houses as soon as we entered their hamlet; soon they would come out with a half-shamed smile, and say that they had not recognized us, but mistook us for recruiters.

The natives are remarkably honest, too, in their dealings one with another. Where property is held so much in common there is little inducement to steal. Even the mission station, which dozens of natives pass every day, is rarely troubled by thieves, though most things are necessarily left exposed within open doors. The missionary's chief difficulty indeed arises from the actual following-out of the native custom, for a student who is given a new loin-cloth is only too apt to 'lend' it to some relative in one of the hamlets. In trading with one another the natives readily give away food and other things on credit. Once when we had run out of tobacco we engaged a native to carry the camera and its outfit two or three miles, promising him a stick of tobacco on the following day. We never saw him again for a month; then when we asked why he had not come earlier to receive his tobacco, he merely replied that he had not needed it before, and knew he could always obtain it whenever he wished. He would have acted the same with a fellow native, for with these people a promise is far more binding than many a legal contract is with us.

In regard to their truthfulness the case is different; it is so much more difficult to set up a standard. Some natives would seem to believe that there is nothing reprehensible in telling a lie to escape trouble, but these apparently are rather the exceptions; generally we found them very candid and straightforward. It is necessary, however, to be acquainted with the peculiarities of their character and language. A man may come and tell you that there has been a terrible brawl in the hamlet, and that many of the natives were killed or

severely wounded. Inquire more closely and you will probably find that one man has received a slight scratch. It is not that your informant has lied; on the contrary, he is only too eager to give you exact details. But the whole scene looms big before his eyes, and he confuses the actual with the possible. Another trap for the Englishman but half familiar with the language lies in the logical answer which a native gives to a question calling for 'Yes' or 'No'. If you ask, 'Has Tanavidi gone?' the native may say 'No', meaning the same as we do; but if you put the question in the form 'Tanavidi has not gone, has he?' then a negative answer means that he has gone. Usually a direct statement follows to that effect, but it is frequently omitted. Yet another difficulty arises from his different conception of the value of time. To the native one day is the same as another. Tell him to come to-morrow and he will probably turn up the day after, fully believing that he has kept the exact letter of his word. It is very annoying to the white man, no doubt, but the native can hardly be blamed.

Perhaps it is partly this indifference to temporal considerations which makes the native somewhat improvident. The Olegana people allowed their domesticated pigs to root up the sweet potatoes, though they knew that food was scarce. The Bwaidoga natives, again, planted sweet potatoes when the yam crop failed, but omitted to erect any fences round them; later they complained that the wild pigs ravaged their gardens.

No one who has lived with these natives can doubt their courage, whether on sea or on land. They never willingly court danger, though they face it bravely when it cannot be avoided. Frequently they go considerable distances out from land when the sea seems far too rough for their frail canoes, and many a man can show his scars from the hunting of the wild boars. They are far more afraid of dangers unseen, the attack of a ghost or a sorcerer. We heard a native, who once travelled on a cutter to Cooktown in Queensland, relating with evident pride how a violent storm had overtaken them and they gave up all for lost. The white men, he said, began to weep and lament, but he and his fellow natives were not

half so afraid. No slur, as far as we could learn, attaches to the coward, although, now that fighting so rarely takes place, it is seldom a man is called upon to face the actual danger of battle.

Hitherto alcohol has been altogether unknown, thanks to the wise efforts of the Government; the natives themselves make no intoxicating beverage. No form of gambling has yet found its way into the hamlets, as it has into other parts of Papua. It is to be hoped that they will long preserve the virtues which their obscurity has hitherto kept intact, and that the misery and suffering which our 'civilization' has so often produced in other places, may long remain far distant from their shores.

APPENDIX

TABLE OF DISTRICTS, THEIR HAMLETS AND TOTEMS

WAGIFA DISTRICT

A. *Wagifa Island*¹

<i>Hamlet</i>	<i>Totems</i>
Nualakekeya	Monitor lizard, white shark
Dodo	Squirrel, <i>geau</i> (a tree)
Lubabala	Squirrel, <i>geau</i>
Badaiyamola	Cuscus, <i>geau</i>
Yoveya	Torres Strait pigeon, the red ant
Wenamu	Torres Strait pigeon
Boluada	<i>Galeiga</i> (a plant)
Afaine	Monitor lizard, <i>awai</i> (a fish), <i>kaola</i> (a shell-fish)
Ugaiyogaiyo	?
Agiei	Shark, monitor lizard, <i>kaola</i> , <i>kelakela</i> (a frog)
Vagavila	White shark, monitor lizard
Gomuya	Kangaroo, Torres Strait pigeon
Bolimanamatana	Torres Strait pigeon, frog
Awanana	Monitor lizard, shark
Waimatawawana	Frog, sea-gull, <i>kaola</i>
Fatavogea	<i>Awai</i> (a fish)

B. *Wagifa District on Goodenough Island*

Yadiyala	<i>Iwaiwa</i> (a fish), <i>manubutu</i> (osprey?) <i>Kiwiwiola</i> (a bird)
Laibobo	Monitor lizard, crocodile, white shark
Waita ²	Monitor lizard, crocodile, white shark, cockatoo, <i>gewala</i> (a parrot)

¹ The native name for Wagifa Island is 'Vivilamea', 'Wagifa' being the name of its volcanic cone. The inhabitants of the island call themselves collectively 'Vivilama'.

² The hamlets from Waita downwards are inhabited by people from various hamlets on Wagifa Island; hence the number of their totems.

<i>Hamlet</i>	<i>Totems</i>
Waialoiya	(The same as Waita)
Dobodobo	Squirrel, <i>geau</i> (the same as Lubabala, from which the people came)
Waimanuga	(The same as Waita)
Afuni	" "
Maiwaia	" "
Tamawa	" "
Oiaiya	?

Kabuna District

Inaofole (Bulibiavona) ¹	<i>Giviawagigiya</i> (a bird)
Kilikilia (Taveya)	?
Vatalumi (Aimuli)	<i>Selesele</i> (a bird)
Wolona (no longer exists)	<i>Giviawagigiya</i>
Faliboda (Waikalivana)	Torres Strait pigeon, <i>kaola</i> , <i>tafatafai</i> (a crab)
Magonea (Kadibowa)	<i>Giviawagigiya</i> , Torres Strait pigeon
Akuyadila (Minafani)	<i>Giviawagigiya</i>
Ubulea (Bulibiavona)	<i>Giviawagigiya</i>
Vakoiya (Malivuna)	<i>Kulasi</i> (a fish)

Bwaidoga District

Kimokimoioy	<i>Giviawagigiya</i> , <i>kabwaku</i> (a bird), Torres Strait pigeon
Lalavea	{ (Kwanabuina) <i>Kabwaku</i>
Nikoko	
Wifala (Ainagona)	
Elaela (Miewayewa)	
Lautoto (Midayewa)	
	<i>Kabwaku</i> , Torres Strait pigeon
	<i>Kabwaku</i> , Torres Strait pigeon
	<i>Baima</i> (a tuber), monitor lizard
	<i>Kulasi</i> (a fish)

Ukuni District

Waikiwali	Torres Strait pigeon
Abukobe	Bat
Yagalova	Frog, <i>kolobu</i> (a fish), <i>konulaga</i> (a fish)
Yoveya	Frog, <i>kolobu</i>
Wabalia	Dog, <i>kawakalo</i> (a fish ?)
Luwaioiyo	Monitor lizard
Vialiali	?
Olegana	Torres Strait pigeon, megapod, <i>dudu</i> , <i>sufusifu</i> , <i>kowe</i> (all birds); <i>kelakela</i> , <i>kolobu</i> , <i>awa</i> , <i>walabu</i> , <i>taufuma</i> (all fish)

¹ The words in brackets after the hamlet names are the names of the inhabitants.

Inafani District

<i>Hamlet</i>		<i>Totems</i>
Aulomi	?	
Vatalumi	?	

Faiyavi District

Kabwakuadiyewa (Faiyavi)	Dog, Torres Strait pigeon
Labonea (Mianivi)	Dog, <i>cuscus</i> , <i>kulasi</i> (a fish)
Iwaiioiya } (Miabali)	Torres Strait pigeon, dog
Mwafea }	Torres Strait pigeon
Awani (Aimuli)	Torres Strait pigeon
Ailoilu (Malevuna)	Torres Strait pigeon
Tamada (Wailaka)	Torres Strait pigeon, dog
Awalelegea (Wailaka)	None
Tayuya (Miyewaiyewa)	<i>Kabwaku</i>

Mogova District

Dodaiyaugana (Gufabiavona)	Frog, <i>selesele</i> (a bird), <i>tafatafai</i>
Bwaiobwaio-adiyewa	<i>Kwabala</i> (?)
Mikonaweya	Monitor lizard
Walaukabu	Monitor lizard, Torres Strait pigeon
Ubiwa	<i>Kulasi</i> (a fish), <i>selesele</i>
Kwagobutu	<i>Kulasi</i> (a fish), <i>selesele</i>
Tolofu	Frog, <i>kwakwaia</i> , <i>nibinibita</i> (both crabs)
Yoveya	<i>Agenakena</i> (a shell-fish)
Loviya	<i>Kulasi</i>

Akaiyaviya District

Fulufululuya	Frog
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Wabaloe District

Awalelegea (Kwanafa)	<i>Fuifui</i> (a variety of banana), <i>iwaiwa</i> (a fish)
Imatamatagea (Ilama)	Dog, crabs
Wanakoioiya (Miwaleyava)	<i>Fuifui</i> , <i>iwaiwa</i> , <i>kulasi</i>
Tabualaki	
Fulufululuya (Ainagona)	Torres Strait pigeon, <i>fuifui</i>
Yavagu	

Geleseae District

Manuamaigaiya } (Migaleta)	Torres Strait pigeon, monitor lizard
Dogalaine	

*Mitaita District**Hamlet**Totems*

Ulubulu	Dog, <i>vagita</i> (a species of grasshopper)
Tabewabewa	<i>Kulasi</i>
Ubaubalea	} <i>Tikabouboula</i> (a locust)
Yabwayabwana	
Amanawaiya	
Matawaulo	
Oiaiya	<i>Wiwia, kewala</i> (both parrots)
	<i>Kewala, kanibinibita</i> (a crab)

Kwaiaudili District

Bodaiya-filili	<i>Kewala, taumataga</i> (a snake), <i>anawawa</i> (a small bird)
Utukwava	<i>Kewala, anawawa</i> , blue pigeon, Torres Strait pigeon, cockatoo
Giviya	<i>Kewala</i>
Kabumanaweya	<i>Kewala, taumataga</i>
Lalavea	<i>Kewala, talatala</i> (a snake), <i>waieta</i> (a lizard)
Tutube	?
Nuwulaita	?
Unukuvea	?
Waiwabwabwana	?
Moala	<i>Waninita</i> (a small bat ?)
Itakwaia	?
Ilakabodena	?
Nawaiyona	?
Bowa	?
Gunuwala	None
Gavila	?
Tetetunana	?

Wailaka District

Wauweo	Dog
Aikwaba (no longer exists)	<i>Nawawala</i> (a rock) ?
Kumalawaiyugana	<i>Nawawala</i> (a rock) ?
Fwafwa-ana-kabu	<i>Yabune</i> (a small bird)
Giliwa	Monitor lizard
Waiyola	Dog

Belebele District

Wailolo	Dog
Faiyavi	Dog
Nibata	Dog (the dog is now eaten ; so there is really no totem)
Inafani	Dog (ditto)

Kelauno District

<i>Hamlet</i>	<i>Totems</i>
Livauga	<i>Manukadawa</i> (a bird)
Ulavila	<i>Kanagala</i> (a bird), <i>matakwaia</i> (a fish)
Malabuabu	Hornbill, <i>dudu</i> (a bird), <i>kulasi</i> , <i>wonu</i> (a fish)
Dodoma	Cockatoo, <i>kewala</i>

Dududu District

Vewa	?
?	?

Alikabu District

Galalauneya	Crow, <i>kulasi</i> , <i>sinobwana</i> (a fish)
Afufuya	Cockatoo, <i>kewala</i> , <i>mopo</i> , <i>ililimotutu</i> , <i>maikweta</i> , <i>ganiwea</i> , <i>nawa</i> , <i>tutu</i> (last six are all trees)
Mataboiya	Crow, Torres Strait pigeon, <i>uwelavo</i> (kite), <i>manusiyo</i> (a bird), <i>ulai</i> , <i>kolobu</i> , <i>sikau</i> (last three are fish)
Mataisea	<i>Kalakakeke</i> (an insect?), <i>tui</i> , <i>aikuga</i> , <i>bawaditumeya</i> (last three are snakes)
Kanio'o	Squirrel, bat, <i>kwaita</i> , <i>kewala</i> (both parrots), <i>kwetavi</i> (a rat?)
Utaló	Cockatoo, <i>waiauleta</i> (?), <i>oloto</i> , <i>tui</i> , <i>bawaditumeya</i> (last three are snakes)
Imulakaka	Cockatoo, <i>kewala</i>
Ufuya	?
Ilubobo	Crow, <i>walabua</i> (a fish), <i>inikata</i> (a tree)
Iyavali	<i>Siebola</i> (an insect)
Atamawaiyawaiya	<i>Siebola</i> , <i>aikua</i> (a snake)
Galuata	?
Naila	<i>Siebola</i>
Lobauweta	?
Wakonai	Kangaroo, crow
Maniolotudi	?

Malauno District

?

Utaló District

?

Vatalumi District

Budula	<i>Manubutu</i> (osprey?), Torres Strait pigeon, monitor lizard, <i>magogo</i> , <i>unai</i> (both fish)
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Nufwasa District

<i>Hamlet</i>	<i>Totems</i>
Kwanauta	<i>Geau</i> (a tree), <i>uweuta</i> (a fish), <i>gaola</i> (a bird)
Waiokabu	<i>Fikasifoma</i> (a variety of taro), <i>kwaita</i> (a parrot)

Kwaiboga District

Duduwana	Cuscus, Torres Strait pigeon, <i>kwanau</i> (a fish)
Kiuyava	?
Maiabu	Dog

Gunumeta District

?

*Miavaina District**Waibula District*

Waiayuvau	<i>Sawalea</i> (an insect?)
Inafowana	Frog, <i>bodakuya</i> , <i>sawadili</i> (both fish)
Inamo	Bread-fruit
Nilakomua	None

Mialaba District

Iboweta	<i>Baibai</i> , <i>kimoiya</i> , <i>agenaki</i> (all fish)
Aiwou	Dog, <i>baibai</i> , <i>kimoiya</i> , <i>agenaki</i> , <i>gitagita</i> (all fish)
Moniu	?

Yauyauya District

Waiakolua	Cockatoo, <i>kewala</i>
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Malitauya District

Bugabutu	Cockatoo, hornbill, <i>kewala</i>
Diodio	<i>Mago</i> , <i>kokwava</i> , <i>tawadili</i> (all fish)
Luboda	?
Wawefu	Cockatoo, <i>kassibobo</i> (a boring insect)
Miaveyalau	Cockatoo, <i>kewala</i> , <i>selebo</i> (a bird)
Bulamatafo	<i>Kassibobo</i> , cockatoo, <i>selebo</i>
Ukwaba	Cockatoo, <i>keau</i> (a tree), <i>upita</i> (a tree), <i>nosi</i> (an edible root), <i>giabu</i> (a mushroom)

Kutua District

<i>Hamlet</i>	<i>Totems</i>
Yauryau-ana-kabu	Monitor lizard, white shark
Bukwebukwe	Kangaroo, <i>agenaki</i> (a fish)
Matakiaki	Kangaroo, bush hen

Galewabu District

Galewabu	?
Wailolo	Snake (?)
Kumavagavaga	<i>Cuscus</i> , monitor lizard

Fauya District

Lau	?
Fauya	?

Kalokalo District (on Fergusson Island)

Diailulu (new hamlet on the plain)	Cockatoo
Gabagaba (old hamlet in the hills)	
Debaiye (new hamlet on the plain)	Cockatoo, <i>kabwaku</i> (a bird), <i>kwalavo</i> (a black shark)
Davadava (old hamlet in the hills)	
Lidagu (new hamlet on the plain)	Cockatoo, monitor lizard, <i>kulasi</i> (a fish), <i>manubutu</i>
Kwaiauwaiauwaiku (old hamlet in the hills)	
Waikifala (a hamlet in the hills)	Cockatoo, <i>kabwaku</i>
Modawe (a hamlet on the plains)	Black shark, <i>oka</i> , <i>makoko</i> (both fish), porpoise, <i>manubutu</i> , <i>budibawe</i> (a variety of banana)
Unuvagavaga	<i>Takowa</i> (a bird), <i>vilu</i> (a bird), frog
Baukadiafia (its garden hamlet)	
Kaniveagadi	<i>Fofulu</i> , <i>kauyaka</i> (both fish), <i>kaimaga</i> (a crab)
Kabulumi	<i>Walafaia</i> (a tree)
Tufwane	<i>Walagia</i> (rat?), <i>manukubuku</i> (a dove), <i>kwakwa</i> (midge?)

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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